# Collier's

JULY 16, 1949
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From a stunning 4 x 5 Ansco Color Positive Film transparency taken by Gordon Conner. It's easy to see why he states, "... Ansco Color tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the glorious, colorful truth!"

# A sky looks like a sky on ANSCO!

YOU CAN'T BEAT nature for gorgeous colors!

And Ansco Color Positive Film *doesn't try to* ... it copies colors faithfully, just the way they look through the view finder of your camera!

The glorious transparencies you take will show skies that look like skies, flesh tones so real that you can almost feel their warmth, foliage in nature's own glowing greens.

You can have this wonderful *true-color* film processed in a hurry, too, so that you can view your exciting transparencies against light, project them on a screen, or have beautiful *prints* made from them.

Ask your dealer to show you breath-taking transparencies on Ansco Color Positive Film. He can supply you with 35mm magazines, 120 or 620 rolls, sheets, or 16mm movie film.

Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y. A Division of General Aniline & Film Corporation. "*From Research to Reality!*"

**Ansco's finest** folding camera, the Titan. Its coated f4.5 lens is ideal for color work, the shutter freezes fast action at 1/400th of a second, has built-in flash synchronization! A color-coded depth-of-field indicator shows the area of picture sharpness. The value built into this superb camera clearly indicates why photo fans bought nearly 2 million Ansco cameras, last year!

**COLOR TIPS** — *by the Ansco Color Laboratories*

These tips come from the laboratories where *true color* was pioneered, so note them well:

Take pictures with the sun behind your back so that your subject is fully and evenly lighted.

Don't subject your Ansco Color Positive Film to heat or high humidity either before or after exposure.

Have your Ansco Color Positive Film processed as soon after exposure as practicable.

## Ask for ANSCO true color film!

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# "Yes, Bill, I'd love to go"

***The value of the telephone isn't just the calls you make. Sometimes the calls you receive are even more important. You'd miss a lot if the telephone wasn't there.***

JUST on the calls you make, the telephone's a big bargain in convenience, security, success and good times. When you add the calls you receive, it's an even bigger value.

Telephone rates are still low. The increases granted so far, plus those now requested, are much less than increases in most other things in recent years. Matter of fact, they average only a penny or so per call.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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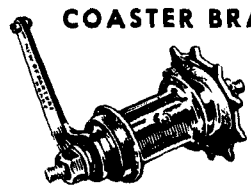
# SHIFT GEARS
## *on your bike*
## *with a*
## "FINGERTIP TOUCH"

It's as easy as downhill coasting —the smooth shifting you get from a New Departure "Speed Changer" on your bike. LOW SPEED for faster getaway, less work on hills, better control in traffic; HIGH SPEED for eating up the miles on level stretches—operates just like the gear shift on a car. The "Speed Changer" is simple to install, too—right in your New Departure Coaster Brake. Ask your bicycle dealer about it today!

On your new bike insist on America's favorite

**New Departure**

**COASTER BRAKES**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**FREE!** Have fun mystifying your friends! Guess their ages, read their minds! Send a post-card for Magic Packet C3. Address:

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**Bristol, Connecticut**



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**COLLIER'S** The National Weekly Vol. 124, No. 3. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, E. A. Schirmer, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer. **SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:** United States and Possessions, Canada and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. **FOR PAN-AMERICAN** countries in the Postal Union, add $1.00 per year. For all other foreign countries add $4.00 per year. **REMIT** by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. **ENTERED** as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada. **MANUSCRIPTS** or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

**CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.**



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## The Cover

Maxwell Mays, who lives in Warwick, Rhode Island, rambles around the country in a jeep station wagon and paints his primitive impressions of places that appeal to him most. This scene is his impression of Cape Cod.

## Week's Mail

### *Kid Drivers*

EDITOR: I have just read your article Kid Killers at the Wheel (May 28th). Young people in their teens are resentful of authority, whether of their parents or the law. But they are also highly susceptible to prizes, medals, certificates of award, or other marks of honor or precedence.

So I believe it would be a good thing for cities, states and even the nation to offer bronze, silver and gold medals for those people who have proved themselves to be master drivers. A master driver would be a person who has driven a specified number of miles, or years, or both, without serious mishap.

Once this idea got going, the competitive spirit of American youth might be stimulated, and our highways and the people who use them would be a lot safer as a result.

A motto might be: "Not reckless, but wreckless!"

EVANGELINE S. MCALLISTER, Bayard, Neb.

. . . I am fifteen and have a junior operator's license. My high school has a drivers' education program which includes actual driving under supervision in a dual-controlled car, and seeing movies on driving safety. In this course we learn how to drive correctly, the driving laws and a little about how a car works.

In driving I encounter adults, not teensters, who do not know the laws concerning right of way at intersections.

Though I live in California, I have never heard of "chicken," "spider," "dip-thrill" or anything similar or as risky.

PAUL JORDAN, Whittier, Cal.

. . . Ralph Wallace's straightforward hair-raising approach should make a good many of Collier's readers start some serious thinking.

I was disappointed to note that in giving several organizations credit for fighting this menace, Mr. Wallace neglected to mention the Automobile Insurers Safety Association in Michigan, which has for several years been directing a very concentrated effort toward the menace of teen-age drivers and careless driving in general.

DAVID A. WALLACE, Grand Rapids, Mich.

. . . I believe that high schools should stress the shocking facts and support the state patrol in all possible ways to stop kid killers. There should also be more articles on this subject. Pictures also help tell the story of preventable slaughter.

IVAN BUFFINGTON, Gig Harbor, Wash.

. . . I wonder if you checked the death list for adults? It seems funny to me that all the blame is transferred to the teen-agers. What of all the drunken adults? All the old people whose reactions are so slow that they aren't fit to drive a car? I believe you forget these important items.

GEORGE DELACRUZ, Oakland, Cal.

. . . I am twenty years old and have been fined twice for speeding in New York City (both times I was going only five miles per hour over the limit), but the times I was not caught while in my teens are innumerable —and at speeds of anywhere from 50 to 100 miles per hour. When I look back on these

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## *This year policyholders in State Farm Mutual will save $10,000,000 . . . at next renewal 4 out of 5 will benefit!*

Imagine saving 15% . . . 22% . . . as much as 37% . . . the next time you renew the insurance on your car! Without reducing your protection!

This is what is happening to State Farm Mutual policyholders from coast to coast. The world's largest automobile insurance company has announced drastic reduction for 4 out of 5 of its drivers . . . savings that will total in excess of $10,000,000 during 1949!

Rate reductions vary in different parts of the country because they are based on the driving record of State Farm policyholders in each community. The better the record, the bigger the reduction!

New policyholders in State Farm will benefit in all localities where the new rates apply.

Three basic operating techniques have made it possible for State Farm to offer *more insurance protection for the money* during its 27 years of operation.

1. State Farm policies are written for a period of six months rather than the usual twelve-month period. Therefore it is possible to adjust rates at more frequent intervals.
2. It is State Farm's desire to insure only careful drivers. This reduces the number of accidents among State Farm policyholders—keeps our cost of operation down to the minimum.
3. State Farm is a *mutual* company. Savings always immediately benefit the policyholders.

For your protection, State Farm provides at least twice as much public liability protection and five times as much property damage protection, as is required by any state financial responsibility law.

Your licensed State Farm agent will give you complete information. He will be glad to confer with you on your automobile, life and fire insurance problems. Look under "State Farm Insurance Companies" in your telephone book.

**Part of this credit goes to him!**

This is Harry A. Killian, Ottawa, Illinois. He is one of State Farm's 6,200 licensed agents from coast to coast. Part of Mr. Killian's responsibility is to make sure that State Farm Mutual insures only careful drivers. Because State Farm drivers had fewer accidents last year, the company is able to announce greatly reduced auto insurance rates in most communities. It will pay you to meet the State Farm agent in your community and hear about these new rates.

***Get details today. Look up "State Farm" in your telephone book.***

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# A Toast to you with

## *The Champagne of Bottle Beer*

*Wedding at Waikiki* . . . with gay lights twinkling romance from the base of historic Diamond Head. The toast — with MILLER HIGH LIFE, *of course.*

You'll enjoy MILLER HIGH LIFE'S inviting bouquet — its light, taste-pleasing flavor — its delicate after-taste. Yes, MILLER HIGH LIFE is a favored beer with people who want only the best. Drink *your* toast with the Champagne of Bottle Beer. Brewed and bottled only by the MILLER BREWING COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

**ENJOY LIFE WITH MILLER HIGH LIFE**


past excursions I realize how foolish I was, for I hope to drive for many years.

But isn't there some way to get the speed out of kids?

At Daytona Beach, Florida, people can get in their cars and race up and down the beach. I believe that if a kid can do this once in a while he will be able to travel at a safe rate in traffic.

Your article will certainly slow down the kids who read it. More like it.

JOHN PETRONE, JR., New York City

. . . The author really hit home. We have three crazy kids in my home town who think that the only way to drive is with a speedometer pointing to 70.

RALPH AGUSTA, Hazleton, Pa.

. . . Kid Killers at the Wheel was both a warning and a judgment. I only hope all parents and teachers will read it and heed, not weep.

Your magazine gives a worth-while service in presenting facts and help in pertinent problems of today.

FRANCES K. GUNTER, Charleston, W. Va.

### *No Miracle Mile*

EDITOR: Bill Fay's Inside Sports (May 28th) is indexed under "articles" when "fiction" would seem to be a more suitable classification of his recent offering on runners and rabbits.

A four-minute mile is 15 miles per hour. Numerous authorities give the timed speed of a jack rabbit as 45 or 50 miles per hour. With all respect to Don Gehrmann I would be glad to wager Bill Fay a sizable amount that there isn't a mature, healthy jack rabbit in the state of Kansas that Don can run down in one mile or ten.

Did Don or Bill ever watch a jack fade over the rim of the prairie with a well-conditioned collie or shepherd trailing 200 yards behind and losing ground by the second? The four-minute mile is no miracle to old man jack rabbit.

F. N. EVANS, Seattle, Wash.

### *Wrong Nehru*

EDITOR: I would like to point out a factual error in the article titled The 25 Men Who Rule the World (May 28th).

"The central figure of non-Soviet Asia" is not Motilal Nehru (as written in the article) but Jawaharlal Nehru. Jawaharlal Nehru is the son of Motilal Nehru.

C. V. SUBBA RATNAM, State College, Pa.

### *Thanks from Greece*

EDITOR: My husband, two children and I have been in Greece for two years. My husband is teaching social welfare to the students of Pierce College, and is director of the welfare relief projects of the Congregational Christian Service Committee.

Being so far from home, it is often difficult to keep up with what is going on, and it is through the magazine that we "keep in touch." My husband and I have bought Collier's every week—it is a month behind, but is still valuable. We wanted to write you of the tremendous admiration we have for what you are doing. We like the stories, but the articles and editorials have given us a great lift in knowing that you are carrying on a vital crusade, going deep into the problems which exist in America, and reaching people everywhere.

We are glad that the Greek people, many of whom speak and read English, have a chance to read Collier's.

A closer understanding of our country will go a long way in helping them to combat the propaganda of Communism.

ELIZABETH HARLOW,
Elleniko, Glyfada, Greece

### *Happy Is He*

EDITOR: On glancing at the Week's Mail and seeing heading "Are You Happy, Readers?" (May 14th), I decided it was time I wrote in and told you how happy I am. About all I can do is thank you for a swell mag that I have enjoyed for 10 years.

I am especially enjoying the cover series by the Berenstains, although not quite as much as that monkey series you had a while back. Keep up the good work.

ROBERT GREENE,
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

### *Streamlined Gams*

EDITOR: As an ardent balletomane, I resent the fact that your cover of Bambi Linn (May 14th) will contribute to the widely held misconception that women dancers' legs are heavy or overmuscular. Actually, the great majority of ballet dancers' legs are particularly well-formed and well-proportioned.

The greatest dancers, moreover, usually have the most beautiful ones, despite longer use and exercise.

How about a few examples to counterbalance your cover—such as Danilova, Markova, Toumanova, Moylan or Kaye?

BARRIE TAIT, Cresskill, N. J.

**Toumanova. Better?**

### *Banner With a Strange Device*

EDITOR: Your article about the spelling bee caused considerable comment here in Cincinnati where The Post and radio station WCPO select two champions annually for competition in the national finals in Washington, D. C.

It reminded us of the 1947 grand finals in Cincinnati when we were selecting the northern Kentucky and southern Ohio champions.

A special banner had been made and was hung directly over the stage where the contestants would battle it out.

The audience had been seated and the contestants were on stage waiting tensely for the curtain to be drawn. The radio producer signaled "on the air," the curtain was pulled back, the announcer began his opening—and the audience and contestants began howling with laughter.

The huge banner read: THE POST-WCPO 1947 SPELING BEE.

Obviously our sign painter had not been a speling champ. And, needless to add, the faces in this department were very, very red!

FREDERIC GREGG, Cincinnati, Ohio



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# FATHER and SON have
# Fewer Cavities with Amm-i-dent

## Think what this amazing ammoniated tooth powder can do for your family!

Mr. Benjamin Lucatorto and his son, Tom, know what Amm-i-dent can do! They've reduced their rate of cavities *substantially* by regular, faithful use of Amm-i-dent Tooth Powder.

How about you and your children? Are you fighting decay as you clean your teeth each day? Have you given your children Amm-i-dent Tooth Powder?

Surely you must have read about Amm-i-dent Tooth Powder in Time, or Newsweek, or Parents' Magazine. Or, heard about it from your dentist. Already, millions are fighting decay this new way—with refreshing, cleansing Amm-i-dent Tooth Powder.

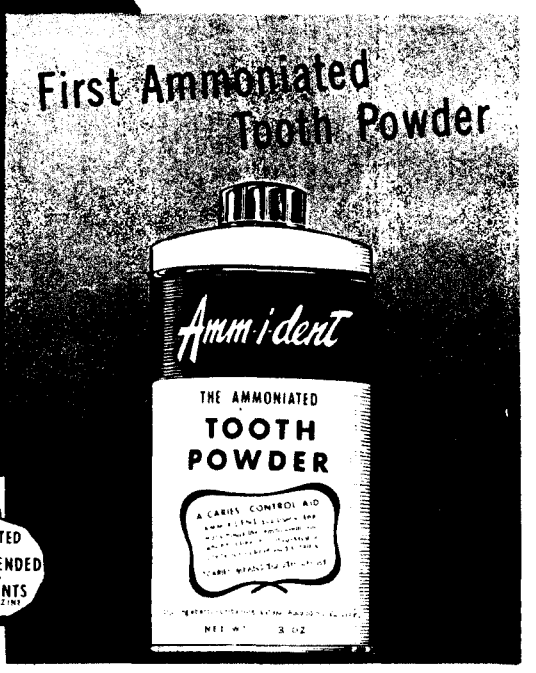
### 4 Important Advantages Tell Why You Should Insist on Amm-i-dent

After Amm-i-dent had been hailed by the press and public, many other products appeared. Because tooth decay can cause such harm and pain, it is *vital* that you should know these facts:

1. Amm-i-dent contains more anti-decay (ammonia-releasing) ingredients than any other toothpaste or powder. That means more anti-decay action for you.
2. In evidence published by leading dental journals, the Amm-i-dent formula was shown to reduce decay in the human mouth by an average of over 40%. No other formula has had such evidence published. This reduction was accomplished by the high concentration of anti-decay ingredients in the exclusive Amm-i-dent formula.
3. Thousands of dentists prescribe Amm-i-dent to patients for protection against tooth decay.
4. Amm-i-dent has been tested and commended by Parents' Magazine.

So buy a family-size can of Amm-i-dent Tooth Powder and *insist* on *getting* Amm-i-dent.

***At all drug counters.***




**Notary Public's Statement:**
"I have seen the actual dentist's records of the Lucatorto family and their dentist's sworn statement that the above is an exact and accurate description."

Evelyn A. Roman
*Notary Public, State of New York*

# Amm-i-dent
TRADE MARK

*Amm-i-dent is the Trade Mark of Amm-i-dent, Inc., Jersey City 6, N. J.*

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# oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... **HE'S ALL AT SEA** when it comes to Dry Scalp! He ought to know sun and salt water make hair dull and straggly. He needs before-swim and after-sunning care with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! I can do him a real favor by telling him how wonderfully it does both!"

## Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp

**TAKE THE SAME TIP** for yourself. See the difference after you use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Just a few drops daily check loose dandruff and other signs of Dry Scalp . . . work wonders in the looks of your hair. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients . . . gives double care to both scalp and hair . . . and it's economical, too.

**Vaseline HAIR TONIC**
TRADE MARK ®

TOPS IN ENTERTAINMENT: **DR. CHRISTIAN,** STARRING **JEAN HERSHOLT,** ON CBS, WED. NIGHTS; **LITTLE HERMAN,** NEW MYSTERY SHOW, TUES. NIGHTS, ON ABC.
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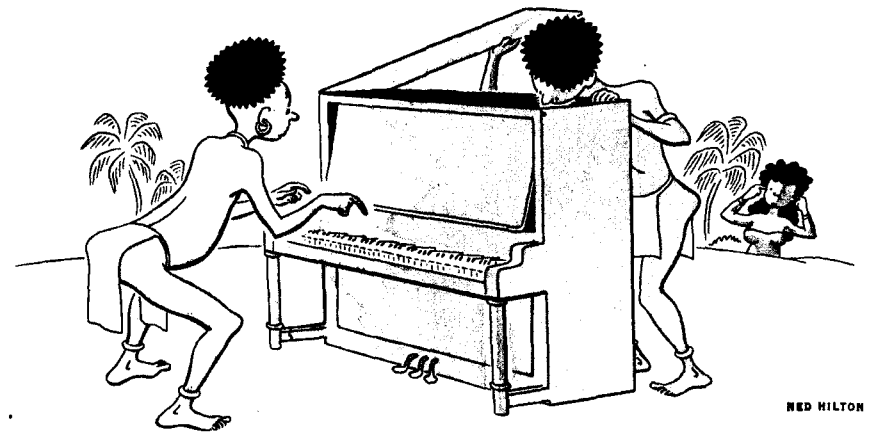
# Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER




Of the many picturesque words and terms in pidgin English used in the Orient, few compare with the expression for piano—*big fellow box, you fight him in teeth, he cry.*

★★★★★★★★★

Because the origin of a particular species of goose was still unknown in the 11th century, the fantastic belief arose that it was the offspring of the goose barnacle, a marine crustacean, found on the bottoms of ships, which has no heart, gills or other organs of respiration. As a result, the bird was named the barnacle goose, and the world-wide controversy as to whether these geese were fish or flesh continued for 600 years.

★★★★★★★★★

In a small Paris hotel on the morning of December 20, 1926, a chambermaid was cleaning the room of a new gentleman guest when she noticed an apple in his open suitcase. Being hungry, she started to eat the fruit and discovered that it contained the famous missing Condé rose diamond. The gem had been stolen from the Museum of the French Institute in Chantilly on November 11th and was valued at $2,000,000.

★★★★★★★★★

The ferryboats which cross the Amu Darya River between Afghanistan and Kilif, Turkomen, are towed by swimming horses. Each boat has two animals fastened out in front of it on a supporting device with a bellyband. Thus, from dawn to dusk, they pull the heavily loaded ferries back and forth across the river—a third of a mile wide—guided by the reins of their drivers.

★★★★★★★★★

Because of the carelessness of two towermen, one of the world's worst railroad disasters occurred at Quintinshill, Scotland, early on the morning of May 22, 1915. Knowing that the London-Glasgow Express would shortly be passing northward through the town, they cleared the way by switching two freight trains onto sidings and a northbound local onto the southbound track. Then the phone rang and they were asked how soon they could handle a special, southbound train loaded with troops. They replied, "Okay to proceed now," both forgetting that the local train was standing on that track. Within a few minutes the troop train came roaring into the village and hit the local head-on. A minute later, the express came rushing around the south curve and crashed into the wreckage. Instantly all three trains and the two freights standing on each side were enveloped in flames. At least 227 passengers were crushed or burned to death and 250 others were injured. Both the towermen were convicted of manslaughter and were sentenced to prison.

★★★★★★★★★

America's most notorious "fence" was Fredericka Mandelbaum who began her career in New York City in 1854. She had her home and office behind a phony dry goods store. She maintained several warehouses in which she had identifying marks removed from stolen goods. For 30 years, "Marm" managed to keep herself and staff of thieves out of serious trouble and made about $1,000,000. After many futile attempts to obtain evidence against her, the district attorney hired Pinkerton men; and they, posing as bandits, soon had enough information for an airtight case against her. A few days before her trial, set for December 4, 1884, Marm Mandelbaum realized that her conviction was certain. So she jumped her heavy bail, fled to Canada and, so far as known, she remained there the rest of her life.

★★★★★★★★★

One night in 1875, Thomas Westendorf, a music teacher and composer in Chicago, sat down and wrote a song for his wife as a means of confirming his often-made promise—that he would take her to visit her old home in Germany. The song neither mentions Ireland nor has ever had any connection with that country, yet Gaelic musical programs rarely omit this popular "Irish" number—I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen.

★★★★★★★★★

Lucia Zarate, a Mexican midget, was the smallest adult ever exhibited in the United States, having been introduced to the American public in Keith's Gaiety Museum in Boston soon after it was opened in 1883. Although Miss Zarate was twenty years of age and perfectly proportioned, she was only 15 inches tall and weighed only five pounds.



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†The summit—the peak.

**ONLY ZENITH GIVES YOU THE**

## "Giant C" Circle Screen

**With Huge 165 Sq. In. Picture Area!**

Like the pupil of the eye and the television camera lens itself, this mammoth new Zenith* screen is a *complete* circle. It employs the *natural* shape of the television tube face, to bring you a picture not only far larger than on ordinary receivers, but amazingly easier to view from any angle—and brighter, sharper, clearer, a thrilling delight to watch!

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## Bulls Eye Automatic Tuning

One knob—one twist—there's your station, your picture, your sound. No fiddling with other dials, even when switching from station to station! The specially designed built-in turret tuner has provision for receiving the proposed new ultra high frequency channels on the present standards—no "converter" necessary!

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**THE TELEVISION WITH A FUTURE!**

Television is a large, important purchase. Zenith's sensational developments found in *no other* television receiver assure you utmost enjoyment not only now but in the future. For your protection against obsolescence, insist on Zenith. Before you buy, COMPARE! Your Zenith dealer invites you.

**THE NEW ZENITH "STRATOSPHERE"***

An exquisite console cabinet, in genuine Mahogany veneers of glowing beauty. Full length doors close to conceal screen and grille, open flat against sides.

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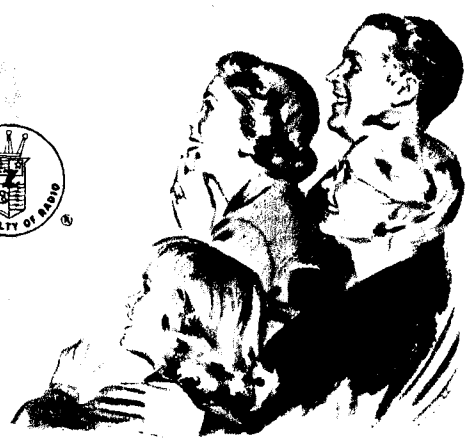
*LONG DISTANCE* RADIO and TELEVISION

THE ROYALTY OF RADIO



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— and you have that comfortable feeling of security as your savings Grow Safely in these

**FEDERAL SAVINGS and LOAN ASSOCIATIONS**

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Get the booklet, "Preventable Forgettables" from your nearest Federal Savings and Loan Association listed below. It answers this and many other questions on home financing, and includes an up to date check list, which will prevent costly mistakes in building, buying or remodeling.

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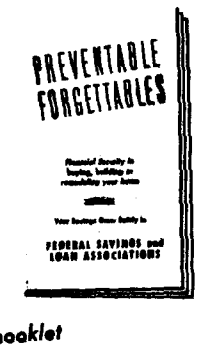


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# How To Swipe A Newspaper

**By CASKIE STINNETT**

WHY a large group of people who ride trains close their eyes to the existence of the newsstands and spend hours in the surreptitious accumulation of periodicals discarded by other passengers is no mystery to me, because I have probably had more experience in this line than any man alive.

During the twenty years or so that I have been swiping newspapers on the railroads, I have learned all of the existing tricks and have even introduced a few of my own. For the benefit of those who may be just coming along in the sport, I will outline here some of the most common situations which will arise as well as means to meet them.

The most important thing is choosing a seat mate, and in this nothing can take the place of the ability to appraise character quickly. For example, there is a common type who, when he finishes reading his paper, crumples it up and stuffs it under the seat in front of him. Sometimes he even kicks it around a little. When you're stuck with a seat mate like this, there's only one thing to do—get out fast and set up somewhere else.

Always get on the train at the front end of the car so you can walk toward the rear. This gives you a chance to see the covers of the magazines and front pages of the newspapers, which is important. I once came through a car from the wrong end and sat down beside what I thought was a Pittsburgh afternoon daily. After waiting over three hours I discovered it was an Iowa livestock weekly. A few experiences like this can drive a man to buying his own newspaper.

The following rules of thumb are offered to suggest technique as well as to outline the ethical area within which it is fair to operate:

1. Always work alone. I've tried partners and it's no good. If your partner snares a newspaper, then you've got to steal it from him. Known as Progressive Theft, this has sent more than one beginner back to his stamp album.

2. Remember the owner isn't obliged to read his paper. He can sit there with it folded in his lap if he chooses to. Some choose to.

3. If you're riding backward, facing the owner, don't consider reading the back page while he's reading the front. Wait and steal it all.

4. Women with newspapers and children with comic books are out of bounds. I assume that I'm addressing sportsmen.

5. If the owner of a newspaper asks to borrow a pencil or pen, turn him down quickly. There's a chance that he wants to work the crossword puzzle and that's a chance you can't take.

6. There's no limit to what you can take from a single owner. You're entitled to anything he has that's printed. (Personally, I draw the line at insurance policies and leases.)

7. Finally, be a good loser. You're bound to lose a magazine here, a newspaper there. I once saw a man wait four hours for a New York tabloid only to have the owner wrap up orange peelings in it and toss it under the seat. The man lost his temper and the conductor had to wire ahead for help from train detectives.

A beginner often makes the mistake of trying to get part of the newspaper before the owner has discarded it. This is highly dangerous because it invariably arouses the smoldering instinct of ownership. Once you ask, "Are you through with the back half?" you make him wonder if he really is through with it. He may want to clip a few editorials and features before he lets it go forever, and once the owner starts clipping a newspaper my advice is to give it up and start over.

Nothing can cause as much trouble as the impatience of a beginner, and the sooner he learns that it is certain failure to move in too quickly, the sooner he will be able to enjoy magazines and newspapers of his own selection. *Always make sure that the owner is getting off the train before taking over his reading matter.* Too often I have seen owners return from the dining car or men's room to find their periodicals in the hands of a beginner. While the recovery is usually jocular ("Looks like somebody stole my magazine while I was gone, ha, ha!") the owner will make certain that the magazine doesn't get out of his sight again.

Don't wait on a magazine or newspaper unless you're pretty sure you know what it is. There's nothing more disheartening than keeping a vigil on a magazine from Boston to Washington, only to learn at the last minute that you've acquired the Paint and Varnish Manufacturers' Monthly Journal.

After making a selection, the most important step is to determine definitely where the owner is getting off. This can be done by keeping close watch on the conductor's ticket receipts. If the owner is not getting off before you do, you've made a poor selection. Mutter something about "It's warm in this car," and move to another.

A word should be said here about competition. If you see a man eying a newspaper which you feel is rightfully yours—or will be as soon as the owner gets off the train—bluff him out as far as possible. Pretend the newspaper is yours and you've merely *loaned* it to the real owner. Or better still, pretend you're acquainted with the owner. This naturally entitles you to anything he leaves behind.

There's one problem, though, that I haven't been able to solve and that is how to get time to read the newspapers and magazines I acquire. I haven't read anything in over four years now, and any suggestions will be appreciated. THE END

LARRY REYNOLDS

**The most important thing is choosing a seat mate**



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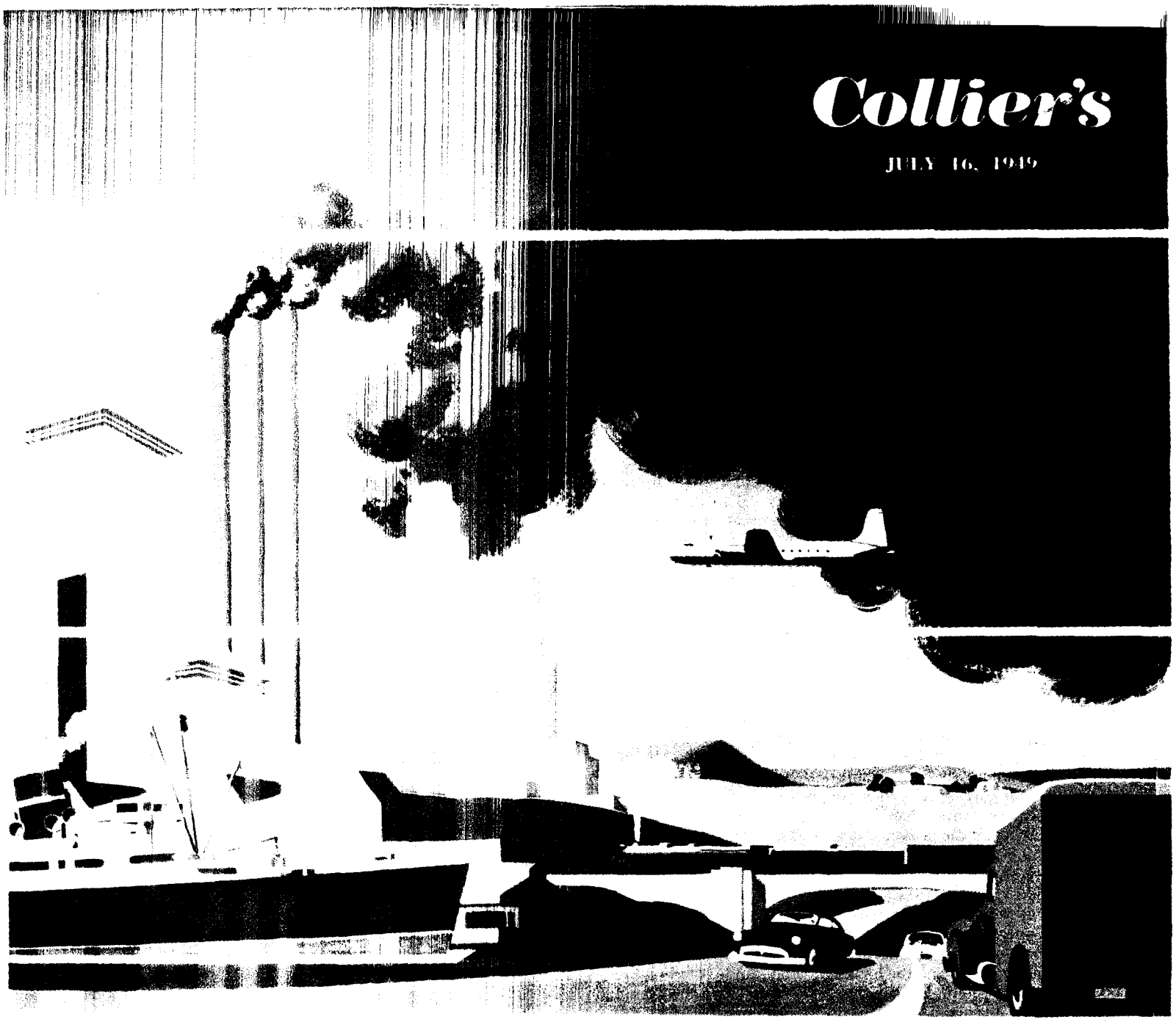


# The Facts About Business

## *An Encouraging Message From JOHN W. SNYDER Secretary of The Treasury*

THE luncheon was over, and so was my talk about business conditions. The toastmaster made the usual concluding remarks, and we all got up to go. I tried to slip away in a hurry, but a guest with a worried look stopped me and maneuvered me a little to one side.

"Mr. Secretary," he said, "do you really think we are doing all right in business?" I assured him of my confidence in the business outlook and made another move toward the door, only to be stopped by a second anxious man, then by a third. Finally a small group had gathered around me, each one of them eager to ask, in one form or another, the same question: "Are we in for a depression?"

It has been like that for several months, no matter where I go—to business meetings or receptions, or to address various groups in Washington and throughout the country. A great many businessmen seem to want assurance, and they should have it whenever it can be given to them in the form of good, substantial facts.

That is why this article has been written. My position as Secretary of the Treasury necessarily puts me as close to the business heartbeats of America as any man can be, and I tell you with sincerity and emphasis that the situation as I see it shows no substantial cause for anxiety. The uneasiness that is going around is in the minds and emotions of men, not in the basic facts of business or of public finance.

Secretary Snyder

I am plainly puzzled as to why the American businessman should be lacking confidence today. Inflation, the enemy that had all of us properly worried a few years ago, seems to be under control, although it must bear constant watching. Competitive conditions in industry have returned. Purchasing power remains high. We are in a period of readjustment which is necessary and healthy. To me all this looks like a wonderful postwar victory and cause for assurance, not for wrinkled brows.

Our free enterprise system could not live long on inflation, nor could it thrive long without competition. A sellers' market, such as we have known during and since the war, is



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in the long run bad for business. The customer ought not to be a beggar, asking business to please take his money and let him have an icebox, a radio or an automobile. It is the wholesome American way to have business seek the customer, and if it does that today it will find him in a better financial position than ever before in the whole great story of American progress and prosperity.

Now, let me give you some facts in support of this statement.

### We Remember Too Much

Probably much of the business anxiety felt today is the result of our remembering what happened after the first World War. But conditions now are not identical with those of 20 years ago, and in many ways are strikingly different. Our knowledge of the nature of business fluctuations is more precise and more comprehensive. Our experience is richer—and experience is still the best teacher.

There also are many other differences between conditions then and now. Today there are many safeguards which we did not have then. In the late 1920s and early 1930s, banking laws were not as strict as they are now, and supervision of banks was not as thorough. At the peak in 1921, there were 30,800 banks in the United States, many of them in a weak condition. Thousands of these banks failed. Today we have 14,750 banks, all of them operating under laws and required examinations designed to protect both the public and the banks.

There has not been a bank failure in the past five years. A few have had to be consolidated or otherwise reorganized, but nothing has happened that any depositor need worry about. Weak, badly managed banks that might lose your money are not permitted to stay in business today. Also, in addition to the greatly strengthened banking system, the federal government through the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation guarantees your deposit up to $5,000.

In the boom of the 1920s that preceded the depression, speculation was widespread and entirely out of line. This was true in both the commodity and stock markets, as well as in other fields. Call money went as high as 20 per cent in the stock market in 1929, and brokers' loans reached eight and a half billion dollars. Millions of shares changed hands daily. A barber or a bootblack or a broker could start a buying rush on almost any stock simply by telling a number of people that he had heard a man say that somebody close to somebody else was buying heavily. Men bought not on the basis of earnings or net worth, but on the doubtful strength of rumors.

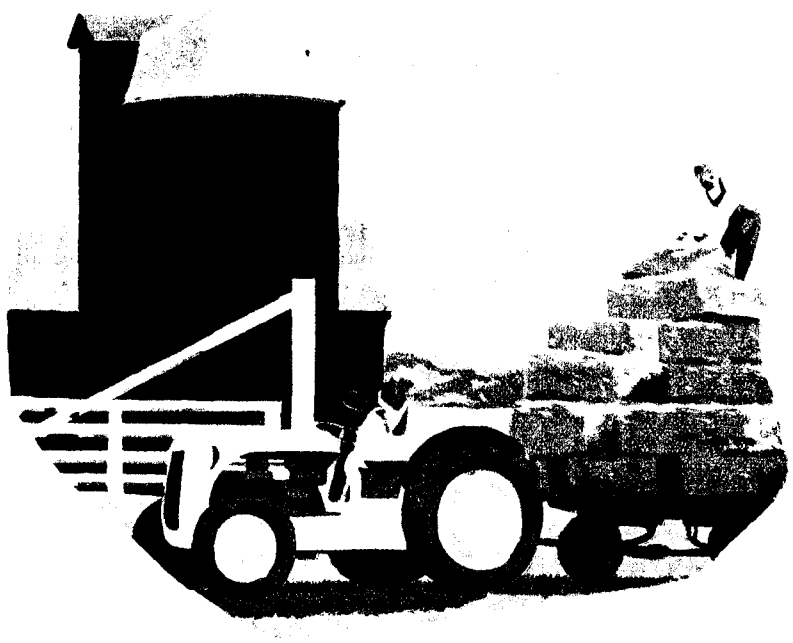
Nothing like that is happening today. The heavy liquidation of excessively speculative accounts that featured the great depression, and earlier recessions too, could not be repeated now because speculative accounts are at a minimum. Brokers' loans today total less than half a billion, as against the eight and one-half billion in 1929.

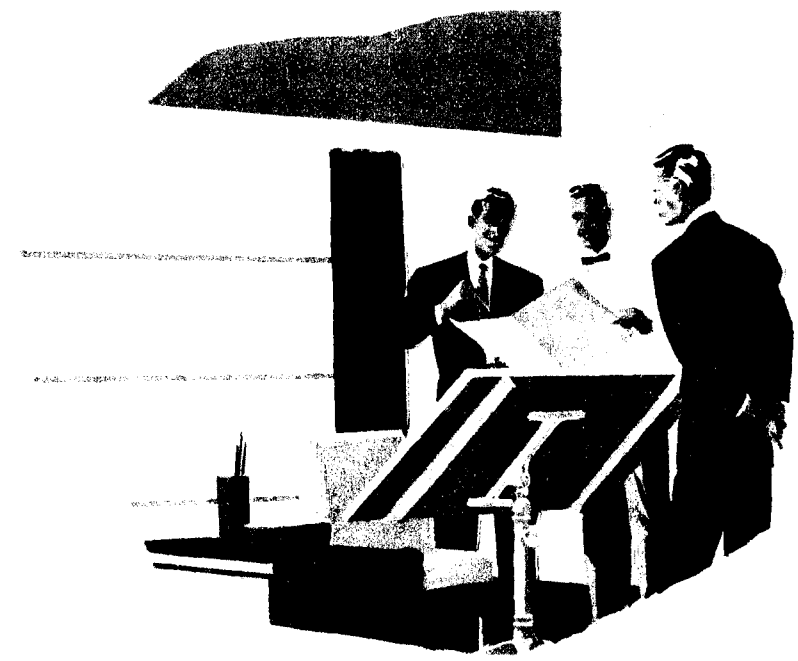
We are enjoying a period of sound prosperity today, without the serious speculation of the 1920s, the reckless additions to inventories, and the wild farm real-estate booms. Experience has given us some wisdom.

The props were pulled from under farm prices after the first World War, but they will not be this time. During and after the earlier war, farm mortgages went up 80 per cent; during and after the latest war, they have gone down about 15 per cent.

Government bond prices fell to a low of 82 after World War I, and thousands of bondholders suffered losses. Bondholders today face no such hazard. The Treasury and the Federal Reserve System have followed the policy of keeping bond prices from going up too fast, or down too much. In the spring of 1947 there were symptoms of a boom in the bond market. Action was taken to control it, and it was controlled. When the tendency has been the other way, the market has been stabilized by purchases.

Neither business nor government wanted to or were in a position to control the boom of the 1920s. Nor could they avoid or lessen the crisis which followed. But, as I have said, experience is the best teacher. Both business and government have learned a great deal in recent years, and I cannot believe that the American people or their government will be caught unaware and unprepared a second time by a radical changing business situation.





This is, of course, a very brief comparison of conditions then and now, but I hope it suggests enough of the differences to arrest the fear that because something happened after one world war, something like it must happen after another. That fear is not justified by current facts.

### Wrong Deductions Drawn

Many men who discuss their anxieties admit they are doing fine, but they have heard that somebody else isn't. They point out the news stories about some hundred or some thousand workers being laid off, here or there. They do not stop to think that the unusual is news, and they make the error of reaching a general conclusion from an isolated fact. They do not know that actually more people have been employed during the first five months of this year than during the same period last year.

The truth is that national employment is encouragingly high. This stimulating national-health fact will not be much comfort to those who are laid off. Being out of a job is definitely a personal crisis for such unfortunate individuals. But the fact that national employment is high certainly should be taken into account by any businessman or citizen who tries to size up the general situation. It seems to me that men who express themselves on a matter as vital as our national business conditions are under strong moral obligation to be fully informed before they speak. This is also a pretty good rule of self-interest. It does not make sense to look at a magnificent picture, observe only a few small and unrepresentative flaws, and then report that the picture is bad.

The significant employment fact today is that 59,000,000 workers are at work, and earning good wages.

There was a scramble for automobiles, refrigerators, washing machines and other scarce items once the war was over. Since V-J Day we Americans have bought 13,000,000 new cars and trucks; 29,000,000 new refrigerators, washing machines and vacuum cleaners; and 50,000,000 new radio and television sets. But this does not mean saturation. It still is but a fraction of the potential market.

In these same years American business has invested 75 billion dollars in new plants and equipment to catch up and keep up with consumer needs and desires. It is almost abreast of demand now, but, as I have said, this means nothing more disturbing than a return to normal, healthy competitive conditions. Do not forget there are millions in this country who seek to raise their living standards—an American aim which will never die, and which still has to be achieved for many.

Business enterprises have greatly expanded plants and equipment, but they have not exhausted their reserves. Far from it. Net working capital of American corporations now stands at the near-record level of 65 billion dollars. In this country we do our best work when we have to do real selling, and that's what we are being called on to do now.

If significant buying power did not exist there might be reason to fear a serious falling off. But we are starting out on this re-established normal condition with economic and financial strength never equaled in our history.

Personal income figures for the first half of this year indicate that personal income for 1949 will be somewhere around 215 billion dollars. In 1948, the national income paid to individuals was 214 billion dollars.

Behind this immense national income are savings higher than ever before, and more evenly distributed over the nation. Liquid savings of individuals—which means checking accounts, federal government securities, savings accounts and currency—add up today to 200 billion dollars.

More than 200 billion dollars in annual personal income; another 200 billion in liquid savings of individu-



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als; a population increase of 17,000,000 people in a decade; a swiftly rising standard of living—American business never before has had any such tempting lure as that. But this is not an automatic market, like the one that softened the aggressiveness of some salesmen while the war was on, and for four years afterward. From now on, businessmen must compete with the ablest competitors this world has known—other American businessmen.

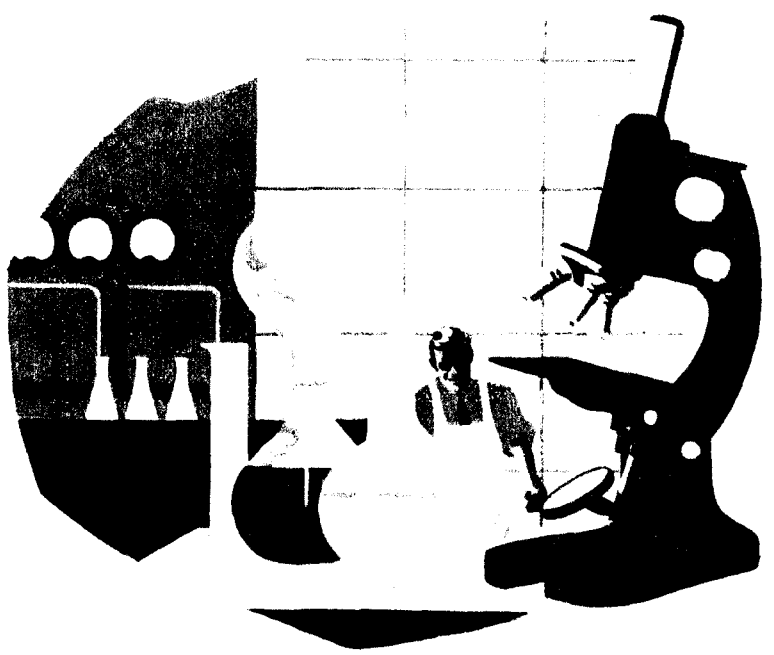
Only yesterday it was not necessary to make better designs and better products or render better services. Today it is necessary, and every man who believes in the American free enterprise system should welcome this return to normal, economic health.

### Faith in U.S. Bonds

The financial soundness of the United States government is beyond question. This is the foundation stone of both domestic and world stability and prosperity. Public confidence in the government is illustrated by many facts, one is that savings bonds held by individuals today are at a higher level than at the end of the war.

Individuals now hold 48 billion dollars' worth of these bonds, which is about five billion dollars' worth more than in 1945, and which, incidentally, is more money than the total national income of less than 20 years ago. The predicted rush to redeem bonds after the war ended never developed. Savings bond sales now exceed redemptions and have for the past three years. The Opportunity Bond Drive will go over its goal of one billion and 40 million dollars.

One of your neighbors may have told you that he saw a line of people at the bank cashing in their bonds. and he may have concluded that savings are being used up for current expenses. Perhaps he did see some persons cashing bonds. But he did not see the millions of persons who are buying bonds under the Payroll Savings Plan, and in other ways. Again I wish to make the point: Don't judge solely by what you see, when you can see only a tiny spot of a vast picture.



These four years since the war ended have been disastrous mainly for the reputations of the pessimists. Inflation has not ruined everything, as the pessimists predicted. Widespread unemployment has not developed. Wages have not gone down. Savings have not been raided. But perhaps we should be grateful for the pessimism that characterized so many predictions of what would happen after the war. It made business and government cautious. The boom was held in bounds. The transition from wartime to peacetime conditions has been gradual, almost painless.

Today we are at the beginning of a new peacetime growth. You no longer hear any of that talk about America having grown up, matured, and so reached an economic plateau than which there is no higher ground anywhere. The best we could hope for, some said, was to hold our own from now on. Maybe the discovery during the war of new fields to conquer dissipated this notion. Anyway, we do not hear it now as often as we did, although no doubt it will show up again. There are always a few who think the top has been reached.

I remember reading about a man of considerable importance in his time who said, back in 1884, that everything the world needed had been invented. Yet since that time more than 2,000,000 patents have been issued. I remember reading about a railroad car factory that closed down long ago because its owners refused to change from wood to steel construction. They said people never would ride in noisy, hot, steel cars.

### Ideals of Better Living

Many of us remember the anti-automobile, pro-horse laws that once were so common. But Americans almost always look ahead and move ahead, as we are doing now, to higher living standards for more and more of our people. We are not yet in sight of the top, and probably never will be, because we are always establishing new goals to conquer.

The readjustments now taking place are both helpful and healthy. We must remember that for the last three years it has been our aim and goal to halt inflation and to adjust prices. We have had periodic first-of-the-year adjustments in 1946, in 1947, and again in 1948. And now, we are experiencing some additional ones. Each of these readjustments has tended to cause us to stop, look and listen. Each one has reminded us of the necessity for caution, for taking stock of the situation, so that we may make sure that we are pursuing the course best adapted to promote an orderly progress toward the stabilization of our economy on a high-production, high-employment level.

I do not know exactly what has caused the most recent wave of uneasiness, unless it is that people have not understood the necessary readjustments that have had to take place.

I said at the beginning of this article that people have been asking questions. From now on, I think I'll fire one back at them:

What are we waiting for; what greater incentive do we want?

We have now a national income greater than we dared hope for even as recently as five years ago, and the greatest backstop of liquid savings in our country's history. Our standard of living is rising, and our population increasing. American mechanical skill and scientific knowledge are keener than ever before. The Atomic Age, the age of synthetics and myriad other new things are at hand. Atomic energy alone could revolutionize our economic life within a short time. Light metals and alloys are rapidly gaining in importance. The field of synthetics seems unlimited. Chemistry is affecting our lives more and more every year.

Anyone who says now that our country has come of age and will grow no more is looking and thinking backward. The greatest market of all time is here. The highest ability to supply the needs of that market is here. Selling is the link between the two. What an opportunity! THE END

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The girls in the garden, in their fresh summer dresses, made a cool, an almost pastoral picture, with their children playing round them

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# The Girls of Laurel Court

## By LESTER ATWELL

**They all had married during the war. Now they had to live with their husbands—in such comfort or discomfort as their husbands could provide**

TWO OTHER less fortunate young wives, pushing their baby carriages toward the playground four hot city blocks away, the girls in Laurel Court garden, in their fresh summer dresses, made a cool, an almost pastoral picture with their children playing about them.

The picture, however, was more attractive from a distance; drawing near, you saw the garden was merely a courtyard filled with flagstone paths and beds of hard-baked dirt where only privet hedge would grow. And the girls themselves on closer sight lost all their garden-party air. Discontent and boredom dragged at the corners of their mouths.

Several conversations were going on at once: "—so hot in our bedroom that Jerry finally had to get up and sleep in the living room with the hall door wide open." "—been here three years now, and he hasn't offered to paint a thing!" "—out looking at those new ranch-type houses. They were asking sixteen five; we came back disgusted." "I said, 'I'll go stark staring mad if we don't get *out* of here into some place where there's some *room!*' " "Personally, Dee, you're crazy to be hanging around here when you have the chance to get away for a while."

"I know," Dee Farmer said, brushing a flake of soot from the simple, expensive, silk dress her mother had just sent her, "but Donny's in the middle of taking his shots, and it's too far for big Don to commute—and it doesn't seem fair to leave him here all by himself."

"That would be the least of *my* worries," affirmed Peggy Rolf, who at thirty-one was the oldest of the group. "If anyone belonging to me ever had a house at the shore with servants and all that, and they asked *me* to spend a month, I'd be out of here so fast you wouldn't see my dust. I get so sick and tired of sitting here, I could die!"

The sunlit white door of the apartment had opened, and Alison Vreeland, a serene, pretty, brown-haired girl in a pale yellow dress and ballet slippers, came out, maneuvering the bicycle for her young son. The girls groaned, and Peggy Rolf said, "Uh-oh. It's not hot enough, but we got to go through this!"

Pleasant enough greetings were exchanged, and Kathryn Macauley, a thin, nervous, kindhearted girl, her hair bound up in a handkerchief, asked the newcomer, "How is it in your apartment—hot?"

Alison Vreeland smiled as if in surprise. "Why, no, not at all! There's been a lovely breeze all day long!" Before anyone could challenge her on this, she addressed the other young wives: "I suppose all you girls have a perfectly delicious, well-balanced dinner prepared for your husbands?" She laughed understandingly, but there was a flick to her question, a little sting of correction.

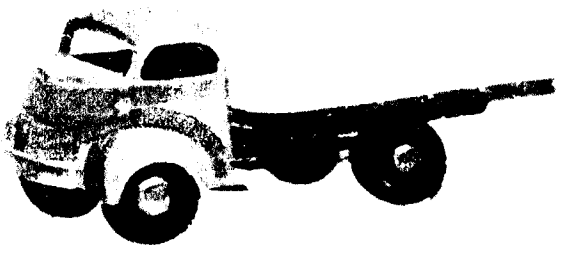
"I don't know about anyone else," said Peggy Rolf, "but we're having delicatessen cold cuts and potato salad, and I wouldn't care if we had it for a week. I wouldn't cook a dinner for anyone in weather like this." Tall, large-mouthed, harsh-looking, with reddish-gold hair and a bright-colored dress, she was the mother of little Eddie sitting up in the paint-chipped carriage; of little Peggy turning a somersault at the front-door railing; and sometime in October, she would become a mother once again—of twins this time, if the girls didn't miss their guess. The Rolfs lived on the fifth floor in a three-room apartment.

This overcrowding was not extraordinary among the girls. They all had married during the war, and most of them had followed their husbands through a series of guest cottages, shacks and furnished rooms on the outskirts of Army camps or naval bases. The one-and-a-half, two- and three-room apartments in Laurel Court, that had seemed such bliss a few years ago, now were proving far too small, and there was nothing they could do about it. "With prices the way they are," Kathryn Macauley was saying with her blink and her nervous friendly smile, "we'll be lucky if we can *afford* cold cuts! It's impossible to save, really it is! We thought by now we'd be able to build, but that's—that's all like some kind of a dream!"

HOW prices soared while their husbands' white-collar salaries remained stationary was a topic they dwelled on frequently. Because they saw each other daily, all their subjects were well-worn: the scarcity and exorbitant price of houses; home-administered permanent waves; their noisy refrigerators; their children's discouraging appetites; their confinements and pediatricians; the fear of another war. But over and above all, weaving through every conversation, was the desire for more room, for a little house with some ground around it—"Some place where you could put the kids out to play, and you wouldn't have to *sit* out all day long watching them, that's all I ask."

What made their lot bearable was the realization that they were all in it together. "It's the same everywhere you go," said Peggy Rolf. "You just got to grin and bear it." Her long eyes swept with satisfaction over Alison Vreeland. "High and low alike."

In these daily discussions, Alison complained less than the others, but then she had less cause. The Vreelands, planned parents of one, had a four-room apartment, and somehow or other, Alison had got the superintendent over onto her side, so her refrigerator didn't *(Continued on page 63)*



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN NORTHCROSS

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# Governor Going Places

## By WALTER DAVENPORT

**Driscoll of New Jersey could be very good news for the Republican party which for the past eighteen years has been going nowhere very desirable. What manner of man is he?**

IN NEW JERSEY'S dismal state capitol at Trenton there sits a youngish, tousled, eager man who has the simplest of creeds, morally as well as politically. A sample will give you the gist of his whole human philosophy.

"There are two things," says he, his body tense, and apparently anxious that his voice should not get out of hand, "there are two things that I don't want to capitalize on politically or otherwise. One is religion. The other is the relationship between man and man. There has been too much of both in this country. As long as I can remember, for example, I have been interested in civil rights. A man has to go straight down the line for what he believes in. That's all. After all, a man's got to live with himself."

He's New Jersey's governor, Alfred Eastlack Driscoll. He will be forty-seven years old by the time he runs for re-election in November, with the chances excellent that he'll win. Nationally he is not yet well known but gradually the scouts for the candidate-hungry Republican party are drifting

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into Trenton to look him over—the cynical old guard with doubt, the disgusted liberals with hope. If Driscoll regards them as anything but bushbeating prospectors, he gives no sign. He receives them cordially but guardedly and impersonally. They depart feeling that they've met a liberal, but a coldly rational one—a man who seems to be much more interested in government than in governing.

For the most part, they leave him with precisely the impression he wants to create: that of a zealous, scholarly amateur with a snatching, lariat mind, who is not quite sure which he regards as the country's worst handicap—the mossbacks in his own party or the pie-in-the-sky sucker-trappers on the Democratic side. But they all discover that Governor Driscoll is a very ambitious man.

If he wins re-election in November, his potentialities for 1952 will be considerably greater. Except for Virginia, where even a miracle would have trouble defeating a Democrat, New Jersey is the only state to vote for governor this year. And if he is reelected, Alfred Driscoll will be raising his piercing eyes toward horizons far beyond New Jersey's narrow, sandy borders.

### Appointed to a Spirituous Post

Almost immediately after he was sworn into his first elective job—state senator—in 1938 he began to conduct himself with an independence which robbed the Tory Republican brass of considerable sleep. Accepting appointment three years later as State Alcoholic Beverage Control Commissioner he ran the affairs of that politically potent office in a manner wholly unsatisfactory to the other and lower end of the political gamut.

Bitter were the complaints of such political shills as Paperback Nellie Fullamer (The Voters Hostess) of Atlantic County and Bullet Proof Tony McGurl of Hudson, respectively Republican and Democrat. He ran that post like an upright and honest judge, disappointingly requiring more of an actual or aspiring publican than loyalty to a political power or value thereto in political campaigns.

Any practical politician can appreciate the situation. And several of New Jersey's old reliables did so. They called on Mr. Driscoll, in whom they saw promising but inexperienced material, and told him just how he could use his alcohol job to build up a swift political machine. No one can tell you how many ambitious public servants have made themselves extremely potent by favoring the right liquor dealers and dispensers, but be assured that they are many.

Mr. Driscoll listened to the old reliables. Mr. Driscoll will listen to almost anybody. Most of the people and groups he gives audience to go away scratching their heads. He always seems to be hearing you but it is seldom that he gives you any indication whether he's impressed by what you've been saying. In this particular instance he smiled at his callers, bade them a civil good afternoon and proceeded to administer his A.B.C. office just as though it were as remote from politics as his Sunday school class at the First Presbyterian Church of Haddonfield. In fact he did it in a manner that brought him the official endorsement of both the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Retail Beverage Association. Try to match that, brother.

It is said that several of the old reliables, when they presently discovered that their errand had been in vain, predicted no political future for Mr. Driscoll. As prophets they were less reliable than the Jersey City newspaperman who one day observed a group of youngsters in the gallery while Driscoll was making a neat speech in the legislature. "Who," asked he, "are those kids up there?" He was told that they were a part of Driscoll's Sunday-school class. "Yeah?" replied the newspaperman. "Well, Frank Hague is liable to have a hell of a lot of trouble with this guy someday."

That was a nice bit of prophecy. Mr. Hague had plenty of trouble with Mr. Driscoll. It wasn't that the Republican Driscoll waged wordy warfare on the Democratic Hague. And it wouldn't be fair to give Driscoll all of the credit for dethroning the Jersey City autocrat. Two of Mr. Driscoll's predecessors—Governors Edison and Edge—did the softening up of Mr. Hague. But it was Mr. Driscoll who gave Hague the ultimate push-down. And he did it, as you will learn in a moment or so, by his reorganization of the state's administrative departments and the rewriting of its constitution.

**On the job in Trenton.** "There are two things that I don't want to capitalize on politically or otherwise," Governor Driscoll states. "One is religion. The other is the relationship between man and man"

**Governor Driscoll and his family in a nonpolitical gathering at their Haddonfield home. Along the porch rail: Patricia 16; Mrs. Driscoll; the governor; Peter E., 10; (on rail) and Alfred T., 13**

### School and College Activities

Driscoll was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on October 25, 1902. He was a babe in arms when his parents, Alfred Robie and Mattie Eastlack Driscoll, moved to Haddonfield. Haddonfield High School, Williams College and Harvard Law School graduated him without difficulty.

He played football (scatback) at high school and those who today talk glowingly and purposefully of his repeated stands in opposition to discrimination against the Negro recall that there was a colored boy on the team—Herman Cooper. Herman was a vigorous lad and pretty good. He had to be good because his presence on the squad was not too popular with some of the boys. But it is recalled that Driscoll spent much of his time encouraging Herman and applauding his feats—pats on the back and atta boy, Herman.

At Williams College, for some reason no longer clear to anyone we've talked to, he was known as Pete. The track team knew no half-miler as persistent as Pete. He was fast but not quite fast enough, a fact that didn't seem to bother him. That there were usually two or three guys in front of him at the finish saddened him not at all. He never quit running, and he was a star at winter sports, skiing skillfully and successfully and never recklessly.

For a time after Harvard Law School he trudged, mushed and slid over a large sector of Northwest Canada with a group searching for oil. They found the oil but, like the United States Army (Canol) about 20 years later, found it all too far from transportation facilities.

So Driscoll went home to practice law. Presently Haddonfield elected him to its board of education and, after long and narrow observation of the young man, made him a borough commissioner in charge of revenues and finances. And if you don't think that that was a declaration of the town's complete approval of Driscoll you simply don't know Haddonfield.

Then came his election to the state Senate where the Driscoll of today began to emerge. We have been talking to a few of his more intimate friends who, in their enthusiasm and hope for the governor, asked us to observe his "Lincolnesque characteristics." Perhaps we didn't observe closely enough nor as long as necessary. Much more clearly you can see rather distinct similarities between the Republican Mr. Driscoll and one of his illustrious predecessors, the Democratic Woodrow Wilson. However, Mr. Driscoll—like Mr. Wilson, a Presbyterian, well over on the Calvin side—is still, politically and otherwise, a bit more flexible than was Mr. Wilson.

In the Senate he went to work at once, and quite independently, to modernize the state's haphazard Tenement House Act. It is not his fault that New Jersey still has slums but he did manage to eliminate many of their firetrap qualities. The pattern he was to follow later as governor became quite clear in his fight in the legislature for more intelligent treatment of juvenile delinquents, increased appropriations for the care of crippled children, and equal rights for Negroes. *(Continued on page 62)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

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# Use No Hooks

By GORDON RAMSEY

**Flip had a girl in every port, but Sue was one that he could not kiss good-by at the gangplank. She was part of the ship**

IT IS the first morning out from Honolulu, next stop Frisco, and I am swinging along the promenade deck of the luxury liner Maloa telling myself not to worry. The sun is shining bright, and the only cloud in the sky is the one that hangs over me. Girl trouble again. And this time I hate the thought of it, because I've got sort of used to the pert little saucepan I'm going to have the trouble with.

Sue, the saucepan in question, is not at the rail watching the waves go by. Nor is she in a deck chair with a robe around her legs. Sue's a member of the crew, and she's in the first-class beauty parlor on B deck, laying out the paint and powder for the day's work.

I stop in the doorway of the beauty parlor and grin in at her. Beautiful, dark-haired, brown-eyed Sue. Free, independent, wisecracking Sue, making her own way in life, leaning on nobody for support. My type girl—or so I'd thought until yesterday.

"Hi, jug-head," I breeze.

A new name for her every time, with Sue always wowing me back with better than she gets. But not this morning.

"Hello, Mister Costigan," she says. And today there is no smile, no sparkle, no glow.

"The formal name is at least Flip," I tell her. "*Mister* Costigan is my father."

She turns away and begins polishing the big mirror.

"I'm the guy who took you ashore yesterday in Hawaii," I go on. "We had dinner at the Royal Honolulu and then danced in the moonlight, remember?"

No answer.

I feel foolish, talking to her reflection in the mirror, but somehow I have to keep this light, the way it started, and the way I want to keep it. "Look, glass-face," I say, "eight bells are about to strike and I've got to go on watch. How about meeting me on deck, same place as always, during your lunch hour?"

Down goes the polishing rag. She turns around. Her eyes are steady and dark and serious. "It's no use, Mister Costigan. I—"

"Baloney," I cut in lightly. "You be there. I've got something to tell you."

"I've heard it," she flares suddenly.

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS

"Not this you haven't." But I can't argue it out with her because the assistant purser is in the passageway behind me, clearing his throat.

"I beg your pardon," he says dryly.

I give Sue the wink and move out of the way. The wink falls flat. I hear the assistant purser say, "Good morning, Miss O'Connor," in a very correct tone.

And Sue's, "Good morning, Mr. Richards," is equally proper and respectful.

I laugh as I go up the grand staircase to the radio shack, remembering what a wow it gave me when I first heard that Mr. Richards wouldn't talk to Sue until he'd got the purser, his boss, to give them a formal introduction. Mr. Richards is young and athletic-looking in a grave way, but unfortunately his biggest and slowest muscle is between his ears. However, he will no doubt rise steadily to the top in the steamship business, because his father is a vice-president of the line, and the captain of the Maloa is a man who considers all such important angles.

At the radio-shack door I meet Captain Melville and the purser coming out. The skipper of the Maloa has a mania for rules and regulations, and this makes him a gold-braided headache to anyone under his command who is not a vice-president's son.

"You and your sense of humor," he is saying to the purser with scorn. "Your assistant would have handled that correspondence with infinitely more dignity."

"Yes, sir," the purser murmurs meekly. But he can't hide the pained look on his face as Mr. Richards' sterling qualities are thrown up to him as an example.

I've heard him sounding off on the subject of Mr. Richards, and it would blister the paint right off the stack.

Eight bells strike just as I salute. "Good morning, Captain."

"You're late relieving the watch," he growls.

Sometimes I ask myself who the old flint-head thinks he is, and the answer is always the same. He's The Man. One word from him and I'd be demoted to an ordinary seaman and put to work on deck, and he'd find a place in the book somewhere that said I was where I belonged.

Inside the shack, I toss my hat at the peg. Parkington, the chief operator, is slaving away at the key. Parky is a lean guy with a big nose and thick glasses, and he has been a radio operator so long that when he talks in his sleep it's in the International Code.

"What's eating the brass off Moby Dick's cap?" I say.

Parky jerks his spare thumb at a batch of radiograms already under the file-board clip. I give them a quick glance at first, but then I go back and read them word for word. The incoming ones are from a party in Honolulu by the name of Hop Smith. The outgoing are signed by the purser.

Incoming: WHO IS MOST ATTRACTIVE GIRL ON PASSENGER LIST? PLEASE ANSWER COLLECT.

Outgoing: MATTER OF OPINION, BUT MY MONEY SAYS REBECCA RUTH WIDENER.

Incoming: IS SHE ABOUT TWENTY, BLOND, BLUE-EYED, SHAPED LIKE A BATHING SUIT AD?

Outgoing: SORRY. WIDENER GIRL SHAPED LIKE DIAPER AD, BORN IN HAWAII TEN DAYS AGO. PARENTS MR. AND MRS. JAMES P. WIDENER, BRONX, NEW YORK.

Incoming: WRONG PARTY. READING FROM DOWN TO UP, GIRL I MEAN HAS SLENDER ANKLES, LONG LEGS, SLIM HIPS, PERT NOSE, CREAMY HEAD. IS IT KAYTHRYN ASHEBROOK, PLEASE?

End of correspondence, except that now Parky is filing the message he has just sent. "It was fun until the skipper stepped in," he sighs.

Outgoing: HAVE ORDERED PURSER TO DISCONTINUE THIS RIDICULOUS EXCHANGE OF RADIOGRAMS. COMPANY RULES STATE ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING PASSENGERS ABOARD THIS SHIP MUST BE SECURED FROM OUR AGENTS IN HONOLULU. SIGNED, MASTER, S S MALOA.

"What's it all about?" I ask.

"Obvious. The guy's in love."

"With a girl he doesn't know?"

"It's possible." Parky's eyes go dreamy, five times normal size behind those binoculars he wears. "I was in love with my wife before I knew who she was."

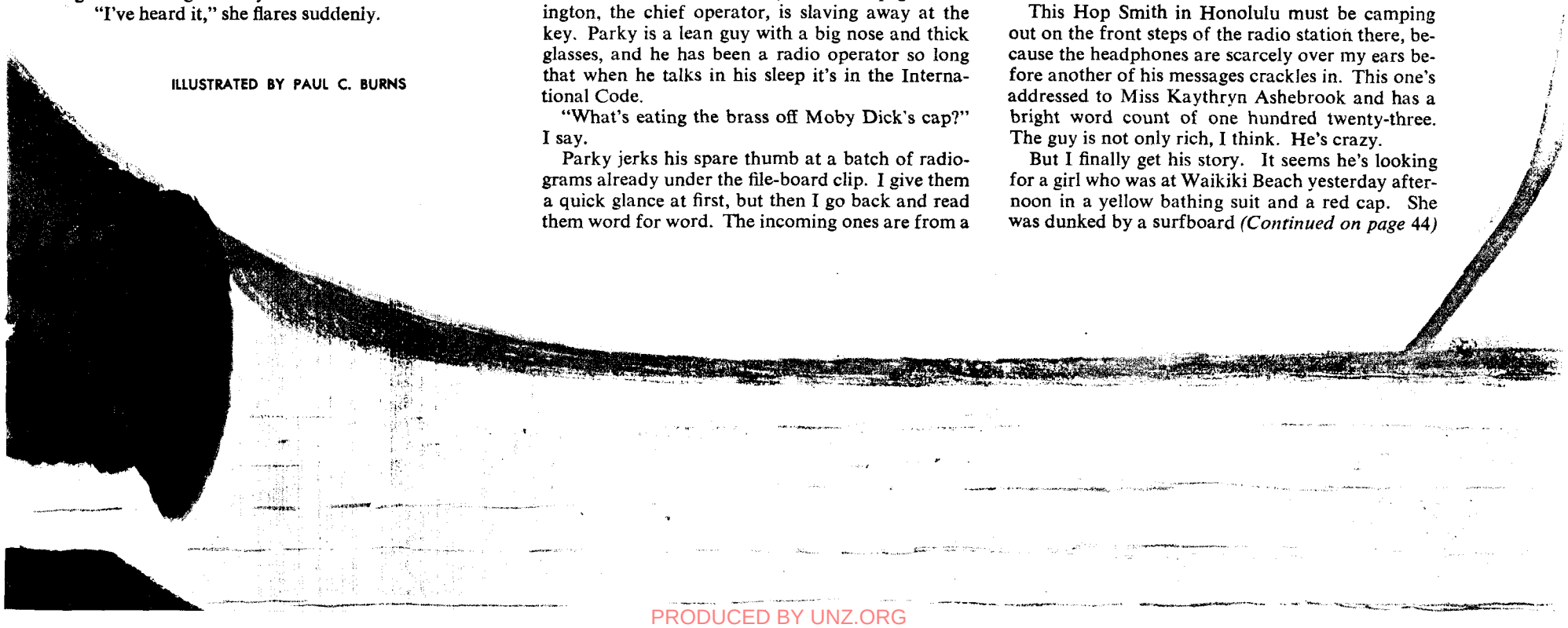
"Some men ask for it," I mutter.

PARKY'S always telling me how wonderful it is to be married. Yeah. He sends back all his advance money from foreign ports, then stays aboard reading travel books. His wife is always on the dock when the ship ties up in Frisco, and she sticks to him like a barnacle. Alcatraz is wonderful, too.

I think about Sue, and all the other girls whose names and telephone numbers are in my little red book. I don't send back money to any of them, and they don't lie in wait for me at the dock. The one I call up is always glad to see me. I show her a good time, kiss her at the door, and walk away free with a song on my lips. It's worked out swell with everyone but Sue.

This Hop Smith in Honolulu must be camping out on the front steps of the radio station there, because the headphones are scarcely over my ears before another of his messages crackles in. This one's addressed to Miss Kaythryn Ashebrook and has a bright word count of one hundred twenty-three. The guy is not only rich, I think. He's crazy.

But I finally get his story. It seems he's looking for a girl who was at Waikiki Beach yesterday afternoon in a yellow bathing suit and a red cap. She was dunked by a surfboard *(Continued on page 44)*



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## *Let's put the cop back on the beat...*

# *Stop TERROR*

COLLIER'S PHOTO BY ROY PINNEY

IF ANYTHING happens to any of my other children, you'd better deputize me! I'm going out gunning!" This righteous anger was Edward Tuley's, a Clevelander whose eight-year-old daughter was knifed to death within a hundred yards of her home.

It might, too, have been the anger of Dr. Florence Takacy, whose sixty-two-year-old mother was choked and left dead on a lawn in fashionable Shaker Heights, Ohio. Or the parents of six-year-old George Counter, who was dragged into a basement in Detroit and murdered with a spade.

It might have been the anger of John F. Elliott, New York businessman, who was beaten and stabbed as he strolled in Central Park. Or the woman who was knocked over the head and robbed as she walked home from church in Philadelphia. Or the three Harvard men who were strong-armed in Boston—or the two Radcliffe College girls who were accosted and robbed.

Or it might have been the anger of any American who finds today that the streets of his city have become a no man's land where his children must risk the psychopathic killer, his wife must risk the molester, the purse snatcher and the rapist; and he himself has taken to treading the center of the roadway for fear of the marauder in the bushes, the mugger, the slugger, the knifer—the hoodlum who will kill for whatever is in a wallet, be it only a dollar bill.

What about the millions we pay for police protection? Where are the cops?

In Detroit, 15 businessmen and two housewives from the Denby High School district stomped into police headquarters and demanded, "Either get busy and protect us—or we will act to protect ourselves!" They threatened to buy pistols, if need be.

Stunned by the soaring record of attacks on women (105 since January 1st), the Cleveland Crime Commission called an urgent meeting in May. I sat in and watched the faces of outraged, fearful citizens. Said Director McConnell A. Coakwell, "It's so bad in some parts of town, people are afraid to go out at night!"

Philadelphians told me of neighborhoods where cabbies are afraid to pick up a fare at night, where an ordinary motorist—if he gets a flat tire—would rather ride home on the rim than stop and risk a mugging.

Speaking of the nation's capital, Congressman Walter Horan (Rep., Wash.) ruefully declared, "We have come to the point where no one knows whether his wife, mother, sister or daughter is safe in the streets." The Washington Times-Herald editorially fumed: "What kind of town is this, that a little girl can't ride her bike in the park on a bright, sunshiny Sunday without having her throat cut by a sex maniac? . . . A woman can't walk in (the parks) by day free of the fear of rape and murder? . . . A man never knows but what he will be held up for his money and lose his life as well!"

"What kind of town is this?" Chicagoans, too, might ask. Accustomed though they are to public enemies, their eyes blink when they look at recent figures. In the 31 days of March: 15 murders, 34 rapes, 77 other sex offenses, 527 robberies, 75 assaults to commit murder, 277 assaults with deadly weapons.

Last year, reports the F.B.I., throughout the nation as a whole, there were 1,686,670 *serious crimes,* an average of one every 18.7 seconds. "Aggravated assaults and rapes in the larger communities reached peaks in 1948 of 68.7 and 49.9 per cent, respectively, over the prewar averages," states the F.B.I.

What's wrong?

Collier's has surveyed 70 American cities. This writer has ridden police radio cars in our most crime-crusted metropolises; gone on trouble runs with Detroit's Security Patrol and Philadelphia's Motor Bandit Patrol; talked to police chiefs, safety commissioners and mayors; met with fearful citizens, angered taxpayers, anguished victims and the parents of victims; pounded beats with patrolmen; prowled through some of the worst no man's lands in America, including New York's mugger-infested Central Park, Washington's Second Precinct and Chicago's "Fatal Fifth."

From the grim record, a startling pattern emerged. Americans *just aren't being protected.*

In most cities, our police are "squad-car happy." They zip around—whistling each other up on the radio and dashing through town on frantic runs—doing a wonderful job of catching criminals *after crimes are committed,* but falling flat on their faces when it comes to preventing crime. We've got lots of *de*tection, little *pro*tection.

Edwin J. Lukas, executive director of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, warns: "We're sitting on our hands waiting for crimes to be committed!"

### Cop on Beat Prevents Crime

Why? Because our police brass hats have forsaken the infantry. In most cities they've abandoned the foot patrolman, the only real security officer our communities ever had. They've scuttled the neighborhood cop—who knew his beat like the palm of his hand, who knew every family and every kid by their first names, who could virtually smell a stranger on the street, who had a way of getting in and out of alleys, who beat the bushes, tried the doors, stopped to investigate a light burning late, a strange car, a bloke hanging around the bus stop.

His job wasn't dramatic, bing-bang G-man stuff with two-way radios and sirens. His tricks were simply to vary his beat, to zigzag and double back, to turn up when least expected—most of all, to know the people in his neighborhood and keep a bead on strangers.

Your safety was *his job.* If Mrs. Jones came home late, he made it a point to watch her down the street. If seventeen-year-old

**On his Jersey City beat, Patrolman Robert O'Brien caught a man leaving a smoke-filled doorway. The man proved to be a firebug who allegedly set a fire that killed five**



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# *in the Streets*

By HOWARD WHITMAN

Sally parked with her boy friend, he hung around —at a discreet distance—but he hung around. If a stranger was paying too much attention to children, the neighborhood cop paid plenty of attention to him!

We gave up the foot patrolman in the gangster era because he was no good against a Dillinger. Today the Dillingers are gone. The menace is the mugger, the knifer, the abuser of children, the rapist, the molester—amateur hoodlums. They are a worse menace than the professional ever was. The professional robbed the bank. The amateur goes after people.

"He'd just as soon stab you as look at you," says New York Congressman Arthur Klein. "He'd kill you to keep you quiet."

Police officials know, and admit, that foot patrol is the best method of preventing hoodlum crime. Assistant Superintendent Floyd Truscott, of Washington, D.C., declares: "One fourth to one third of our crime could be prevented by adequate foot patrol." But Washington, like dozens of other cities, is hamstrung by pound-foolish budgets which keep police forces woefully undermanned. In any budget slash, foot patrol is the first thing to be cut.

### A Zany Line of Reasoning

"Give 'em another radio car and fire ten patrolmen!" is the slap-happy formula. Its reasoning is that cars can travel ten times as fast as men on foot. So why not give them a jet plane and fire a hundred patrolmen!

One police chief confided that he could put only 112 men per shift on foot patrol in a city of nearly a million people. Some beats were so large a man couldn't even get around them once in his entire tour of duty. Some districts were not patrolled at all. "Don't mention our city by name," the police chief requested. "If the hoodlums knew how undermanned we are, they'd swarm all over us."

Come along to Philadelphia. Let's take a walk through the Twenty-fourth Ward, where things were so bad in April that people were afraid to go to church suppers. Let's stroll the gaslit streets with Councilman James G. Clark and Police Captain John J. Devlin.

This lonely streetcar stop here, is where Mrs. T. was knocked down by a purse snatcher. This corner, in the dim shadows of a gaslight, is where Mr. G. was slugged and robbed—for the eleventh time! And there is the doorbell that was rung by Mrs. H., dazed and seeking help after she had been clubbed and left lying moaning in the street for half an hour before she had the strength to crawl away. All her assailant got was small change. She was lucky he didn't kill her.

"It's a fine thing when the ordinary citizen can't stroll in his own neighborhood," remarks Councilman Clark. "Talk about security! What security has a man got when he can't walk to the movies without fear of being clubbed!"

We round a corner, and two women with frightened eyes come up to ask, "Would you watch us down the street—please?" Later, another woman stops us at a streetcar stop, imploring, "Could you wait with me until the car comes?"

That's how it's been in the Twenty-fourth Ward, a section of 60,000 God-fearing people who support 70 churches but must put up with the second-worst crime record in Philadelphia. That's why two ministers, two priests, and two rabbis went to City Hall to testify that their churches and temples were empty at night because "people just won't come out of their houses."

Finally, the Businessmen's Safety Council moved to train and arm 50 "responsible volunteer citizens" as last-ditch protection for the ward. That snapped City Hall into action—some action, anyway. Twenty additional police were assigned to the ward, to patrol *on foot*. This "block plan," as Clark calls it, was only two weeks old when I went there and it covered just a small part of the ward; but what it did cover, it covered well. Each beat man had four blocks by three blocks—twelve square blocks. He could comb his area a dozen times on each tour.

*"There* is crime prevention," Clark says as we swing into the patrolled area and spot a cop coming out of an alley. We see another as we round a corner, and a third a few minutes later, hovering around a clump of drugstore cowboys. "People feel safer in these patrolled blocks already," Clark remarks. "Just putting these cops on the street is half the job. When a hoodlum knows there's a beat patrolman in the block, he just won't play there."

Samuel H. Rosenberg, Philadelphia's new Director of Public Safety, had street terrorism rammed home to him the very day he took office in March. Within 24 hours, the City of Brotherly Love chalked up 24 strong-arm robberies, beatings, hold-ups and pocketbook snatchings. *(Continued on page* 48)

**The Detroit police department, too understaffed to furnish adequate protection, has had to resort to teaching housewives judo, so that they can fight for themselves in neighborhoods without patrolmen**

COLLIER'S PHOTO BY DALE ROOKS

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# The Iron Butterfly

## By JAN FORTUNE and WELLS ROOT

### CONTINUING THE GAY ADVENTURES OF A GRACIOUS LADY IN THE UNDERWORLD

**The Story:** BOB CHARLES, a pilot without a job, had come to the plush Jacaranda Hotel in Las Vegas to deliver some war medals to JACK APRIL, the gangster owner of the hotel—medals belonging to April's brother, who had been killed in the war. Almost at once, Bob and his gay, irresponsible stepmother, MRS. ROBERT LEE CHARLES II, were involved in matters that prevented their departure. Bob fell in love with LOUISE JONES, the Jacaranda hostess, who was getting a divorce from her husband, the millionaire TED MORGAN. And Mrs. Charles got mixed up in a killing: she accidentally poisoned a man named AL CONEJO, who was out to get April. April's henchman, GOLDIE, disposed of the body, but Mrs. Charles, a lovable kleptomaniac, made off with Conejo's .38 automatic.

Bob took a job flying April's airplane, even though he had been warned by JOHNNY O'CROTTY, a wartime buddy of his who was also working as a pilot for April, that the job was crooked and hazardous; Ernie Frazer, April's former pilot, had just been murdered. Bob's courtship of Louise was progressing nicely, despite his stepmother's objections, when Louise's truculent husband came to Las Vegas to fight the divorce. On his arrival, he made an ugly scene in her room, and Louise, terrified, broke away and fled down the fire escape.

#### PART THREE OF FOUR PARTS

TED MORGAN'S big figure was filling her lighted window when Louise looked up again. Then he, too, slid out onto the fire escape and began the descent. Louise ran from behind the hibiscus bush, and raced for the rear of the hotel, and the sanctuary of the corrals. She reached the door of the tack-room and jerked it open.

Ed, the head wrangler, was sitting at a table, dealing himself a hand of solitaire.

"Saddle my pony, Ed," she begged breathlessly.

"Yes, ma'am!" Ed leaped to comply. "You going on the chase, after all? You might could git there in time for supper, if you cut straight across to the chuck wagon station."

Louise was a little startled to realize that she was going to the chuck wagon station. Ed held the bridle and she mounted.

"There'll be a man down here after a while, Ed." She gathered up the reins. "He'll be asking if you've seen me. But don't tell him."

"No, ma'am," Ed promised.

The paper chase had bivouacked in Calico Canyon at the chuck wagon station, but it wasn't doing so well. Bob hadn't been kidding when he stated he knew nothing about handling a bunch of children. What was worse, the children knew this too, and proceeded to act accordingly.

Halfway through supper, all hell started popping around the chuck wagon. They began by playfully throwing food, primarily at one another. Somewhere, sometime, Bob had read or heard of a famous singer who had prevented fire panic by bravely carrying on from the stage until the danger was past. Hoping to achieve the same effect here, Bob bade the cow-pokes haul out their guitars and start giving. The melee turned into a disorganized war dance about the campfire.

Into this maelstrom rode Louise Jones—into it and right through it. They had to scatter for her. She wheeled her pony and faced them.

"Stop it!" she ordered. "Stop it this minute!"

They stopped. Louise slid to the ground. "Now," she said. "Let's clean up this mess and start all over."

Bob carefully made his way to the deserted chuck wagon, where there was a huge pot of coffee simmering. He found a thick mug, poured it full of boiling Java, and meandered around to the front of the wagon. The desert moon had risen during the melee. It shone big and bright in the east.

The campfire danced and leaped, silhouetting the ring of docile children, who were seated about it, toasting marshmallows over the flames. One of the cow-pokes tentatively twanged a few guitar chords. The scene had become one of peace and beauty.

Louise came around the chuck wagon, a cup of coffee in one hand, an unlighted cigarette in the other. "Well, the storm is over," she said. "Give me a light, please."

Bob stood up. "Just a minute," he said. He took her by the elbows, and kissed her.

"What was that for?" Louise said.

"For saving my scalp, podner," Bob said.

"Oh, it was nothing." Louise came closer to him. "Bob, I—I got my divorce yesterday. Only now I'm in the damnedest mess!"

Bob sat down on the wagon tongue and pulled Louise down beside him. "Okay, let's have the details."

Louise leaned against his shoulder. "Ted's here. He broke into my room. The first thing I knew he—he—was inside with the door locked. I went out the window and down the fire escape and grabbed a horse and rode after you."

"He'd better not follow you out here!"

"He won't," Louise said. "Because he doesn't know where I am. No, he'll be waiting up in my room. He knows I'll come back—"

"Like hell you will!" Bob exploded. "I won't let you!"

"Stop being silly," Louise said. "Everything I own is in that room."

"I'll get your things." Bob was feeling masterful. "I'll send a bellhop for them."

"Oh, fine," Louise retorted. "And Ted just buys the bellhop and finds me and makes a big scene!"

"Let him try it." Bob squared his shoulders. "And he'll get a fast toss right out the door."

Louise put her hands behind her on the wagon tongue, leaned back, and stared at Bob. "Out of what door?" she demanded.

"The door," Bob said, "of my apartment."

"How your mother will love that!" Louise said.

Bob held her shoulders and stared at her. He didn't say anything. Louise stared back. The silence grew, a funny throbbing silence. Louise swallowed. She said, almost in a whisper, "What—what's the matter, Bob?"

"Listen, Louise. For a minute, will you?"

"I'm listening."

"Well. Let me take care of Morgan."

She shook her head. "No. You don't know him. He's mean and underhanded and—"

"Let me take care of him," Bob said. "I'd enjoy every minute of it."

"No." She looked down at the cigarette in her hand and then up at him and smiled. "No. After all, it's my problem. I'm a big girl now." She laughed. "I don't know why I acted so helpless and female a moment ago I guess I just felt sort of moody. I mean, there's no reason why you should feel obliged to do anything about Ted." She paused. "Is there?"

"I'd just like to take care of you," he said.

"Why?"

"It's the way I feel," he said. He looked at her and added, "You know I'm in love with you, Louise. You know that."

She said nothing.

"Don't you?" he insisted. "That's why you rushed right out here and told me about Morgan, wasn't it? You knew I loved you. You knew I'd do something about him—"

"Bob, I'm sorry. This isn't a very good time for a tender scene."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, hell!" she said. "Look. I just got my divorce and it's a mess and you've got your responsibilities—"

He pulled her toward him. Louise braced her hands against his chest.

"Look, Bob. This is all wrong. I don't know anything about—I mean, we just can't—"

"Sure we can," Bob said. "I know all I want to know. I love you. That's all I want to know." He hesitated. "You don't love me?"

"That's the trouble," Louise said. "I do."

MRS. CHARLES slept soundly. She did not hear Bob and Louise come in. She did not rouse when bellhops came in with Louise's luggage. Her first realization that anything was amiss was when she wakened to the sound of argument in the living room.

A thickly belligerent male voice was shouting something about having the right to talk to his wife; and Bob was responding, in a voice equally belligerent, that the shouter hadn't a Chinaman's chance. Also she wasn't his wife.

Hurriedly, Mrs. Charles arose and grabbled under the bed for her mules. As she slid into her dressing gown, the stranger was bellowing: "She's been out on the desert half the night with you!"

"We had five cow-pokes, a cook, and fourteen assorted brats as chaperons—"

"You've got no chaperons now."

"Want to make a bet on that?" Bob demanded.

Cautiously, Mrs. Charles opened her bedroom door. Bob was standing, back to her, facing the owner of the thick male voice, who was, of course, Ted Morgan. He stood swaying in the doorway, a *(Continued on page 54)*

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN FLEISCHMANN

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A bellhop practically dragged Mrs. Charles forth to the summons. She was convoyed through the lobby, wearing righteous indignation like a cloak

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He went on his knees beside the fish. He had to use both hands; heaving and pushing, he got it back into the creek

# MR. DILSEY'S Magic Lure

## By WYATT BLASSINGAME

**This might have been the fish story to end all fish stories—and all fish**

MR. DILSEY cleaned the two bass and wrapped them in newspaper. He washed his hands, hefted the package, beaming happily at the weight of it, and took it down the line of parked trailers to the one occupied by old Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Taylor.

"I caught a few more bass today than I can use," Mr. Dilsey said. He waved off the Taylors' thanks. "It's the sport of catching them that I enjoy. Nothing like it in the world."

"You catch 'em, Mr. Dilsey, I'll eat 'em," Mr. Taylor said.

Mr. Dilsey laughed. He was feeling good: tired, but not too tired; he had caught a couple of legal-sized fish, not to mention one which didn't quite make twelve inches and which he had thrown back. Mr. Dilsey was very strict about his game laws. He had read all the hunting and fishing magazines for too many years, dreaming of his own retirement and praying that all the lakes and streams would not be fished out before then, to be anything but an ardent conservationist.

He crossed the road from the trailer park to the Riverview Hotel and went into the bar. "Bourbon and soda, Eddie," Mr. Dilsey said.

Eddie reached for the bottle. "Saw you going fishing again."

"I had a pretty good day," Mr. Dilsey said, controlling his pride. "Got a couple. Small for Florida, perhaps, but mighty nice fish. And I had some good strikes that I lost."

"A double rye," the man on Mr. Dilsey's left said. He put his face in his hands.

"Coming up," Eddie said. And to Mr. Dilsey, "There's no fun in fishing any more."

"I notice you still go," Mr. Dilsey said.

"For the exercise," Eddie said. He was a tall man with a gaunt, doleful face. "State's fished out. If you can't catch fish, what's the use—"

"Fished out!" Mr. Dilsey cried. "Why, I saw one today that must have gone five pounds! I had a backlash and was trying to untangle it when—wham! Before I could do anything about it, he was gone. But the worst thing, I was trying my fly rod and let the fly hit the water behind me."

Mr. Dilsey was very aware of his shortcomings and had to confess them publicly, as if in that way he could absolve himself; he had seen all the experts of the Sportsmen's Shows for more than twenty years, had read all the articles; he knew exactly how every rod and fly and plug should be handled, and he knew the vastness of his own failures. "A fish hit the fly *back* of me," Mr. Dilsey said. "Snapped the leader. I never even got to see it."

The man on Mr. Dilsey's left gulped his rye. "Lucky!" he said.

"Excuse me?" Mr. Dilsey said.

"I don't like fish," the man said.

"I enjoy them when *(Continued on page 69)*

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# The Stars Are Dave's Dish

By COREY FORD

**His work has always given Mr. Chasen a headache, but his Hollywood restaurant pays off better than the hammer he got hit with in vaudeville**

IT WOULD be just an intimate little Hollywood party. A few close friends, the voice on the other end of the telephone said—about 300 people. Would Mr. Chasen please arrange the buffet supper, supply the glassware and china and silver, and furnish the waiters?

Mr. Chasen sighed and hung up the phone and promptly it rang again. Ronald Colman would like to reserve a table tonight at eight. Mr. Chasen replaced the phone in its cradle, and managed to get his pipe half filled before he had to pick it up again. That carload of special beef from Kansas City had just arrived; would Mr. Chasen care to run down to the yards and select a few of the choicest cuts?

This time Mr. Chasen finished filling his pipe, but the phone rang before he could strike a match. Nunnally Johnson's cook had just walked out, and would Dave for gosh sakes send over a complete dinner for 12 guests right away? Mr. Chasen, dropping the phone in the wastebasket, finally managed to get his pipe going.

"Sometimes," he reflected, between puffs, "I wish I were back in show business."

Every now and then Dave Chasen thinks longingly of the peace and quiet he enjoyed when he used to be struck on the head every night with a hammer. This hammer was part of one of Mr. Joe Cook's elaborate mechanical inventions, which occupied the entire stage of a New York theater. At a signal from the orchestra, Mr. Cook would pull a starting lever, wheels would turn, weights fall, gears grind, and the hammer would descend climactically upon Mr. Chasen, attired in a red fright wig and blacked-out tooth and holding a musical triangle. Whereupon Mr. Chasen would rouse himself with a bewildered smile, strike a single bell-like note upon the triangle, and then pass his hand palm outward in a half circle before his face in the mute gesture for which he was famous.

The red wig and blacked-out tooth are gone now; but the bewildered smile remains, as Dave Chasen contemplates his role of restaurateur, caterer and Lucullus to Hollywood's prodigal feasts. Because he barbecued a better sparerib than his neighbor, the world stands in line outside his door. The little barbecue pit he dug in a vacant lot on Beverly Boulevard, 10 years ago, has grown into one of the Coast's most successful dining-out places. Jimmy Stewart drapes his lanky frame regularly in a corner booth. Spencer Tracy virtually lives there, and Charlie Chaplin and Norman McLeod and Gene Fowler and David Niven and Leo McCarey.

The late great W. C. Fields was always to be found on a leather settee *(Continued on page 72)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD C. MILLER

**Dave Chasen, provider of many a Hollywood feast, pours champagne while headwaiter George Alpert displays a tantalizing steak. Around the table are, clockwise, Mrs. Charles Farrell (back to camera), Charles Farrell, Mrs. Edward Sutherland, Ed Gardner (Archie), Peter Lawford, Don Ameche, Mrs. Chasen, Mrs. Ameche**

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# ANIMALS OWN ME

## By ALFRED TOOMBS

THE whole business started off innocently enough. I had decided to leave the city and take my family to live in the country. The children were reluctant to make the change and, trying to whip up their enthusiasm, I said brightly, "We'll get a dog!"

It was one of those offhand, campaign-type promises which I meant to fulfill at my leisure. But before I knew what had happened, I was rushed into a kennel full of yipping dogs, where, although I insisted stoutly that we could have no more than one pet, the children wanted to buy every dog in the place.

Sometimes I think back on this as a drunkard might recall his first sip of liquor, or a cocaine addict might remember his first sniff. For it was my initial step in the wrong direction and, having taken it, I was doomed irrevocably to walk the road to ruin. My trouble is that I'm just a guy who can't say no, and my children, crafty little fiends, know it. So, under one pretext or another, they have managed to populate my home with more birds and beasts than can be found in some zoos.

Some people own animals—but animals own me. It isn't so much the number, but the kinds of animals they are. Major shares of me are held by such characters as a moronic beagle hound, a hemophilic pointer, a one-eyed turkey, three milk goats (that is, I furnish the milk for them), a rooster with a homicidal mania, and a cat with a tendency toward morning nausea when she is pregnant, which she usually is.

These beasts have enslaved me, in clear violation of the Thirteenth Amendment. They regulate my hours of sleep, in a capricious way, and they require that my waking hours be devoted to their care and upkeep. They modify my diet, dictate my garb, control the decorative motif of my home and select my friends. If I want to leave the house for a day, it is necessary for me to hire an animal sitter—at $6 a day, plus expenses.

Any refugee from the animal kingdom can find a haven at our place. The other day I found a couple of turtles happily munching on my strawberries. I seized them roughly and was about to deport them when a couple of my children came along.

"Can we have them for pets, Daddy?" they began to yell. "Can we, can we, please?"

"I suppose so," I said casually. "But you'd better keep them out of the strawberry patch."

That night I came across one of the turtles in my bed, and the next morning I located the other skulking behind the shower curtain when I stepped into the tub for my bath. I persuaded the children to

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

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keep the turtles out of the house and, for a couple of days, I had no more trouble with the reptiles. I was out in the garden later that week and saw the children going through the strawberry bed, picking out the biggest berries.

"What are you kids doing?" I asked.

"Picking strawberries," one of them replied happily, "to feed to our turtles."

In this way, strawberries became another item which was largely stricken from my diet, just as meat had been. I pay one of the largest meat bills in the county, but I seldom eat meat. This is because of Tonker, our beagle hound. Tonker has an impressive pedigree—generations of careful breeding having gone into producing in him the ultimate of canine stupidity and contrariness.

In my son's eyes, Tonker can do no wrong. The dog belongs to the boy, and I belong to the dog. When we first admitted him to our home, I decided to try to housebreak him. After six months of training, he had learned nothing. I was forced to redecorate the living room completely and buy two new rugs. I never tried to teach him anything else—he had broken my spirit.

He has never, for instance, learned better than to steal things off the table. Given the chance, he steals our meat. If he doesn't like the kind of food we are having, he cruises around the neighborhood until he finds a house where they have failed to mount guard over their dinner. This he makes off with, displaying the craft and finesse of a carnival pickpocket.

So far this month, I have recompensed the neighbors for six pounds of hamburger, two hams, a slab of bacon and three veal roasts. Some people, I think, buy horse meat, whistle for Tonker and then bill me for a leg of lamb. Since I can't afford to buy enough meat for Tonker and myself, I am learning to be a vegetarian.

The casual observer might suggest that we keep such a dog confined. This solution has suggested itself to me, but it is completely unworkable. Tied up, Tonker yowls until people miles away beg for mercy. No fence will hold him. There was a period when I tried to lock him in the house. Eventually, he broke through every screen in the place. I bought new, strong screen and put it up all around, and the day that job was done, I decided to try one more time to leave him behind. My son and I left the house and started down the road. When we had walked about 100 yards we looked back to see whether Tonker was following.

"Look at him, Daddy," my son said admiringly, "sticking his cute little nose through that new screen."

The only thing worse than leaving Tonker behind is trying to take him anywhere. One spring we had to move him from Florida to Washington. We put him in the baggage car, encased in a cage strong enough to hold a bull elephant. When we called for him in Washington we found that the crate had come through all right—but not the dog. Some kindhearted baggageman, we were informed, had opened the cage in the station to give the dog water. This was the chance Tonker had wanted and he had burst out and vanished.

"We aren't moving any baggage here," the clerk on duty told me. "Everybody's out looking for that dog."

I was quite willing to concede that Tonker was forever lost—but my boy insisted that we join the hunt for him. The trail led us to the Capitol, where the police informed us that the dog had paid his respects to the Senate and had taken off through the Capitol subway, pausing only long enough to snap at Senator Vandenberg. This was as close as we got to him all day, although we spent the afternoon wandering the streets of Washington, yelling and whistling. Why we did this, I shall never know—because he had never learned to come when called.

It had not been part of my plan to spend any time in Washington, but since Tonker wanted a night on the town, I had no choice but to hang around. In the hope that I might cut down the waiting period, I spent a small fortune on newspaper advertisements. Then I managed to get articles in the papers about the missing hound-dog. People began to call the next morning to report all kinds of dogs, cats, rabbits, monkeys and parrots, but it was a long time before anyone called who had seen a beagle hound.

We finally got a report that Tonker had been seen asleep at the foot of the Washington Monument. A

few minutes later someone called from the Bureau of Internal Revenue to report that Tonker was hanging around there. Then the Department of Justice reported a visit from the beagle. With the aid of a formidable posse the dog was run to earth on the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution. Since that day I have never let him out of my sight.

In a world where justice is anything more than an abstract concept, Tonker should be all that would happen to any one man. But my family was engaged in a dark conspiracy to inflict more, and sometimes even worse, animals upon me. They resorted to all kinds of subterfuges to accomplish this. There is the method by which we have acquired cats, for example.

"Mice are getting pretty bad," I observed one morning, as I threw away a box of pancake flour and two loaves of bread.

"Can we get some cats, Daddy?" the girls chorused. "Can we, can we, please?"

"*A* cat," I said thoughtfully. "*A* cat might catch mice."

That afternoon they set forth happily to get a cat. They came home with two tom kittens.

"Twins," they explained. "We couldn't make up our minds which one we liked, so we took them both."

Some time later they went out looking for a Halloween pumpkin, but came home instead with a yellow tomcat.

"Where's the pumpkin?" I demanded.

"Here," one of them said. "Pumpkin is his name."

My oldest daughter, a peacemaker by nature, decided to introduce the cats to the neighbor's dog. Her scratches healed nicely, but the doctor's bill came to around $15. The cats immediately took complete charge of the household, treating me in a most cavalier fashion.

Their favorite sleeping place, especially when their feet were muddy, was in my bureau drawer, on top of my white shirts. They would sleep on my desk on top of manuscript or curl up in a traveling bag which some unwary guest would leave open. They were inclined to be a little short with me when I disturbed their slumbers and they got downright nasty when I failed to bone their fish for them. They'd have a great many feline callers and, I suspect, would rent out concessions to these strange cats—such as the right to sleep on my face at night.

The cats would do everything, in fact, except catch mice. When I pointed this out to the children they had a solution, of course.

"Get a mother cat," the girls said. "They're much better mouse catchers."

I fell for that one, too. It turned out that the mother cat we acquired was good at catching moles and trapping birds—leaving feathers all over the house—but she never laid a glove on our mice. Finally, I bought some mousetraps and at that point the cats became greatly interested in mice. I am offering no prize *(Continued on page 40)*

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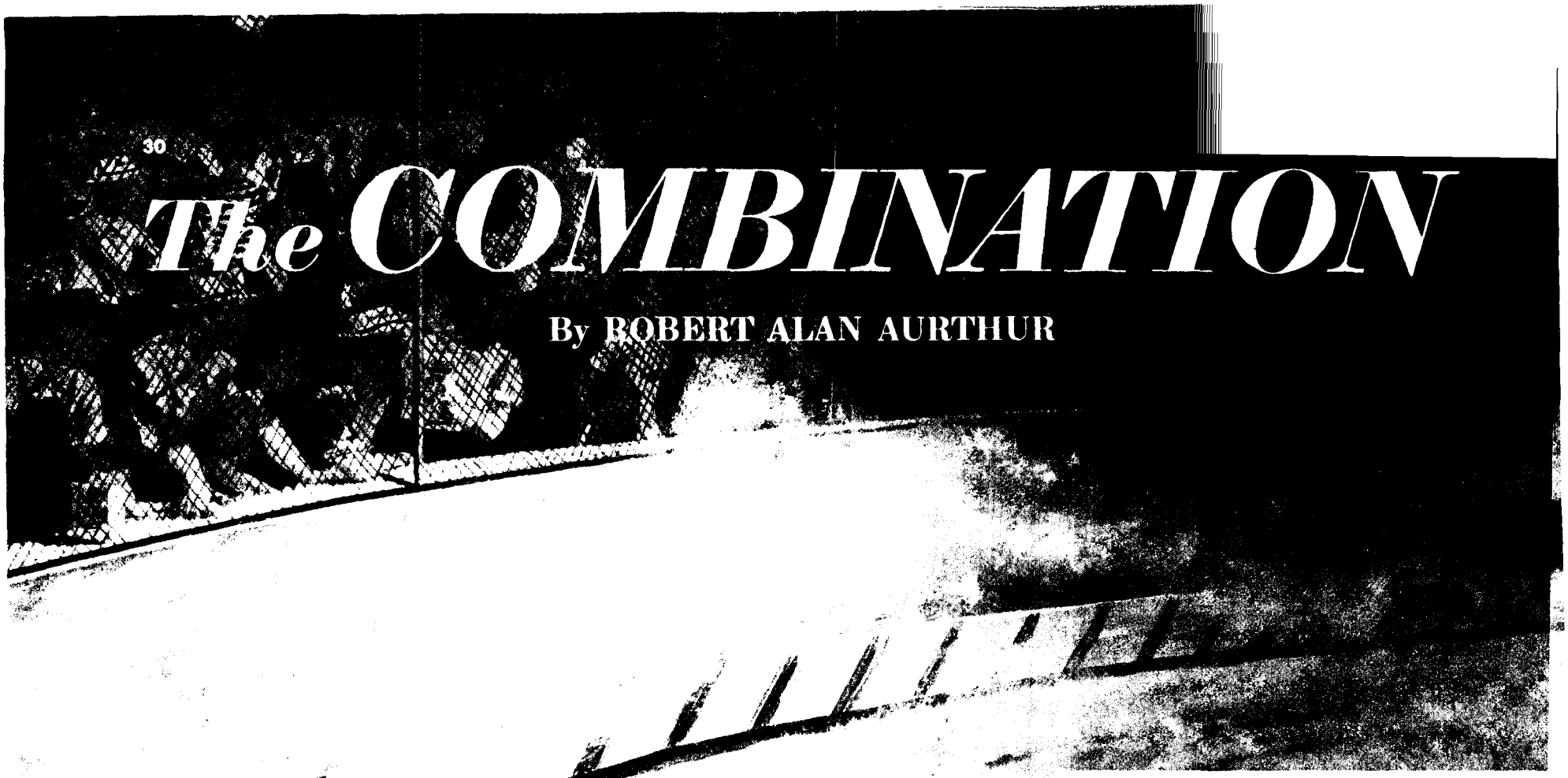
# The COMBINATION

By ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR



**Midget-auto racing is no business to be in if you are going to fall in love with another driver's wife**

EVERYONE was surprised when the Indian got married, including, I expect, the Indian himself. He's about five ten—slender, wiry and tough, with black hair and black, sparkling eyes. No Big Chief Something-or-other for this Indian, however. George Collins is his name, and his home is a Wyoming cattle ranch near a one-car town you can't find on any map.

There were a lot of drivers around the circuit who would have liked to have George's scalp, but he's one man you don't fool with. On the track just pray you don't get him mad, and off the track in the hotel lobbies or corner beer joints you just call him George. No nickname. Most drivers never talked to him at all, though, and that's always been all right with George.

Let me explain something. Before the war when I traveled and worked only with Charlie Mitchell, I respected George's driving ability as much as the next guy. His red Number Five, a heap built specially for George by a man on the Coast, was always a real danger signal on any track and I, for one, would never argue the point when he'd draw abreast for a pass. I'm a coward about things like that and I admit it. But some of the boys, Charlie Mitchell among them, don't know how to spell the word "fear," and they'd give George a battle.

Before the war it was mostly every man for himself, and a lot of people were hurt that way. Mitch won the Triple A midget crown in '39, and George took it in '40. Then came the ban on racing, and we all went into the service. Mitch and I flew bombers in Europe while George worked his way through the Marine Corps.

While in Europe, Mitch and I figured out something: We decided it wasn't worth getting killed on a race track because we were fighting each other. So, like big capitalists, we'd form a combine. Maybe we'd even get a surplus C-47 and fly our cars down to South America to pick up a lot of free money

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Ninety thousand people shouted in horror as George's car began flipping in the air. It hit the track and skittered across the dirt and into the concrete wall

floating around. You think we weren't capitalists and smart ones at that? All I know is Mitch netted forty-eight thousand the last year of racing.

When Mitch was discharged, all the tracks were going full blast again. He picked me up in New York, and we traced George to Allentown, where he was breaking in again on the big cars. We checked in at the York Hotel there, and after the races got George to come up to the room. He was in a bad mood—he'd busted a gas line in the final and hadn't finished—but after a couple of shots of firewater, he and Mitch were practically in each other's arms and swearing undying fidelity.

George settled back on the bed and puffed on a huge cigar. "I'm real glad to see you guys again, and I know we'll do good together. But listen to me. Fifteen thousand bucks'll buy me the sweetest ranch in Wyoming with a herd to go with it." The cigar was pointed at Mitch. "When I get that dough, I'm gone, and I don't ever want to see a guy hurt or smell the stink of castor oil again." It seemed as though he wanted to say more, but when Mitch nodded agreement, George sank back again to the pillow in silence.

So the combine was set, and we took off a couple of weeks to line up cars and mechanics.

BEFORE you get any ideas about me being a hot-rock driver, I'd like to explain just what my position was. You see, in a handicapped race—and most of them are handicapped—the drivers with the fast qualifying times are placed behind the slower ones, since only two cars could run abreast at the start. Naturally, with my talent for going slow and careful, my place would be right up front, and that's where the combination wanted me. My job would be to hold up anyone with ideas of getting too far out ahead, while either George or Mitch worked into position to get the lead.

The three of us got along fine, once the combine began working. Mitch and George were the same age, twenty-seven, and both cold-blooded as hell. I got along because I knew my place and knew how to do my job. I also kept the books and saw to it that we had enough local stooges to push the cars whenever we hit a new track.

The combination worked just like Mitch and I figured it would. Soon we had a trailer and four cars. We worked the tracks around New York during the summer: Freeport, Cedarhurst, Union City, the Bronx Coliseum, Bridgeport and the others—and then moved South. In the spring we came through the Pennsylvania Dutch circuit and moved West. We were cleaning up, and nobody could stop us. At first, some of the boys got so mad they'd do some real crazy things to break us up, but such attempts usually ended with the meat wagon rolling onto the track. It's not a sport, remember, it's big business.

It was in Davenport that George met Muriel and married her, and that's really where the story begins.

Muriel was different from most of the girls who hang around racing drivers. Her last name was Bauer, and she was almost beautiful. Her eyes were friendly, and she spoke softly as though she were always asking for your confidence. I don't know how George met her, but the first thing we knew, he was running around with her. She'd always be in the same seat in the concrete stands whenever we hit Davenport, which was on Thursday nights that season. Most of the girls you find around a track were like any girls looking for thrills and a chance for easy money—you find them in any racket—but Muriel wasn't a racing fan: she was a George Collins fan.

Thursday night sometimes we'd have dinner at Muriel's house before the races. Her mother was a wonderful cook, and the old man would talk about the West with George. Seems when he was a kid he wanted to go out there and shoot Indians. Mitch would just eat, and I saw him looking at Muriel a lot of the time. One night Mitch and I left ahead of George.

"It's funny," Mitch said as we walked to a bus stop, "but I really enjoy those dinners."

"Sure, why not?" I said. "Muriel's a really good-looking gal."

"I don't mean that," he said quickly. Too quickly, I thought. "I mean that's the first time I ever sat down to a family dinner where the people didn't hate one another."

I remembered the times I had eaten at his house when I was a kid, and I knew what he meant. His parents had been in their forties when Mitch had been born, and they always treated him as a bad kid.

One thing I noticed particularly: George never introduced Muriel to the few drivers' wives brave enough to follow their husbands around. Not too unusual a procedure in George's case, because, in him, most of the wives saw a potential husband killer and weren't at all friendly. But I'm sure Muriel thought it strange to be kept away from the people she thought should be on good terms with George. When she asked me once why he stayed so by himself, I just shrugged and said something about the Indian being a lone wolf.

I'd have said a lot more if I'd known how serious George was about her, but when I found out they were to be married it was too late for any brotherly advice.

THE ceremony was on a Friday afternoon in Davenport with me as best man. When I told Mitch what was going to happen, he got very mad.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Don't you want Muriel around?"

"I don't want any woman around," he said. "It only means trouble."

So after giving Muriel a traveling bag for a wedding present, Mitch drove the trailer down to Muscatine before the ceremony, and we followed on the train. That night George made a clean sweep for his bride, winning his heat, the semifinal and the feature. Only she was at the hotel waiting for him and didn't see it.

Muriel was certainly a sweet kid and for a while she was an ideal addition to the combination. She'd been a secretary before marrying George and took over my bookkeeping duties. Even Mitch quieted down a little, and damned if we didn't settle down to four-handed heart games at times when there wasn't a good movie in town.

But, of course, Mitch was right. Trouble didn't take long in starting, and it came from two directions: Muriel grew afraid, and Mitch fell in love with her.

Mitch's falling in love wasn't too evident; at least not to George or Muriel. Maybe he didn't even know it himself at first. But I could tell by the way he watched her and tried to *(Continued on page 66)*

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID MINK

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**Almost in the tradition of James Hilton's famous character,** Wellman, a confirmed bachelor, keeps open house, welcoming old and new boys alike

# Dartmouth's Streamlined MR. CHIPS

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

**Professor Harry Wellman personally pulls strings which secure brilliant futures for students graduating from the Amos Tuck School of Business Administration**

EVERY once in a while, on slow afternoons, Harry Wellman says, "The hell with it." He gets up from his desk, puts on his turned-down hat and old green slicker, hops in his beat-up car and drives a few miles across the New Hampshire border to the hamlet of Norwich, Vermont. There he goes into Gill's general store, plays the nickel machine a couple of times, drinks a Coke, and gasses a spell with some of the old-timers who happen in.

Most of Gill's regular customers are as taciturn as the granite of their native state; they know and like Wellman because he is a native Vermonter and because they know he has something to do with near-by Dartmouth College.

If they knew the truth about him, even the most laconic among them might give vent to an unaccustomed whistle.

What the old-timers don't know about Wellman is that he prefers to earn only $7,000 a year when he might be dragging down as much as $100,000; and that for 30 years he has been exerting an impressive influence, direct and indirect, on scores of businesses and industries in this country and even, on occasion, in Europe. Wellman doesn't talk much about this; but if he ever were to compile a list of the high-powered executives he has helped or placed in jobs, it would read like a section torn from Who's Who in American Business.

Oddly enough, Wellman, a spry and beady-eyed grayhead who was sixty-eight last June 7th, is neither an important stockholder in any corporation nor a professional business expert. He is professor of marketing in Dartmouth's Amos Tuck School of Business Administration—but, perhaps more important, he is also chairman of the school's personnel committee. Therein lies his curious power.

Ever since 1921, when he threw up a $15,000-a-year vice-presidency in a chocolate company to teach at Tuck, Wellman has been placing men in top-notch jobs with a degree of success seldom equaled by any of the commercial employment agencies in the nation. If he had been given the usual agency commissions for such deals, he would be well on his way to, or possibly beyond, his first million. As it stands, his personal fortune is almost nonexistent, but this bothers him about as much as Gill's general store (*Continued on page* 59)



PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR GRIFFIN

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Yes, we're in love
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We vote it most likely
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and those seats "Sofa Wide"

It's sweet and it's low
with all kinds
of "go"

Steps over
the bumps,
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give you
the
jumps

Those King-Size Brakes
have what it takes

"Picture Windows" let you see
with perfect visibility

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# FORD
# "FEEL"

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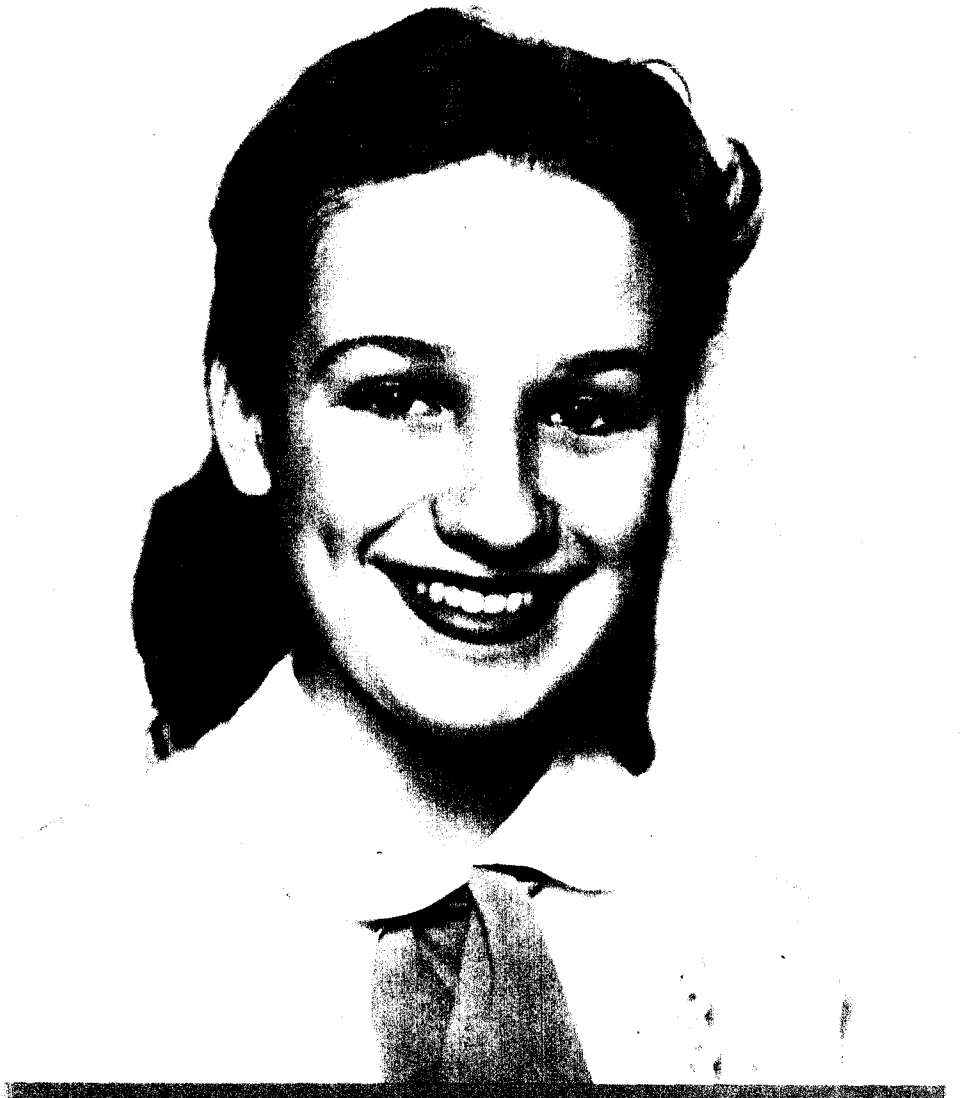
Extracted, out-of-line, badly spaced teeth marred what would otherwise have been a pretty face—but this girl was one of the lucky ones



The same girl, after orthodontic treatment. Bands and wires were used to straighten the teeth and permit filling in the spaces between them

# Our Kids With CRIPPLED MOUTHS

## By CLARENCE WOODBURY

**A pathetic host of American children have mouths so deformed that without help they are doomed to misshapen personalities. Their future is a matter of importance to us all**

BERTHA was a bad girl. When she was eight, she made a practice of eating all the medicine she could lay her hands on, and her mother had to hide the household remedies in a chandelier she couldn't reach. When she was ten, she attacked her older sister with an iron pipe. When she was twelve, she stole a pretty red jacket from another girl and ran away from home.

A psychiatric social worker who investigated the case discovered that Bertha's behavior was not traceable to a broken home, alcoholic parents, a slum environment or any of the other garden-variety causes of juvenile delinquency. The child's unsocial conduct, she found, was directly attributable to her teeth.

Bertha's upper incisors jutted almost horizontally from her mouth and that fact had warped her whole development. From first-grade age on, she had been stared at. People had said, in her hearing, that she could eat an ear of corn through a picket fence. At school, her fellow pupils called her "Dripping Teeth." Bertha's reaction was quite understandable. Since she felt hopelessly inferior to other children, she sought recognition by being bad.

This child is just one member of a great army of crippled boys and girls in our midst, for whom we do next to nothing. Public and private welfare agencies of all kinds give generous aid and treatment to children victimized by infantile paralysis, spastic conditions, cardiac disorders, blindness and deafness, but we are shockingly neglectful of those handicapped by deformities of their teeth.

There are approximately 500,000 of these dental cripples under sixteen years of age in the United States, and they *are* cripples in the truest sense. Many of them have cleft palates or teeth which are so malformed in other ways that they cannot speak clearly. Thousands of them are unable to chew properly and, consequently, are doomed to lifelong digestive and nutritional difficulties. Worst of all, misplaced teeth frequently result in misshapen personalities, and a high percentage of children with dental handicaps find it impossible or very difficult to adjust to life in a normal and satisfactory way.

In many cases, like that of Bertha, these children openly rebel against the society which has hurt them. Nobody knows how much juvenile delinquency is due to dental deformities, and crooked teeth also rank high among the causes of truancy. When a child is taunted at school about his appearance, he simply won't go to school if he can avoid it. Thousands of other children with deformed mouths withdraw into themselves and display their psychic sickness by becoming painfully shy.

Bob is typical of that kind of case. He is thirteen and bright, according to I.Q. tests, but he makes poor grades because he refuses to recite when the teacher asks him to. That is because he is afraid of showing his protruding lower teeth which have brought him the nickname of "Ape." He never smiles for the same reason, and he carries a folded newspaper in front of his mouth when he goes out in public. He won't play with other children, he is already known as a "queer egg," and, in years to come, he may require psychiatric care.

Other dental cripples are able to make surface



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adjustments to life, but they often remain so inwardly sensitive about their appearance that they give up normal goals at a pathetically early age and attempt to retreat from the world.

Irene, sixteen, is one of these. She has pretty Irish eyes and a lovely crop of golden red hair, but a jaw which is grotesquely lopsided because of an accident in early childhood, which was followed by dental neglect. She recently graduated from high school with honors, but instead of looking for an interesting job she applied for work at an agency which employs cleaning women for nightwork in office buildings. At sixteen, Irene already feels so defeated by life that all she desires is a drudge's job where nobody will see her deformity.

Bertha, Bob and Irene are just as gravely handicapped as they would be if they required wheel chairs. If they were incurable we might try to forget about them, but they are not incurable. The dental specialty of orthodontics (formerly called orthodontia) could give them straight teeth and thus mend their appearance and cure their psychic sickness at the same time. But the tragic truth is that orthodontic treatment is not within the reach of these children or the great majority of the 500,000 other boys and girls similarly handicapped.

### Not for Small-Income Folk

This is because orthodontics is kept high up on the luxury shelf of dental services. With comparatively few exceptions, the children of families with meager or moderate incomes can't get much care because their parents can't afford to pay for it. In no other category of the handicapped are so many crippled children deprived of treatment on purely financial grounds.

There are several understandable reasons why orthodontic treatment is expensive. The job of rebuilding a crippled mouth requires a great deal of time—usually from one to three years—and a great deal of skill, training and experience on the part of the orthodontist. The teeth have to be moved slowly into the correct position with bands and wires which exert a gentle but steady pressure. Then, after the teeth are moved, they must be held in position with cemented bands during a long "retention period" while they gradually become anchored in their new position.

This is not work for a blacksmith, obviously, and since every mouth is different, every appliance or brace has to be custom-built. Many dentists with little orthodontic training succeed in pulling one or more irregular teeth into alignment, but it is generally agreed in the profession that a specialist is more qualified to treat the serious cases that need treatment most. If a dentist isn't sufficiently trained, he may do the patient more harm than good.

Consequently, orthodontists have set high educational requirements for their speciality. A year of postgraduate work after a student has received his D.D.S. degree, or two years of apprentice training under a practicing orthodontist should ordinarily give a dentist sufficient preparation to become a qualified practitioner. Learning to straighten teeth is like learning to play the violin, orthodontists say. You must devote thousands of hours to practice before you can be proficient.

These high educational standards keep the number of orthodontists low, and there are so few of them, and their specialty is so hard to get into, that other dentists often refer to orthodontia as a closed corporation. According to a survey conducted recently by Dr. Henry Klein, dental administrator of the United States Public Health service, there are only 1,315 full-time and part-time orthodontists in the United States. And they are distributed without any real relationship to the needs of our dental cripples.

More than half of all the nation's tooth straighteners are concentrated in four states, Dr. Klein found, while other states have hardly any at all. New York has 208 orthodontists, for example, but North Dakota has only one. In 97 per cent of our communities of less than 100,000 population there are no orthodontists; in 878 towns between 10,000 and 50,000 there are none; and in half of the cities between 50,000 and 100,000 there are none. There just aren't enough orthodontists to scratch the surface of the public's needs.

As a result, a high percentage of the dental cripples who live in rural areas and small communities have no chance whatever of getting their deformed teeth attended to unless their parents can afford to move them to a big city for a year or two or three. And most of the poor and middle-class children who live in the cities where orthodontic treatment is available are just as badly off because their parents can't pay for such treatment.

COLLIER'S

"If you're not going to propose, why did you let me lead you on like I did?"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

While fees vary greatly in different places, an ordinary fee for a tooth-straightening job is $100 in advance and $25 a month. This means that a two-year course of treatment costs $700, but treatment often lasts longer than that, and many orthodontists charge higher fees. When it is considered that the average patient visits the orthodontist just twice a month during most of his treatment, and usually remains in the chair only 20 or 30 minutes per visit, this sounds like very ample pay.

Members of the specialty point out that they don't actually make one or two or three dollars a minute as many of them appear to. They have to spend considerable time studying models of a patient's teeth, their office expenses are heavy, and they often use as much as $75 worth of platinized gold in a single appliance. On the whole they are not as well paid as successful surgeons, they say, or corporation lawyers.

That is doubtlessly true, and orthodontists cannot be accused of being any more money-hungry than members of other professions. Yet there are so few of them, and they do so well in private practice, that public health agencies find it next to impossible to find one who is willing to work for a salary.

Of the approximately 300,000 youngsters who are receiving orthodontic care at the present time, the great majority come from prosperous families, and most of these are not really dental cripples. While little Mary Manybucks gets one or more slightly irregular teeth coaxed into position to improve her already pretty appearance, the parents of little Nellie Nodough, who has a mouth like a chipmunk, are unable to pay for the care which would give Nellie a chance of leading a reasonably happy life.

This is inevitable, some people say, under our free enterprise system and we can't expect to give straight teeth to every child any more than we can expect to give every child a college education. But the argument won't hold water. Under our system, society recognizes its responsibility to crippled children of other categories. We spend millions every year, for example, to rehabilitate the victims of infantile paralysis. The victims of dental deformities often need treatment just as desperately as polio sufferers, and we have a similar responsibility to them.

There is wide difference of opinion about how this responsibility should be met, but four main courses appear plain. If we are to reduce the number of our dental cripples we must:

(1) Bring about general acceptance of the fact that children with serious dental deformities are handicapped children.

(2) Give more general dental care to young children to prevent development of dental defects which frequently result in crippling conditions.

(3) Produce more orthodontists to meet the tremendous need for them.

(4) Provide financial aid for those children whose parents cannot afford to pay for private treatment.

A few steps have been taken toward the first goal. The Children's Bureau of the Federal Security Agency is spreading the gospel throughout the nation's welfare agencies that a dental cripple is a cripple, and it allots funds to help state and municipal health departments study othodontic needs. All 48 states now recognize cleft palates as crippling defects, and 28 of them give a limited amount of aid to the treatment of such patients. But other serious dental defects which are just as handicapping are almost completely ignored by governmental and private welfare agencies.

The main difficulty in driving home the plight of the dentally handicapped lies in the fact that the public is inclined to confuse them with children who have minor aesthetic defects. According to surveys made in various places, approximately 25 per cent of all American children, or about 8,000,000 boys and girls, suffer from various degrees of malocclusion, or crooked teeth. Obviously, all of them cannot have their teeth straightened, but everybody must be made to realize that 500,000 members of this group need braces as much as amputees need artificial limbs.

To obtain more general dental care for potential dental cripples also calls for public action. For many years welfare agencies of all kinds have been striving to bring more young children under dental care, yet only one child out of three visits a dentist regularly. This neglect alone leads to thousands of deformities.

Trouble often starts, for example, when a baby tooth is lost prematurely and the remaining teeth close in and cause crowding of the permanent teeth. If more mothers were prevailed upon to take their children to dentists regularly and have devices called space-maintainers inserted in the gaps left by lost baby teeth, a great many youngsters would not require orthodontic care later on.

### Early Habits Damage Teeth

Parents could also forestall countless cases of crooked teeth by having their children's adenoids removed at an early age, thus preventing mouth breathing, and by breaking them of such bad habits as thumb sucking, pencil biting, jaw thrusting and resting their chins in their hands. Since the bones of young children are very soft and malleable, these habits often result in badly deranged teeth.

The problem of increasing the size of our shamefully small corps of orthodontists is one which must be solved by the dental profession itself. It is a reflection upon the profession that it does not produce enough specialists of this category to meet the needs of the great majority of handicapped children, and it is up to dentistry to put this section of its house in order.

Public-spirited leaders of the specialty are aware of this responsibility. To make more orthodontic service available, Dr. Lowrie J. Porter, former president of the American Association of Orthodontists, recently recommended that the constituent societies of the association accept as associate members those dentists who have had one year of postgraduate university work in orthodontics or one year of training under the preceptorship of a member of the association. Then, after five years of practice, the associate member would be eligible for full membership in the A.A.O.



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How this recommendation will be acted upon by orthodontists as a whole remains to be seen but, if it is accepted by them, it will make it feasible for a D.D.S. to start straightening Johnny's or Joan's teeth after one or two years of specialized training, and it should encourage many young dentists to enter the field.

Regardless of how many orthodontists are produced in the future, however, the job of repairing a deformed mouth will remain a slow and tedious task. Private treatment will thus continue to be expensive and out of range for a large proportion of poor children. To give them orthodontic help, we must also give them financial help just as we do the victims of other afflictions.

In a few of the larger cities, a handful of clinics to which certain orthodontists generously contribute their time provide a limited amount of care for indigent or poor children, but they are unable to handle even a tiny fraction of the cases which need treatment. And we cannot expect private charity to assume the burden for our large army of dental cripples.

A much more promising approach to the problem is a state-aid plan now being tried out in New York. Under this program, the State Health Department appropriates funds on a dollar-matching basis to local communities for the treatment of children suffering from severe dental abnormalities. Cases which are reported to health officers by teachers, dentists, doctors, social workers or other persons in the welfare field are recommended to the Department of Health by the Northeastern Society of Orthodontists. Then, if they fall into scientific categories held eligible for treatment, they are cared for at joint expense of the community and the state.

Only children whose parents are not able to pay for private care are accepted, of course, but orthodontists give them just as fine treatment as if they were the sons and daughters of the rich, and they are well paid for it. For the first year of treatment, a $300 fee is allowed to them per case, and they receive $200 annually during the second and third years if prolonged treatment is needed.

This plan, which is the only one of its kind in the nation, has been in operation for four years and it has already achieved highly encouraging results. In New York City, for example, where the program is supervised by Dr. Harry Strusser, Director of the Bureau of Dentistry of the City Health Department, 200 gravely handicapped boys and girls have been rehabilitated, and 300 more are being salvaged from the junk piles of society.

Among them is a fourteen-year-old boy who was sentenced to a reformatory after committing several serious offenses. The state-aid plan has given him a new chin where he appeared to have no chin before and, as a result of his transformed appearance, he has undergone an inner transformation too. Instead of being headed for a life of crime, he is now one of the brightest and most co-operative boys in his high-school class.

### A Child Deprived of Speech

Then there is a blue-eyed little girl who, at seven, was unable to talk because of a cleft palate. She could only make mumbling noises. Thanks to state-aid orthodontics, she has been endowed with speech and is so grateful for this priceless gift that she recently told her orthodontist she intends to marry him when she grows up.

Still another pathetic child in New York, a girl who had been called "Saber Tooth" by her schoolmates, got a job as a baby sitter soon after her treatment began and started sending dimes and quarters to the Health Department. She appreciated her brace so much, she said, that she wanted to help pay for it.

While the New York program is still in its infancy—and health officials admit that thus far it has reached only a tiny minority of the children who need aid—it provides a pattern which the other 47 states would do well to study. Only through publicly financed programs of one kind or another can we hope to bring orthodontic care to the 500,000 boys and girls who require it.

Such programs would cost taxpayers a great deal of money, some people contend, but not so much as it appears at first glance. If we make it possible for thousands of handicapped children to lead normal lives we will also increase their earning capacity and thus add to the nation's potential wealth. If we prevent misshapen jaws from giving them warped psychological attitudes, we will save money on the upkeep of hospitals, prisons and mental institutions.

But the principal argument for more orthodontics for more children is a humanitarian one. We owe our forgotten army of dental cripples a fair chance in life just as much as we owe a fair chance to those who are handicapped in other respects. For, to ignore them is to discriminate against them and that is disgraceful.

THE END

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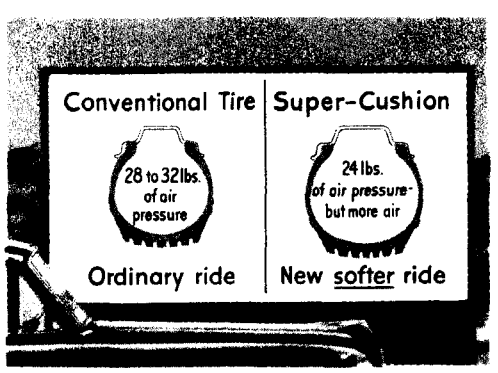


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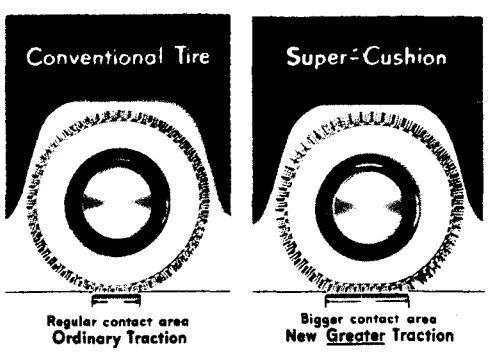


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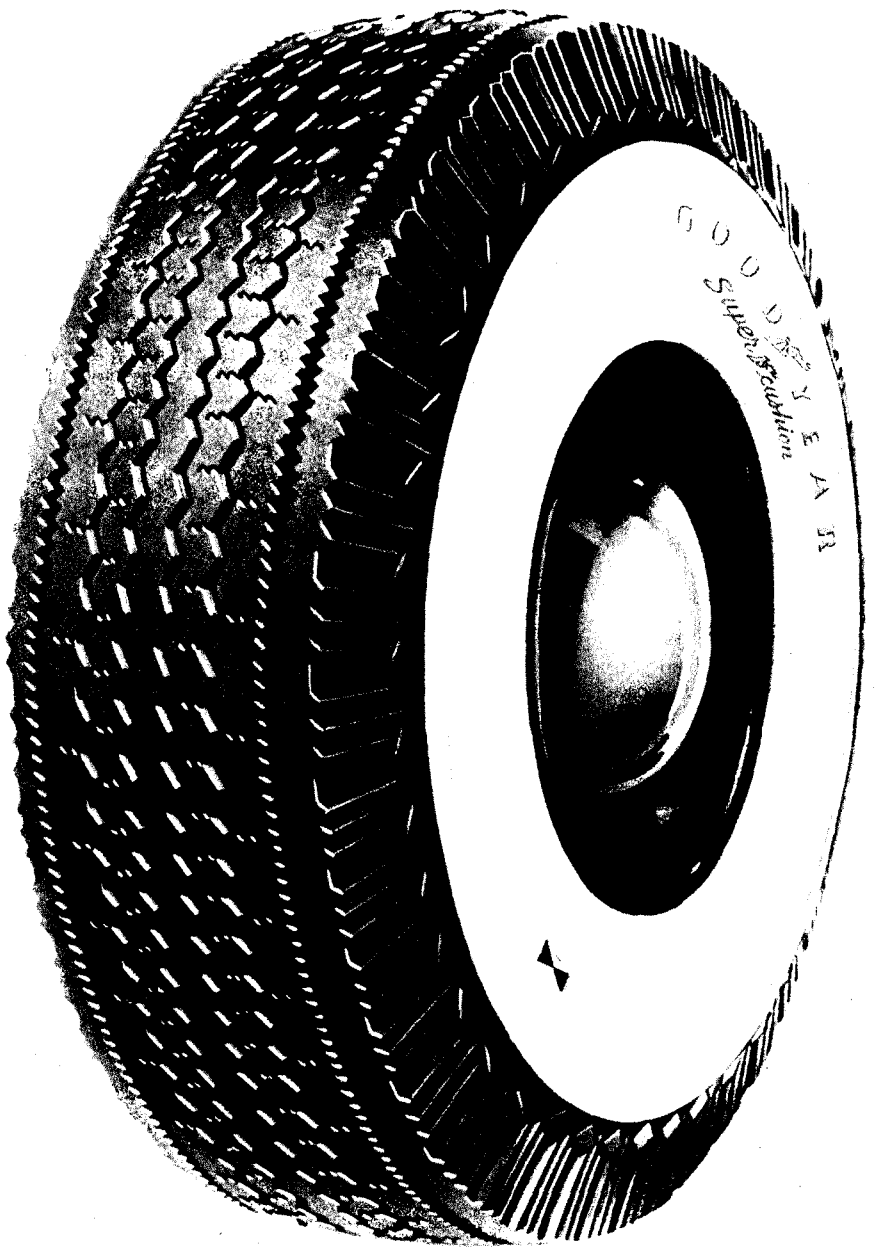


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# GOODYEAR

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# Animals Own Me

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

whatsoever to the party guessing who gets out of bed these mornings and feeds the mice caught in our traps to a pack of yowling cats.

Now that a mother cat owned a piece of me, the pleasing thought occurred to me that it would no longer be necessary for the children to import any outside felines. But the first time she showed signs of being with young, I made a sad discovery. She became nauseated every morning. By dint of great patience and diligence I was able to persuade her to go in the bathroom and "meow" for me under such circumstances. But whenever she did it I would have to go and hold her head.

### Amazing Feline Fecundity

At last she produced her first litter. It consisted of two scrawny kittens. But when I looked in her bed a week later, I found three more new-born kittens. Such a phenomenon seemed worthy of reporting to the world at large, and so I called the county newspaper to tell them about the cat who had borne two litters of kittens within a week. Naturally, I was disturbed a few days later when the children, disappointed in a cat that merely gave birth to two kittens, informed me that the second litter had really come out of a cigar box they found floating in the creek.

To acquire a share in me, an animal merely has to appear around the place. That is how we got Shep, the collie who became our social arbiter for a time. He showed up at mealtime one day, and the children fed him. Eating was apparently an unaccustomed luxury for this dog, so he moved in. It was his function, he decided, to screen all visitors. Anyone he didn't like he chased away. He didn't like any of my friends, and seemed to adore peddlers and bill collectors.

But when he refused to allow the gas and light man on the place—thus bringing about the threat that these services would be suspended—I ordered old Shep away. My son located a family of sharecroppers who admitted ownership of the dog. The first time the boy took the dog back to his owners, Shep made his way back to our place five minutes ahead of him. Every day we would take him home and every day he would come back. He would come back with small pieces of rope around his neck, then larger pieces and finally one day he was dragging a piece of chain.

I should have known that in any contest with any members of the animal kingdom, I was bound to come out second. Because one day, on his way back from returning Shep, my son paused along the way and acquired a pair of ducklings. At that moment I was already losing ground—having got rid of one and added two. But the worst was yet to come. One of the ducks broke away and hid in the marsh back of our place. Naturally enough, I was chosen to be the one to catch the fugitive.

Under the broiling summer sun I plunged into the swamp. Through mud up to my knees, into grass and brambles and past somnolent snakes, I chased the duck. Finally, the bird stopped—exhausted. I staggered toward it, prepared to gather it tenderly in my arms and conduct it to a pen where it would be fattened for the table. At last, here was an animal which was going to serve me. But at this moment the banished Shep returned once more. He streaked past me, seized the duck by its neck, shook it quickly and laid the expiring little bird at my feet. I let out such a roar that Shep took off for home—without an escort this time.

One day the children found a pointer starving to death in the woods near their school. For a while I had to pack extra food in their lunches for the dog. Although I was performing many services for animals, I could see no reason why I should be putting up a picnic lunch for one. So I told the children to bring the pointer home.

My father was visiting us at the time the dog arrived. He took one look at him and claimed him for himself.

"He'll make a good hunting dog," Dad said.

This dog had apparently led a very unhappy life, because he was the most timid animal I had ever seen. He ran away from anything bigger than a housefly. We spent weeks trying to build up his self-respect, and then my father appeared again and decided to take him hunting. The two of them set off happily into the woods. I was hoping the dog would do a good job and that my father would then take him off my hands. But a few minutes later I saw the pointer come tearing back toward the house. He had flushed a bird, all right—an angry mother robin, who was now chasing him home, like a jet plane after a tank.

"I don't think this dog of *yours* is much good," my father said, and I knew that I was stuck again.

### Waiting for the First Egg

The illusion that some animal might turn out to be useful to me, instead of vice versa, continually gets me into trouble. One day the children proposed that we keep chickens. Chickens, I knew, laid eggs. So I bought a number. I soon learned, though, that they were a little too young. For months I rushed water and feed to them morning, noon and night, waiting for them to get old enough to lay an egg. One morning my oldest daughter rushed in and proudly displayed our first egg.

"Boy, I bet it's going to taste good!" she rhapsodized.

"It better," I said. "Not counting my labor, it's cost me $42.50."

My son insisted that we get a rooster to keep the hens in line.

"It isn't home for them, without a man around to run things," he said.

The logic of this statement impressed me and I permitted him to make a deal with a farmer for a rooster. He came riding home with the bird on the handle bars of his bicycle. Or maybe the bird, which had a wingspread slightly less than that of a B-29, came home with the bicycle in tow. The rooster took an instant dislike to me. He chased me around a tree a few times and then, having established himself as master, stalked off to meet his harem. When I fed the chickens that night, I wore a pair of swimming trunks. The rooster saw my bare legs and set upon me with the fury of a Joe Louis. I was punctured in a number of places before I could escape.

After that I would go into the chicken run only when armed to the teeth. But this rooster would hide behind doors or under the roost and, when my back was turned, would leap out and make off with a piece of my hide.

In addition to this, he would crow all night. And this he did for no other reason, I know, than to keep me awake.

### Turkeys in the Living Room

When the children suggested that we get a few turkeys, I was again deceived by the argument that they would prove useful. I ordered some day-old birds and set up a brooder in which to keep them warm. But the brooder was on the front porch, and the day the birds arrived, the weather turned cold. The children insisted that I must move the brooder into the living room.

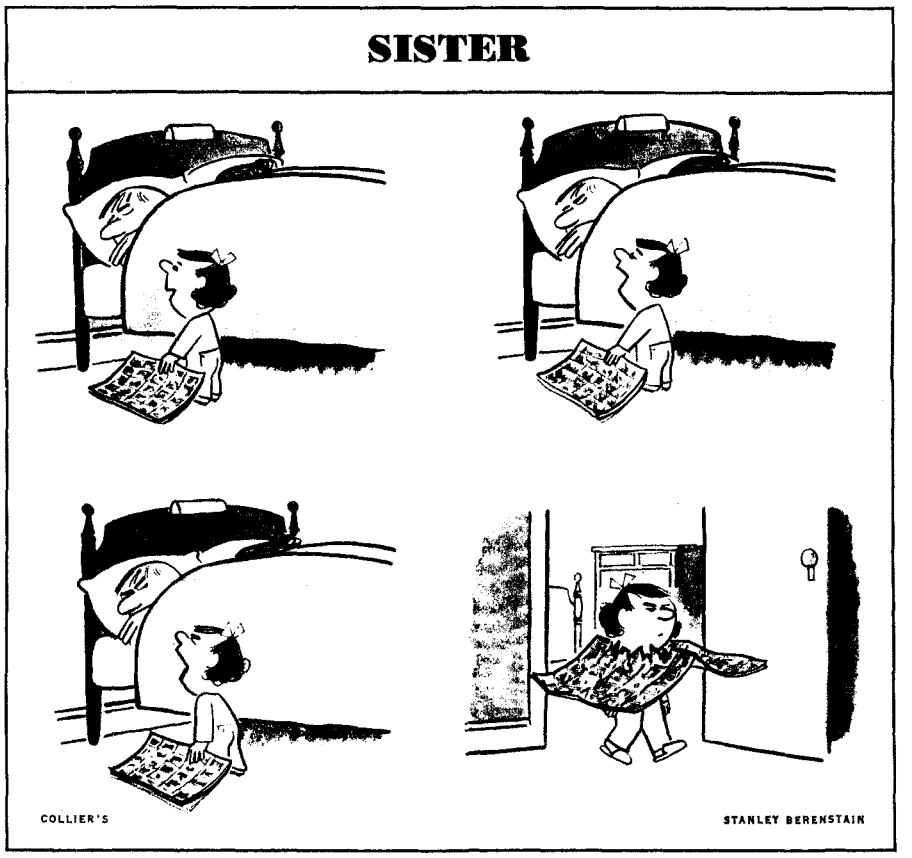
"All right," I said. "But just for a couple of days."

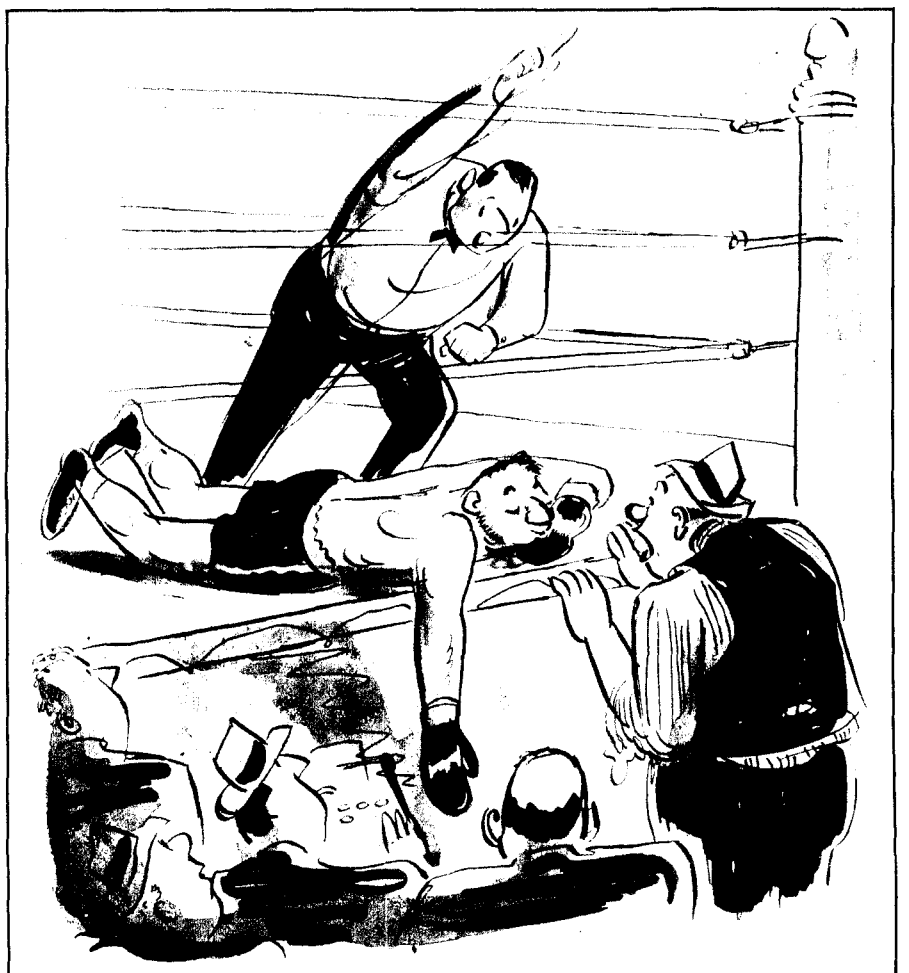
The turkeys stayed there, of course, during the longest cold spell on record and had reached adolescence before I could persuade the children to move them out. It was possible to carry on a conversation in the living room during this period only if you knew how to chirp like a young turkey.

One of the birds didn't get along with his cellmates and, in the course of a brawl, got his right eye closed up permanently. I was ready to write him off. But not the children. They filled up with sympathy for him and the next thing I knew had established a turkey hospital in a warm place on top of my phonograph. I was unanimously elected nurse and orderly for the turkey, who was now named One-Eye Connelly. I had to feed him with an eye dropper and apply sulfa to his eye several times a day.

In return for this, Connelly spent all his waking hours—about 23 per day—tapping steadily at the side of his box, like a Western Union operator gone berserk.

The children decided that he might be happier if we cut a little window in the box so he could look out at the big, wide, wonderful world.




". . . by the da-awn's early light,
What so prou-udly we hailed,
at the twilight's last gle-eaming"



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Viewed from any angle, One-Eye Connelly was no beauty. But long after the other birds had been moved out of doors, he remained in the living room. He would pop his head out of the box from time to time to examine the proceedings. Several of my drinking friends were given bad turns when this bald bird, with a neck as long as an ostrich's, poked his head out of the box, fixed them with a beady, one-eyed stare and gobbled disapprovingly.

Since I was such a sucker for a left hook, it is easy to understand how the children sold me the idea of getting some goats.

"Goats give milk," someone remarked sagely.

This is one of those Great Truths we all love so much. It is not a Great Truth, however, that *all* goats give milk. I should have known this.

At the time I was buying five quarts of milk every day at the store. So I bought two goats and informed the storekeeper that, almost any week now, I was going to reduce my milk order to only an occasional quart. There was going to be a brief wait, it appeared, because the goats had to give birth to young goats before they would produce milk. So I cheerfully set about providing room service for these animals, confident at last that I was going to beat the racket and get some return.

One night I found myself pacing the floor of the barn while the older of our goats gave birth to her first offspring. But nothing ever comes easy for me, and this goat had twins—with considerably more assistance from me than I had anticipated. The mother goat then decided that she had done her part and refused to produce any milk. She developed an internal infection and before long I found myself performing some extremely personal services for her.

A few days after the twin kids were born I found it necessary to have a talk with the storekeeper about my milk order. The poor man had been worrying about the threatened reduction, because I think the milk bill I was paying was his main support.

"Going to have to change my order," I said sadly.

"Yes?" he said, even more sadly.

"Yes," I said. "From now on, I'll need seven quarts a day."

Four times a day I heated cow's milk and fed it from a bottle to the young goats. Then one of them managed to hurt herself and the other one broke out and ate a neighbor's azaleas.

### On the Verge of Breakdown

About this time the weight of the responsibility for this family-size Noah's ark began to get me down. I couldn't get much sleep at night, with One-Eye Connelly tapping away in the living room and that rooster crowing his head off from 2:00 A.M. until 5:00. I had to get up at dawn to feed the goats their milk, feed the cats their mice and clean up after Tonker. My waking hours were devoted to hauling water and feed and at mealtimes I was squaring things up with the neighbors for the damage our beasts had done.

I got to feeling so bad that I went to town to see a doctor. He inspected me carefully and finally said thoughtfully, "You're worrying about something. Going to get stomach ulcers if you don't look out.

"You're living down in the country now," he continued. "Why don't you get yourself a couple of goats? Goat's milk is just what you need for that stomach."

I made my way home sadly that night. When I got there, I found the children in a state of great excitement.

"What's going on?" I asked.

"Oh, Daddy," said my oldest daughter, "we're fixing up our entry in a wonderful contest."

"Contest?" I said.

"Yes," she replied happily. "First prize is a pony."

With my luck, they'll win it. THE END

"Speed up, fellows—we're coming to the high hurdles now!"

COLLIER'S

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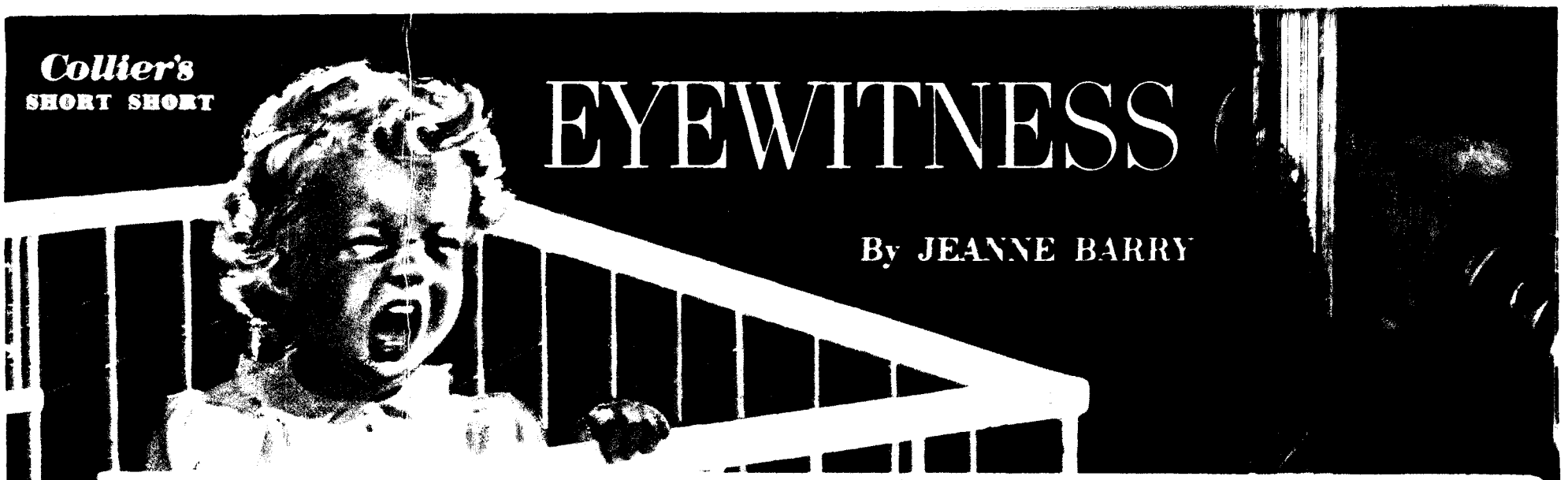
Collier's
SHORT SHORT

# EYEWITNESS

By JEANNE BARRY



It had shattered him to look up, the candlestick still in his hand, and see that baby yowling fiercely at him

FOR the first twenty minutes after he had clubbed Claudia to death with a brass candlestick, Don Mason sat quietly on his sun porch and waited for the police to come.

As the minutes stretched into an hour, he began to wonder when they would come. A little later, he wondered if they would ever come. At the end of two hours, he was beginning to believe he had committed the perfect crime.

Although the murder was impulsive, and committed in sunlight on the jutting sun porch of his apartment, he had had the good fortune to have his drapes drawn on two sides. The third side had been open, but no one had been visible on the sun porch of the next apartment but a baby in a play pen. It had shattered him to look up, the candlestick still in his hand, and see that baby yowling fiercely at him.

His growing belief that he was undetected made him act swiftly. He finally managed to get Claudia's body into his metal foot locker. He put the locker into his car; and that night, he drove to an abandoned stone quarry, whose depth was unknown, and pushed the locker in.

In his preoccupation, he scarcely gave a thought to the girl who had disenchanted him so brutally. He hadn't meant to kill her; he had only meant to hurt her as she had hurt him. What had turned him into a killer was the smug, taunting smile which had accompanied her announcement that she was leaving him and the city to marry a man with money. He could see that smile yet, before it froze on her lips. . . .

The next day he returned to the high school where he taught. It was a nervous day, because he couldn't quite reason away the fear that he looked like a man who had murdered.

The days passed uneventfully. By a great effort of will, Mason was able to achieve a kind of calm. He knew it was unlikely that anyone would notice very soon that Claudia had disappeared. None of his friends knew her—and the management of her hotel would probably conclude that she had simply skipped town.

Mason's period of relative tranquillity ended abruptly some ten days later. He was sitting around a table in the school cafeteria with three other teachers, when the conversation turned to a forthcoming meeting of a child-study association. "I'm not going," Jane Peters said. "I was at the last one. It was dull. All about the age a baby starts to remember."

"At what age does he?" Mason asked.

"Oh," Jane Peters said, "I think somebody said a year and a half."

Don Mason's cup clattered to the table. He stared at her. "You mean a child can remember something he saw at a year and a half and tell about it later?" His voice was flat.

"Guess so," Jane replied. "They documented it pretty well."

"I can't believe it," he said.

She shrugged her shoulders. Just then the afternoon class bell sounded. The other teachers started up.

After they had gone, Mason reported ill, and hurried home. In his building's courtyard, he spied the woman next door, sitting alone on a stoop, pushing her baby backward and forward in a stroller.

He sauntered over. "Hi," he said to the baby.

The baby stopped chewing on the handle bars of her stroller and looked up. Then she shrieked.

"Linda!" the baby's mother said reprovingly. She turned to Mason. "Please don't pay any attention. She's been strange lately."

"How old is she?" he shouted above Linda's increasing roar.

"Just a year and a half," the mother said, bending to comfort the weeping child. Mason bade the mother an agitated good-by and hurried up to his apartment.

For the next week, he tried to find out whether the baby could talk. He watched the courtyard but never saw her. One evening, in desperation, he knocked at the door of the apartment. An unfamiliar girl opened it. "Are they home?" he asked.

"No," she said. "They went to the movies. I'm the sitter."

"Oh," he said. "I live next door. I was wondering if the cleaners dropped anything off."

"Come in," she said. "I'll look around."

The baby was playing quietly in the play pen. She turned around and looked at Mason, then her face contorted and she screamed.

"Linda, Linda," the sitter called. "I don't know what's the matter with her. She's been acting strange lately." The sitter ran her eyes over an array of clothing in a closet. "I don't see anything."

"Does the baby talk?" Mason asked.

The girl looked at him curiously. "Yes. She's very advanced. She says lots of things."

He grabbed her by the shoulders. "What, for instance?"

She shook herself free and opened the door. "I can't think right off," she said, and pushed him quickly into the hall. He heard the night lock slide into place.

HE WENT back into his apartment and slumped into a chair. So she could talk! And the strange way that sitter had acted! Mason stared at the brass candlestick. He'd have to get rid of it. Nervously he rose, took his car keys and went downstairs. A short ride in the country might steady him.

Before he had driven a block, a police car signaled him to the curb. His heart began to pound. He bit his lip so hard he could taste the blood. The policeman rested his foot on Mason's running board. "Bud," he said gently, "you're driving without your lights."

Relief surged through Mason's frame, leaving him moist and drained. "Thanks," he said, and switched them on. The police car moved on, and Mason drove back to his apartment.

He flopped on the davenport without bothering to switch on a light. In the darkened room, he became acutely conscious of every footfall in the corridor. Each time footsteps approached his door, he rose, ready to swing it open and shout, "Here I am! I did it." But the footsteps always kept going. Except once.

He heard them coming down the hall—slowly so that the number on each door could be read. The footsteps were muffled, probably by rubbers. At his door, the steps stopped.

Mason stumbled through the darkness to his entrance. He clutched the doorknob and waited for the pounding. The seconds passed in silence. His hand became so moist that he could hardly grip the knob. His heart beat so thunderously that he was certain that the silent, listening figure in the hall could hear it. Convulsively, Mason pulled open the door.

There was a man right there in the hall. He was half kneeling on the floor, tying his shoelace. He looked up, startled. Mason recognized him vaguely as someone he had seen around the building. He banged the door shut and collapsed on the davenport.

AFTER a sleepless night, he called his school and reported ill. He had hardly replaced the telephone when a knock sounded on his door. It was the baby's mother.

"Oh, Mr. Mason," she said, "some of your mail was dropped in our box the other day. I've been meaning to drop it in yours, but never had it when I was downstairs."

"Thanks," he said. "Won't you sit down?"

"No. Linda's out in the hall. This is the first time I've seen your apartment. My, I wish we could have ours done over." She walked admiringly around it. At the dinette table, she reached over and picked up the brass candlestick. "How nice," she said. "I haven't seen one since I was a little girl. An heirloom?"

Linda toddled into the apartment. At the sight of Mason, she let out an unearthly scream. Her mother quickly dropped the candlestick and looked at Mason with embarrassment, almost—it seemed—with guilt. "I'd better take her home," she said. "She's being strange again."

They left, and Mason dropped into a chair. His face fell into his hands and his fingers shuffled through his hair. He got up and paced around the room a few times. He hesitated at the bureau; then he grabbed his car keys and went down to the street. He drove rapidly to the Central police station. . . .

Linda's mother read about his crime and confession in the morning newspaper. She was sitting in the apartment courtyard. Near by, Linda was chewing on the handle bars of her stroller. A laundryman passed. "Hi, baby," he called. Linda looked up and shrieked. THE END



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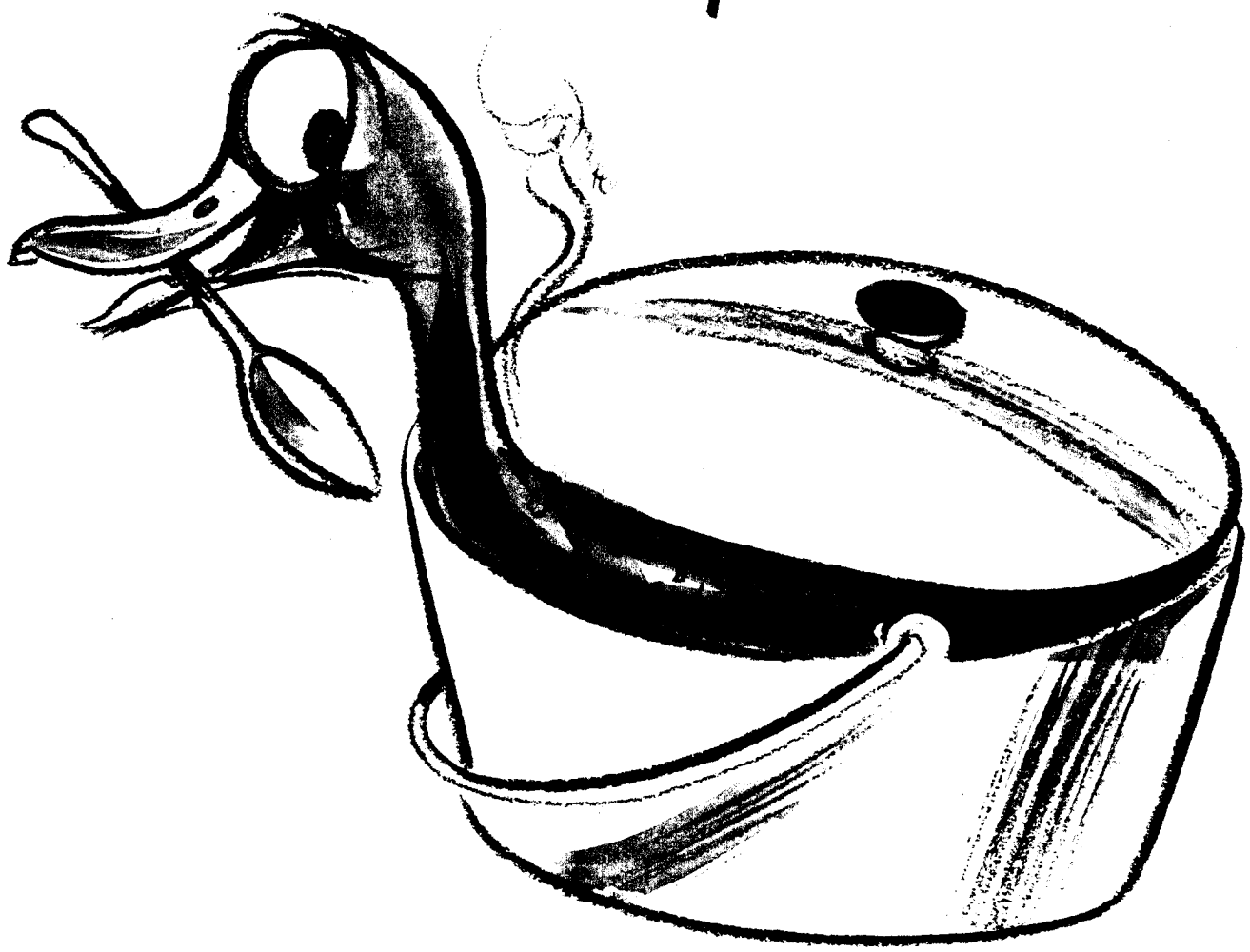
# Value-wise buying is duck soup for Plymouth salesmen



## You sell the car that likes to be compared!

Your prospective customers are looking the new cars over with a keen, clear eye for value. They no longer have to take just any new car they can get. Times have changed . . . they can now be chary and choosey!

This is duck soup for Plymouth salesmen. You've got the car for the man who wants the most for his money. You can prove it in your showroom with the new Quality Chart. And — better yet — you can demonstrate it on the road with the sweetest riding, finest performing Plymouth ever built.

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And comparison *is* the pay-off in this new day of selective buying. Ask new car buyers to count the features — count the cost — compare the ride — weigh the value. When you do this—the new Plymouth does all right!

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use the Vitalis "60-Second Workout"

## Use No Hooks

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

she was trying to ride, and her beautiful ankles were scratched by the coral. Hop Smith to the rescue. He carried her to the beach in his arms, put her on his own blanket under his own striped umbrella, ran to the first-aid shack for iodine and bandages. Mistake. When our hero returned, the girl was gone. Is it you, Kaythryn Ashebrook? Please answer collect.

But Miss Ashebrook is still in bed and the bellhop has to slip the hundred-dollar message under her cabin door. Every fifteen minutes Honolulu pesters me for a reply, and when I ask what Hop Smith's going to do with the girl's name after he gets it, there is only a pained silence. About ten o'clock a woman passenger shows up at the wicket, and all her three chins are shaking like jelly as she shoves in a radiogram at me.

"It must be a mistake," she says.

I look at the message and I look at her. "It's no mistake," I tell her, but in my heart I know it is. Miss Kaythryn Ashebrook is as wide as a door both ways, and the last place on earth you'd expect to see her is on a surfboard at Waikiki Beach.

"I hate to give him bad news," she says, picking up the pencil, and writing:

YOUNG MAN, IT'S BEEN TWENTY YEARS SINCE I'VE MET ANYONE WHO COULD UNDERLINE COULD CARRY ME IN HIS ARMS EVEN IF HE WANTED TO. SUGGEST YOU PICK A NAME IN THE B'S AND TRY AGAIN.

My suggestion would be to try again, Hop Smith, but not in the B's. Try again on Waikiki Beach, and make out with what you find. And keep it light. This, I know, is the general idea I've got to put across to Sue when I meet her on deck at noon, after my watch is over. If she's there.

SUE is waiting for me at the usual place between the lifeboats, and this is a good sign. But no light comes into her eyes as I breeze into view, and that is not good.

"Hi, beast," I beam.

"Hiya, lover boy," she says.

She has the right words, but the wrong music. She looks at the water and I look at her dark hair, thick and wavy. Up goes my hand to feel it, and to ruffle it good.

"Love that floor mop," I croon.

"It's a wig," she tells me.

I feel good just standing at the rail with her, and I have to admit I like it when she moves in close. Her hair is soft and sweet-smelling against my shoulder. I take a deep breath and rest my chin on her head. She cuddles up still closer, and soon her fingers are climbing up the brass buttons on my uniform coat. Then all at once she comes up on her toes and puts her arms around my neck. I feel her lips against mine. She's kissing me hard, and she means it.

"Take it easy, Sue," I gasp, as soon as I can break away. I feel weak, and I have to hang onto the rail with both hands. Looking at her doesn't help, because then I can see the hurt look in her eyes. "We can't go in for stuff like this, Sue," I tell her. "It's no good."

She doesn't answer. My throat feels dry, and the rail is moist and cold beneath my hands. "What's got into you all of a sudden?" I demand, as if I'm puzzled and don't know. "You've changed."

Her lips are tight, and there's a deep crease in her forehead. "So you call it stuff?" she says ominously. "So I've changed?"

"Yes. It started yesterday in Hawaii, after we'd danced. You've gone serious on me."

"Is there anything wrong with that?" Her tone is icy. It should have warned me.

"I don't like it when the hooks begin to show," I go on. I hate myself for what I'm saying but it's better to be crude now than cruel later on. "We're in this for fun, not for keeps," I add, with a forced laugh.

"You worm!" she says. Up comes her hand and smacks me in the face, hard. If she'd been wearing brass knuckles, it couldn't have stung worse. Fireworks are going off in her eyes. Her chin is up and out. "Now listen to me, big-head Costigan," she blazes. "I don't like hooks any more than you do—and I hate people who use them, or who always think they're being used. There's such a thing as love—but you wouldn't understand about that, would you? You've got a looking glass for a heart, and all you see in it is yourself, you big, blind, conceited—blowhard, you!" She turns on her heel and stalks away.

I'M LEFT standing there with my hand to my face where she hit me. Okay, Miss Sorehead O'Connor—I understand better than you think. Now I *know* you had your hooks out, and the only reason you hate me is because I'm smart enough to get out from under. No scheming little beauty operator is going to put a ball and chain on me, see? I've still got my red book, you know. There're plenty of dames in the world—

"Hi, Flip," I hear someone say. It's Parky with a wide grin under his big nose and an undelivered radiogram in his hand. "You look as if somebody had whammed you in the kisser," he says.

"Now who would do that to me?" I parry; and to take his mind off the subject I ask him sarcastically since when has the chief radio operator had to do a bellhop's job in delivering messages. A bright look moves into his face, and I know by the way his glasses magnify the gleam in his eyes that he's up to something only a happily married man would think of.

"I am taking a personal interest in this Hop Smith case," he beams. "This latest message is just like the one he sent to Kaythryn Ashebrook, except now he seems sure he's got the right girl. He's the guy who carried her to the beach, he says, and he wants to know if she remembers.

"A jerk," I say sourly.

"That, my boy, depends on the point of view." And, still grinning, Parky continues on his way. I hear him paging a Miss Joan Darrow as he gets near the swimming pool. Apparently he finds her, because there's silence for a couple of minutes and then he's back.

"It's her, all right," he reports, holding out the return pad for me to see. YES, I REMEMBER. THANKS, it says. "I'm sure glad he found her," Parky adds happily.

"Yeah, ain't it nice," I say.

It's nice Hop Smith is in Honolulu where this Joan Darrow can't slap his face. He's a fool, but he's safe. I'm safe, too, and that's the way I like to be. What's the matter with me, then? Why do I feel so low? Nobody likes to get slapped, Flip, I tell myself.

I stand at the rail, smarting, hating myself for wanting to hate Sue, hating Mr. Richards because his old man is a vice-president, and hating Captain Melville on the bridge just because he's The Man. A little later, when Parky comes hurrying out of the shack with another message, I hate him, too, for looking so sly and pleased with himself.

"Now he wants to know if she believes in love at first sight," he grins.

Don't ask me why I follow him and watch from a distance while he hands Miss Joan Darrow this silly message. Maybe I want to hate her, too, but how can a fellow hate a girl who's so stunning she takes away his breath? She's got a figure that'd stop a parade, and her blond hair shines in the sun like gold. I take back thinking Hop Smith is a fool. She gives with a gay tinkle as she reads his latest, and studies a long time before she thinks up a reply. It's short, whatever it is.

"She let me down," Parky sighs, as I waylay him to find out. "Her answer is no."

"A stab in the back," I say dryly. Then I fix my eyes on his glasses. "Tell me, Parky—how do you figure he knew she was the girl?"

"Somebody tipped him off."

I wait patiently.

"In fact, it was me," Parky admits proudly. "I told Honolulu, off the record, and Honolulu did the rest. All I had to do was find the girl with scratched-up ankles." His eyes go blinky as they peer out at me. "By the way, how are you and Sue getting along?" he says.

I don't answer.

"Sue's a nice girl, Flip," he continues. "She's as nice a girl as a fellow could ask for."

"Why don't you give her name to Hop Smith, then?" I say bitterly.

I have a bad afternoon trying to forget Sue. I shrug her off a dozen times, and a dozen times she comes back and leans against me and puts her arms around my neck and kisses me. Then she slaps me, and my face stings all over again. I keep remembering the things I said and the way I said them. Just before my night watch I can't stand it any more, so I stop by the beautician's cabin and knock on the door. I figure to make with very bright wisecracks and keep on making with them till Sue begins to laugh—

Stella, the manicurist, opens the door. She's got her hair in curlers, and one hand's holding a green bathrobe together.

"Sue?" she warbles. "Why, Sue's gone to the movies."

"Movies are for passengers," I say.

"I guess Mr. Richards can get her in," Stella throws back at me. "He runs the movies, doesn't he?" The cold cream on her face goes wistful. "Sue gets all the breaks," she sighs. "That Mr. Richards is a nice man."

I feel weak as I crawl up the grand staircase to go on watch. There's a funny feeling in my stomach—the wisecracks I had ready for Sue, I guess, giving off poison. In the radio shack I toss my hat at the peg and miss, the first time in months.

"What's new on the Hop Smith case?" I ask Parky.

"I guess that stab in the back was all he could take," Parky moans. "Nothing but silence from Honolulu since she told him no."

"Try not to worry," I advise dryly.

NOTHING but silence from Honolulu on my watch, too, so I have plenty of time to brood about Sue. It ought to be burning me up to think of her at the movies with muscle-head Richards, but instead I turn it into a laugh. I keep imagining how he must have asked her: "Beg your pardon, Miss O'Connor, but may I have the pleasure of your company at the motion pictures tonight?" Mr. Richards is the type who will sit up straight and watch the movies and not even try to hold her hand. Afterward he'll take her back to her cabin and say, "Good night, Miss O'Connor, thank you very much," without even trying to kiss her.

I keep laughing as I think of all this, and I keep telling myself how lucky I am to be still my own boss. And if Hop Smith has any sense, he'll be telling himself the same thing. . . .

It's about seven bells of my morning watch next day when the seaplane comes



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out of nowhere and circles low over the ship. Parky is at the rail outside the shack, watching; and Moby Dick is yelling through the voice tube from the bridge for me to get in touch with that aircraft and find out what it wants. But the seaplane's not talking and all I know is what Parky relays to me through the porthole.

"It's coming down," he says. "Must be in trouble." He blinks in at me and adds, "I see your girl Sue has a new boy friend."

I splice an extension to the phone cord and go to the porthole. By now the Maloa has come to a full stop and our motor lifeboat is in the water heading for the plane. Sue and the athletic Mr. Richards are at the rail with a lot of passengers. She's the only one who seems to be watching the radio shack instead of the rescue. When our eyes meet, I grin and wave my hand, just to show her there's no hard feelings. She turns away quick and begins talking to Mr. Richards, very bright and gay.

"They're taking a man off," Parky reports. "They're bringing him back to the ship. I wonder who he is."

AND so does everyone else, including Richards. Sue's sudden yen for him has taken him by surprise, and I have to laugh at the way he goes cold and proper on her. But even his dignity breaks down into openmouthed amazement when the seaplane which is supposed to be in trouble starts up with a healthy roar of motors and lifts itself into the air again.

"I'll bet my bottom dollar it's the guy from Honolulu," Parky says.

"Your bottom dollar belongs to your wife," I tell him.

It's eight bells then, and my relief takes over the watch. Sue sees me as I step out on deck, and the look I get makes me feel like a worm in a hot collar. I join Parky at the rail and get my first look at the man from the seaplane as he climbs out of the motor lifeboat and comes up the ladders to the bridge. He's a tall rangy guy in an open-neck shirt, and there's an eager searching gleam in his eyes as he looks up at the faces gazing down at him.

Suddenly he stops short, and a big smile breaks out as he lifts his hand and waves.

"Hi, Joan!" he calls.

"Hello, Hop," Joan Darrow says. She's standing at the head of the ladder, waiting for him. Maybe she doesn't believe in love at first sight, but she's certainly a pushover at the second.

Hop comes up the last ladder two steps at a time. He goes for Joan like a homing pigeon and puts both hands on her elbows.

"I just had to come, Joan," he says softly. "I hope you don't mind. You don't, do you?"

"I love it," she breathes.

He takes her in his arms and draws her close. His face goes down to hers and they kiss. Right in front of all the passengers, with Moby Dick glaring down at them from the bridge, they put their lips together and kiss. It's everything it should be, considering the trouble he went through to get it.

"It's all so right," sighs Parky with satisfaction.

Yeah. It'd be all so right with Sue and me, too, if I could only make her see it. Our eyes meet again, just for a second. Up goes her nose and she turns quick to Mr. Richards, putting both her hands on his arm and looking up into his face as if she wouldn't mind getting a Hop Smith kiss from him.

Inside, this burns me up, and I take a step toward them; but Parky grabs my sleeve and holds me back. It's just as well, because Mr. Richards frowns down at Sue and she takes away her hands. He obviously thinks this whole business is not only vulgar but also highly irregular.

Moby Dick agrees with him, too, for he has the bull megaphone to his mouth, and the bellow that comes out of it would stampede a herd of cattle. "Bring that man to the bridge!"

Hop goes to the bridge and we can hear the skipper giving him the third degree. In the meantime we find out from a sailor who was in the lifeboat that Hop Smith is a radar technician sent out by his company to install new models on the Navy ships at Pearl Harbor. When his job is finished, he thinks to take a week off on Waikiki Beach before flying back for his next assignment. Suddenly he changes his mind, and everyone knows why.

"Is he rich?" Parky asks.

The sailor laughs. "He's got a little dough in Frisco, but he spent his last nickel in cash for those radiograms and the plane."

"I fear for him," says Parky.

They bring Hop down from the bridge like a prisoner, but he's still got a happy smile for Joan. "It seems I'm a workaway," he grins. "My job's in the bilges, so I won't be seeing you again till we get to Frisco. So long, Joan."

"So long, Hop." There are tears in Joan's eyes as she watches him start down the long ladder that leads to the bottom of the ship. I glare up at Moby Dick and ask myself again who the old flint-head thinks he is. The answer comes back as always: He's The Man, and he can do as he pleases so long as it's in the book and it always is. For the black look I'm giving him, he could toss me in the bilges, too. I glare also at stiff-head Richards, and I don't like the smug smile that's on his face as he starts walking aft with Sue at his side.

I stand in their way, and Mr. Richards tries to brush me aside. I'm not being brushed. Sue is pretending not to see me at all, but I grab her arm.

"Just a minute, Sue—"

"I beg your pardon," Mr. Richards says. There's a deep frown on his face and his fists are closed.

"Keep going, knot-head," I tell him. "This is for roughnecks. You're liable to get hurt."

He starts peeling off his coat, very dignified, as if he'd been challenged to a duel. Sue puts her hand on his arm. "It's all right, Mr. Richards," she says. "I can handle this."

She swings around and faces me. Her eyes are on fire and she's ready for a fight, too, like a cat in its own alley. But all I want is a chance to explain.

"I didn't mean what I said yesterday, Sue," I tell her. "Not the way you took it, I didn't."

Her lips tremble. "You meant it, all right," she says. "You meant every word of it. You wanted to keep it light, didn't you, so you'd never get stuck? Well, you've got your wish. You're not stuck, and neither am I. We're through, Flip."

THEN why that break in her voice, why those tears in her eyes? "Now let me pass," she says.

"Get out of our way," Mr. Richards orders.

There's a lot I want to say, but I can't seem to say it. Something's at my throat, inside, choking off my windpipe. Something's at my eyes, too, turning the bright sunshine into a flaming red haze as I let Mr. Richards and Sue go off down the deck.

"She's your girl, Flip," says Parky quietly. "She loves you, not him."

I can't answer.

"You're a good key pounder, Flip," he goes on, with a sad shake of his head. "But with women you're a dope."

I still can't answer.

"Stop fighting it, Flip," he says. "You love her."

"Go away," I tell him.

But in my heart I know he's right. I love Sue. I've known it a long time, but I've been too dumb to admit it. Sue's my type. She always was, and she always will be. Then run after her, Flip, I tell myself suddenly. Tear her away from that correct bunch of muscles, Mr. Richards. Take her in your arms and return that kiss she gave you yesterday, with interest. Make her see who it is she really loves, and who really loves her.

And if Mr. Richards begs your pardon and puts up his dukes, you know what to do. And if Moby Dick tosses you in the bilges for it, you'll be in good company. You and Hop Smith, sweating out the rest of the trip together, with everyone on the ship knowing what you're both doing to win the woman you love.

"Parky," I say happily, "hold my coat."

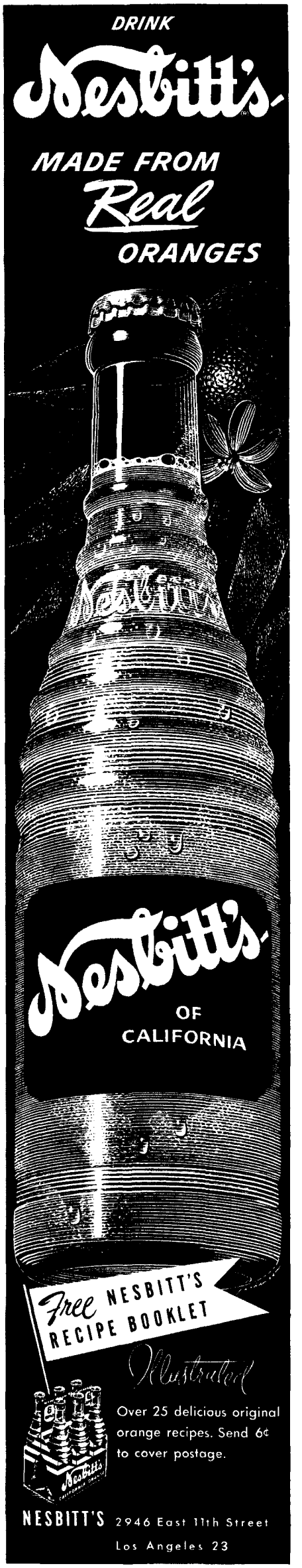
THE END

## VIEWPOINT

"I can eat anything—always have. Mabel could boil an old shoe and put some sauce on it and I'd eat it"

"Then today I had soup and some warmed-up lamb. He hit the ceiling but I can't put out a banquet on wash day!"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD



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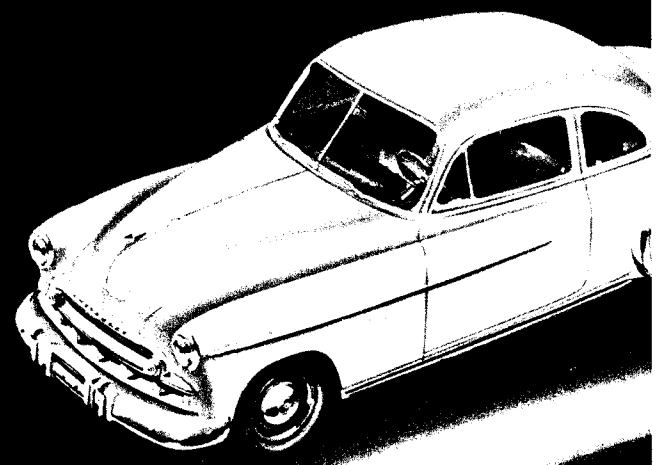

STYLELINE DE LUXE STATION WAGON
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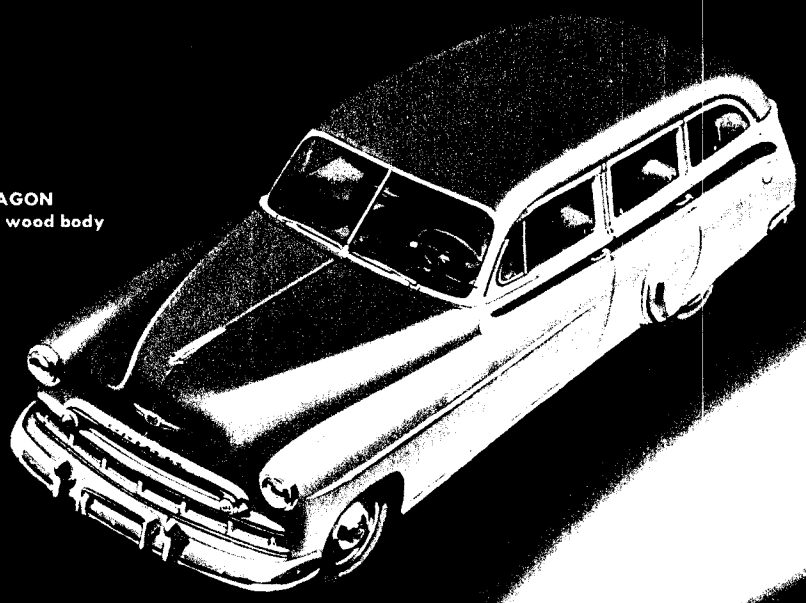

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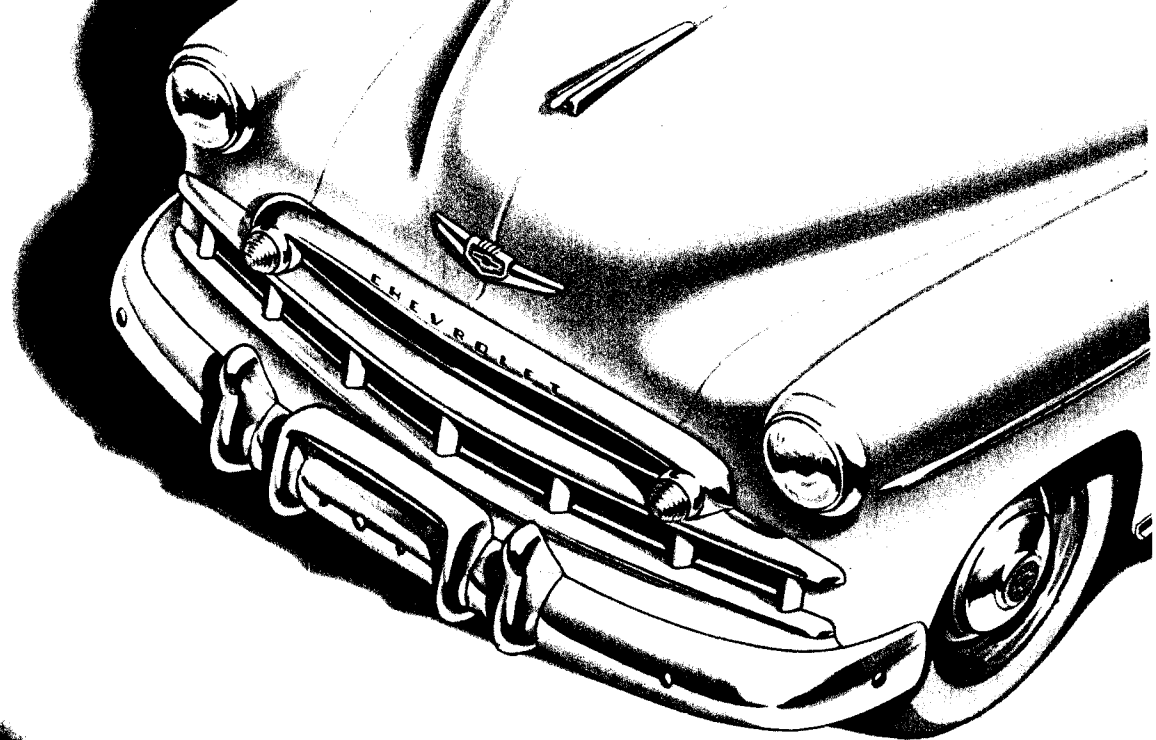

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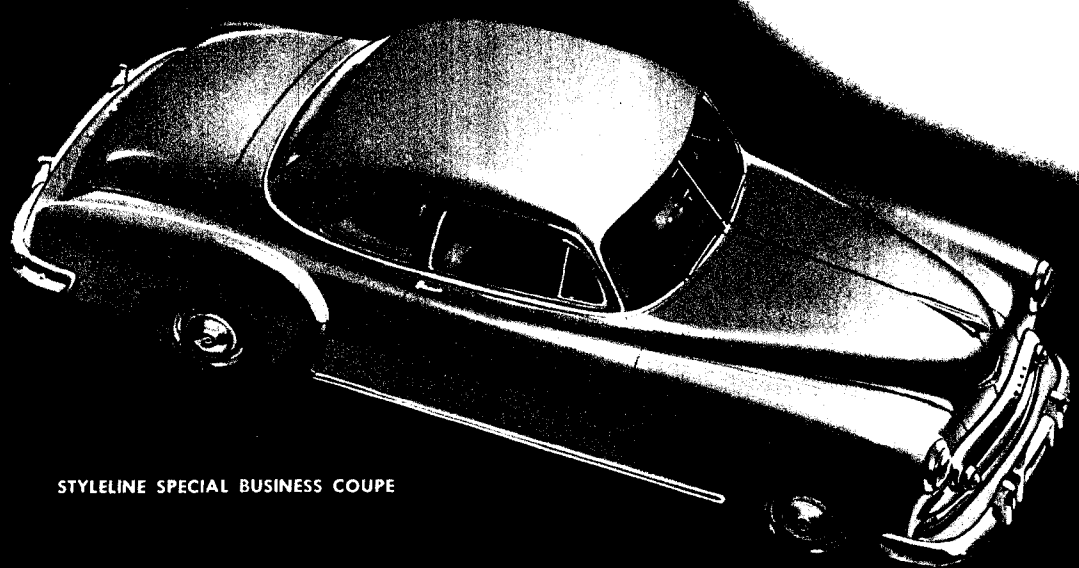

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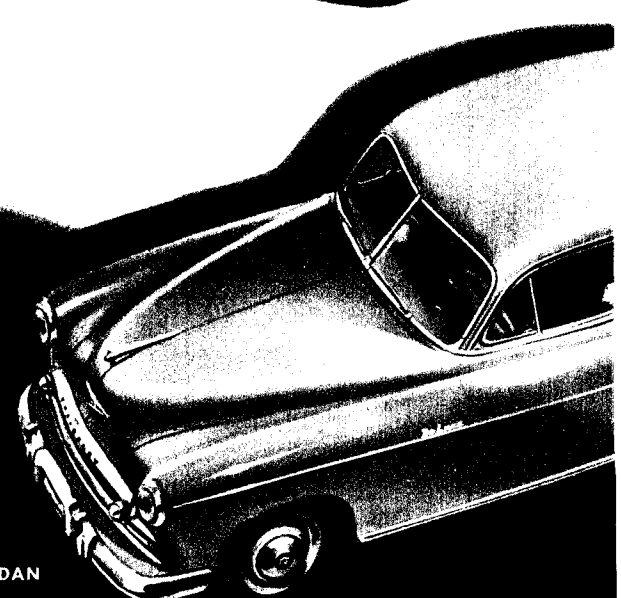

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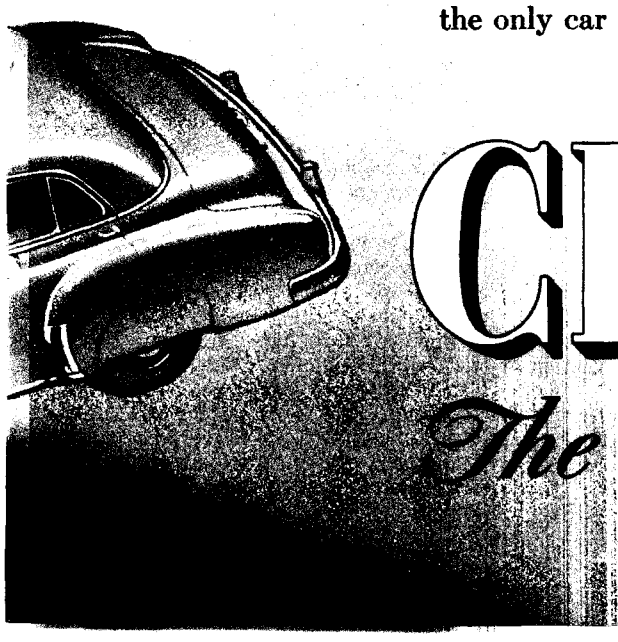

# CHEVROLET

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# Stop Terror in the Streets

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

"There's only one thing to do—put more patrolmen on the streets," Rosenberg wisely resolved. He's done the best he can. But, hampered by budgets, civil service rigmarole and too-low pay for policemen, it's not good enough. When summer, with its customary upsurge in street crime rolled around, he was still 455 men short in the police department—452 of these vacancies being for ordinary foot patrolmen, whom Philadelphia's streets direly need.

Meanwhile, the Philadelphia Inquirer keeps tallying the street crimes in formidable numbers, recently taking time out to observe:

"One of the appalling aspects to the current outbreak is that 52 of the victims have been beaten—with fists, blackjacks, pistol butts, lead pipes and other weapons. . . . The average citizen rightfully fears he may be the next victim."

### Exploring the "Fatal Fifth"

In Chicago I suggested a night stroll through the city's major trouble spot, the Fifth District, south of the Loop.

"No you don't!" said Police Commissioner John Prendergast.

"Not if you want to go home in one piece," chimed in Patrolman Cornelius Ryan.

Chicago's "Fatal Fifth," once the abode of millionaires and now the Windy City's notorious Bronzeville, is one of the most crime-festered spots in the world. Among the shields of murdered policemen which hang in City Hall, I counted seven since 1934 marked "Fifth District." At the district station house, the clerk filling in the complaint book was verging on writer's cramp. Pointing to a volume as big as an unabridged dictionary, he groaned, "We fill one of these every five days." The station safe was crammed with confiscated weapons—hunting knives, butcher knives, guns, blackjacks and even screw drivers filed to a surgical edge.

Warned against strolling, I finally ventured through this no man's land in a squad car. "The radio's quiet tonight," said Patrolman Joseph Casey. Yes, it was quiet. All we had was a couple of assaults with deadly weapons—in one of which a policeman sent out an S O S for reinforcements—and a slight case of murder in which the victim was buried under three feet of ground.

Some insurance companies won't write policies covering the Fatal Fifth, and many business houses refuse to make deliveries there—with good reason. In the wee hours of January 28th a milkman was murdered for his collection money, and 12 days later another milkman was murdered even more audaciously—at high noon.

To the anguished cries of the Chicago Crime Commission, which has demanded a better patrol system for the district on four different occasions, the police department responds by sending in a squad of "tough guys" in plain clothes. Unfortunately, that's not what the Fatal Fifth needs. It needs, as a Crime Commission spokesman put it, "plenty of uniformed policemen on foot, with small beats—small enough so they can know the neighborhood inside out, so they can see and be seen."

In the face of rapes, molestations of women and purse snatchings in outlying areas, the Chicago police have offered to "convoy home in a squad car" any woman who is afraid to walk alone. The Crime Commission calls this "a dodge to quell the public clamor—an impossible proposal."

Actually, Prendergast, once a beat man himself, wants to do something constructive. He asked for 1,183 more policemen in this year's budget. "I wanted to use the bulk of them on foot patrol," he says. "You know how many they gave me? Zero!" It gripes him that Chicago, with more than half of New York's population, has only a third as many cops.

In asking for more foot cops, neither Prendergast nor anyone else in his right mind suggests abandoning radio cars. You can't loot one branch of the service in order to strengthen another; that's why we're in today's hot water—because we looted the beat men. Like air force and infantry, these two services complement each other. Let's keep radio cars, and keep them strong, but let's not expect a fast-moving car, that can't even fit into some alleys and cartways, to do what only plodding feet can do.

Experienced cops admit, "You can't see anything from a squad car. You can't spot a punk who's hiding in a doorway, or a pervert in the bushes. When the windows are up you can't even hear a scream. The hoods can spot you coming three blocks away. They just duck into an alley until they see your taillights disappear around the corner."

COLLIER'S "Nevertheless, Jones, I still think you're bluffing!" BEN ROTH

COLLIER'S "Yes . . . with some woman. Would you mind swinging your camera along the third base box again?" AL KAUFMAN

To see for myself, I rode radio scout cars through the three most crime-gutted precincts of Washington, D.C.—Precincts One, Two and Thirteen. But I didn't see, from the window of a moving car, one tenth of what I saw in the very same precincts when pounding the pavement on foot. It's not a matter of sharp eyes. You just can't size up a loiterer from a moving car. You've got to tail him a while, stop and talk to him, ask him what he's doing there, where he comes from, and collar him quick if he's got a butcher knife or lead pipe.

Here's the perfect example of what a scout car misses. At New Jersey and L Street, NW, scout car cops saw a man standing on the corner waiting for a lift to Baltimore. Half an hour later they rounded the same corner again and the man was still there—this time in his stocking feet, his coat gone and his arms flailing wildly to get their attention. In the half-hour interim he had been dragged into an alleyway, threatened with murder, robbed of $20 and stripped of his shoes and suitcoat.

### Scout Car Wasn't Much Help

On Florida Avenue a young man and his nineteen-year-old fiancée were strolling along while the precinct scout car trundled its merry way. They passed a driveway. A man leaped out with a gun. He forced the couple into a thicketed lot, tied the young man with rope and shoelaces, robbed him and raped the girl. What could a scout car do? It could respond with screaming celerity and great éclat—after it was all over!

When our radio car got to a housebreaking, all we could do was examine chisel marks on the door. When we got to a murderous assault (with a broken bottle), all we could do was pack the bloody victim in the car, with a rubber sheet to protect the upholstery, and run him to the hospital.

Even riding with Philadelphia's fleet Motor Bandit Patrol we were always, as one cop joshed, "accessories *after the fact*." We dashed like Barney Oldfield to a hot bleat on the radio: "PROWLERS AT WOMEN'S HOSPITAL . . . PROWLERS AT WOMEN'S HOSPITAL." We tore into the hospital, slammed to a stop and scrambled out of the car.

"Oh, the prowlers are gone now," a hospital attendant said blandly.

We stood around exchanging pleasantries with the crews of three other radio cars which had also hell-dashed to the scene.

"It is obvious there is something wrong with our system," says Congressman Walter Horan, who carefully studied police methods while on the House Appropriations Subcommittee for the District of Columbia. "Washington has made the same mistake as other big cities. Our first step should be more foot patrolmen and less reliance on squad cars."

Detroit has taken to teaching women judo—a sad commentary on life in 1949 America. Is hoodlumism so out of hand that the police must say, in effect, "We can't protect you, madam. Better learn to protect yourself!"

Police Commissioner Harry S. Toy wrings his hands over the shortage of policemen, over the vast areas of the motor city—particularly residential areas—which are totally unprotected by foot beats and over Detroit's miserable crime rate. "Detroit still leads in 'aggravated assaults'—molestings, purse snatchings and attempted attacks," Toy recently told the Economic Club.

Because he is a sincere official who doesn't try to hide crime (as did many another police chief I talked to), Toy admitted that in the last five years Detroit has suffered a 33 per cent increase in murder, a 27 per cent increase in rape, a 63 per cent increase in assaults, and a 64 per cent increase in robbery. His police force numbers 4,715. He is virtually begging the city for 1,110 more men, 900 of whom will go on foot patrol the minute they get into uniform.

"All we can do with our present force is pursue the criminal. We can't prevent crime," Toy told me. "Right now we can get only 300 men per shift on foot beat for the entire city and we have to shove those into the business areas. As a result the homeowner—the family in a residential area—gets no adequate protection. That's why women are followed home,



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molested and attacked. That's why we have street holdups."

Commissioner Toy then mentioned the Fourteenth Precinct, the Redford section of Detroit, where middle-income families live. Here is an area the size of Buffalo, populated by 270,000 persons. "And for night foot patrol, all we can give them is twelve policemen!" the commissioner declared. "Each man has a beat so large he couldn't cover it in a week. Those families just aren't being protected."

### Teen-Age Victims of Assault

I knew what he meant when I roamed the area, its streets as barren of police as the Gobi Desert. Hoodlums could virtually pitch camp and wait for victims to stumble into their arms. That's about how it happened in April when a fourteen-year-old girl was coming home from a dance with her seventeen-year-old boy friend. As their car drew to a stop, four hoodlums surrounded it. They grabbed the boy, knocked him down, then drove the car into a field and raped the young girl until she was insensible.

And so they're teaching the women judo in Detroit. Free lessons. Courtesy of the police department.

I visited a class in the police gym and saw Inspector Claude E. Broom teaching housewives, mothers—even one grandmother—the womanly arts of self-defense. They learn all the standard throws: how to wrap a wolf around your shoulder like a sable scarf, how to pitch him into a loop the loop, how to make his humerus work against his ulna until he hollers, "Mama!"

They also learn such fine points as eye poking, mouth stretching, nostril pulling, throat chopping, finger spreading and, of course, the theoretical and practical principles of kneeing.

Among the eager students was Mrs. LaVerne Rebresh, a nurse at an auto parts plant. "I have to walk two long blocks from the bus when I get home at night," she said. "I don't want to get hurt—and I don't want my two children to be orphans."

Mrs. Julia Mandelka has four blocks to walk from the streetcar. Recently a man stalked her in an automobile, catcalling as his car crept along the curb. He stopped, left the door open and made a grab to force her into the car. Luckily she slipped from his clawing fingers and sprinted the rest of the way home. "Next time I might not be so lucky," Mrs. Mandelka said. "I might have to fight it out."

One woman, with blue eyes that had a fixed look and a streak of awful fear in them, came in for lessons. She brought along her eighteen-year-old daughter and her sixty-three-year-old mother—three generations of women to learn judo. "Teach us everything you know," she said to Inspector Broom.

There was a special reason.

This woman had been raped.

New York City, which never lets the rest of the country forget that its police are the "finest," has for years watched Central Park become a sink of crime. Though bounded on three sides by some of the city's highest-priced apartment houses, the park has become off limits to respectable citizens at night. The mugger, the knifer, the pervert, the rapist have made one of the nation's loveliest city parks into a grisly quagmire.

New York finally got wise this spring. It assigned eighteen picked detectives to patrol posts in the park—*on foot*.

In their first five weeks they made 48 arrests. They brought in a hoodlum with a knife strapped to his leg (to outwit a frisker), a degenerate who had exposed himself to a Hunter College girl, and a bushwhacker who lay waiting with a brick to bash the next passer-by.

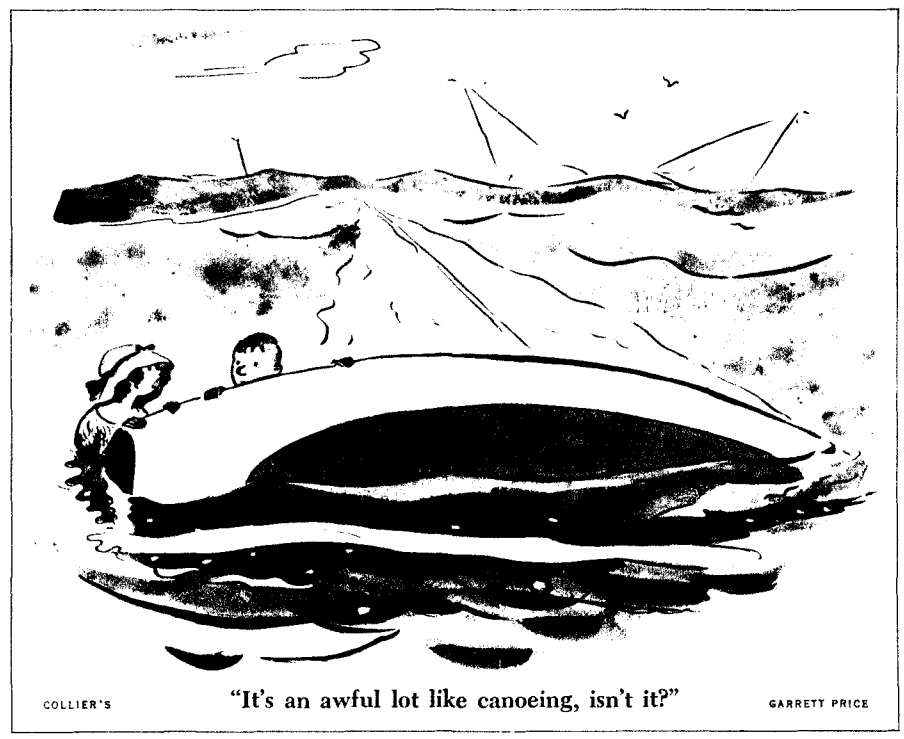
I went with Lieutenant Martin Meyers for a demonstration of the new squad's technique. We stopped and talked to loiterers. We padded down pitch-black paths, flashed a light behind rock ledges. Meyers picked out a few suspicious-looking characters for questioning. When a shifty fellow from New Jersey said, "I just came here for fresh air," Meyers informed him that New Jersey was practically bursting with ozone—and he'd better get some quick! Similar notice has been served on scores of sex deviates who have made the south end of Central Park a nightly rendezvous.

Captain John J. McCoy, commanding the Central Park squad, wants his men to become specialists. "They're on foot, so they can get to know every inch of the park," he says. "Their job is to prevent murders, muggings and rapes—*before they happen.*"

Law enforcers in every city I visited admitted that to *prevent crime*—to restore law-abiding health to a community—you've got to have the plodding specialist. Businessmen and crime commissions talked wistfully of the old-fashioned policeman of the days when we were kids. They talked of Officer Mulrooney, whose chief virtue was those size-13 feet that we kidded him about. Of Officer Cohen, who was the best cure for juvenile delinquency a neighborhood ever had (how he'd talk to parents about their kids' problems, help them work things out). Of Officers Kelly and Swensen and Brown, and how you considered them part of the neighborhood, how you felt safer and *were* safer when they loomed around the corner in the dusk.

"Where is such a policeman?" I asked repeatedly.

"He's as extinct as the dodo," was a typical reply that I received.



COLLIER'S "It's an awful lot like canoeing, isn't it?" GARRETT PRICE

### Found! An Old-Style Cop

I found him, though, in Baltimore: Lieutenant Albert Hanssen, a foot beat man for 36 years and still at it. He's pounded 108,000 miles of sidewalk. He'd blush to hear you say it, but ruddy-faced, sandy-haired Hanssen is that indispensable crime-prevention man whom the experts talk about.

He and I take off on his beat together, just after dark. Hanssen can tell me the history of every house and building. He knows who used to live in this cream-colored house and when they moved and where they moved to. He knows that Mr. Taylor is ill and Mrs. Quinza is expecting; that young Barker just got a job as a mechanic and the Hilston twins have measles. He also knows that a certain lad of nineteen has been keeping bad company and bears watching. And he's talked to the family in that big house on the corner about their daughter, who's been in too many bars.

Charles Cimino, the grocer, comes out to flash a great big smile as we pass.

"I've known him for 35 years," says Hanssen.

"No trouble here with our lieutenant around," says Cimino.

Some men are playing checkers in a restaurant. As we pop our heads in, the game stops for a minute and they gabble with Hanssen about the latest news on the street.

"He knows more about us than we know ourselves," a man quips.

It is early evening and the kids gather around Hanssen. One of them tugs his blue coat and says, "Settle an argument, Lieutenant. Ain't Thanksgiving on Thursday?" The big girl, who is not crying, has a "snowball"—a paper cup of cracked ice with ice cream on top. The little girl, who is crying, has a paper cup with just ice.

"Now wait a minute here," says Hanssen with a voice of authority. "What happened to *her* ice cream?"

"I only had one nickel," says the big girl.

"Y'don't say," says Hanssen and he slides his change out of a coin purse and picks out a nickel.

"Go get her one too," he says, and the little girl's face lights up beneath her tears, like neon in the rain.

Was it five cents' worth of ice cream, or a fortune's worth of love? You students of juvenile delinquency, put that in your pipe and smoke it, I thought to myself. I heard an echo of Commissioner Prendergast's words in Chicago: "The idea is to make children run *to* the police, not *from* them."

Hanssen and I stroll on for a couple of hours. How could anybody but Jim Farley know so many names? This cop knows them all. More importantly, he knows the ones who don't belong in the neighborhood. I test him out when a man with a suitcase rounds the corner.

"Who's this fellow?" I ask.

"Salesman. Doesn't live on the beat. Twice a week he eats at Shreck's Restaurant," Hanssen replies.

He knows them all.

As we pass the Universal Finance Company, he cups his hands at the window and peers into the gloom where the night light burns. "Got to see how it looks on the inside," he mutters. He stops to try doors along the street, especially ones, he says, "where folks are kind of careless." Suddenly he wheels on his heel and beats up a back alley—"If anyone's ducking out you've got to take him by surprise." Doorways, back stoops and stairways, bushes, driveways, lanes between the building lines—he pokes around like a foxhound.

"Just knowing the lieutenant's on the job keeps bad actors out of this neighborhood. For them it's hot territory," says Mr. Kapler as we stop for a chat.

A cop like Hanssen is part social worker, part law enforcer, part counselor, part friend. He's like the old country doctor.

Maybe Baltimore is old-fashioned for keeping lots of cops on the hoof. In black and white, Baltimore showed a 12 per cent *decrease* in aggravated assaults during 1948 while other large cities averaged a 4.7 per cent *increase*.

We can't resurrect the old-fashioned cop. We don't even want to bring back yesterday. We simply want to *use yesterday's wisdom today*.

Just as medicine is trying to re-establish the human virtues of the country doctor, so must we re-establish the human virtues of the old-time policeman. We've got to remind young cops interested in ballistics, fingerprints, interrogation and traffic codes that the big problem in the world is people.

As Eleanore Hutzel, former chief of policewomen in Detroit, points out, "The patrol officer of the future should have, above all, an understanding of why people act as they do. He should be able to recognize psychiatric cases. He is in the best position to spot problem behavior *before* it erupts into crime."

### Danger Sign Went Unnoticed

Six-year-old George Counter would be alive today if a patrolman with Miss Hutzel's brand of training had been on the job. The nineteen-year-old mental defective who killed George had been playing with him in the neighborhood for weeks. Neighbors later said it struck them as "peculiar" that a nineteen-year-old should choose a six-year-old for a playmate, but there was no one to spot the danger sign and know what it meant.

For the neighborhood cop of the future, proper training must include psychology and sociology along with muscle building and scientific crime detection. "The very best way to fight juvenile delinquency," says Judge Nochem S. Winnet, chairman of the Crime Prevention Association of Philadelphia, "is with neighborhood patrolmen who know children and can make friendly relationships with them. A friendly cop is worth all the whistle blowers in town. He can help kids—and parents, too."

The larger our cities grow, the more "agencies" we have to look after people—honeycombs of offices with specialists waiting for the problems to come to them. "We shall make real progress only when we *go out after problems* and apply 'spot treatment' to them—and not stand supinely by until they become serious menaces," counsels Chief City Magistrate Edgar Bromberger, of New York. "The patrolman who *knows his neighborhood* is in an especially favorable position—before trouble starts—to refer cases to the settlement house, to the guidance center, to the boys' athletic league or to the mental hygiene clinic. We desperately need someone who is continuously *on the scene* to suggest and to advise the use of these various facilities. The trained patrolman can do this job."

Let's get cracking before it's too late. Who knows where or when the next psychopath or hoodlum will strike? In your town? In your street? "Give us action that will produce day-in, day-out results," pleads the Cleveland News. "Restore safety to streets that are becoming 'horror highways.'"

By the F.B.I.'s grim averages, you can figure that somewhere in the United States one person was attacked and murdered, three were robbed and five were beaten or raped—in the time it took you to read this article. THE END



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The open season on Ted Schroeder is here, with Parker, Talbert and Gonzales each out to get Ted's scalp for a trophy

# It's No Love Game

## By BILL FAY

**There is disorder on the tennis courts this summer as the nation's top amateurs fight bitter personal battles in the scramble for the National Singles title and a place on the Davis Cup team**

THE lack of brotherly love on the amateur tennis circuit is at an all-time high. Nobody loves anybody. Number one in all the unpopularity polls is temperamental Ted Schroeder. Ted admits he's the world's top amateur, but he's been too busy selling refrigerators to prove it. Every August for the last three summers Ted has played brilliantly in Davis Cup competition and then hurried back to work in Los Angeles, by-passing a September showdown with his American rivals in the National Singles at Forest Hills.

Lone wolf Frankie Parker, whose singles position on the 1946 Cup Team was voted to the lower-ranking Schroeder (in a squabble dominated by champion Jack Kramer, Schroeder's pal and doubles partner), has been waiting a long time to get even in the worst way—by whipping the elusive Ted in the Nationals.

Talkative Bill Talbert shares Parker's Davis Cup ambitions and lack of enthusiasm for Schroeder. When Schroeder was nominated for singles duty on the 1948 Cup Team (after losses to Parker and Vic Seixas in tune-up tournaments), Talbert commented, "Good-by, cup!" He paused and then incorrectly prophesied, "Somebody will get a nice ride to Australia next year to win it back."

Uninhibited Pancho Gonzales, who captured the National title last September (while salesman Schroeder was tending to his ice cubes on the West Coast) and later was beaten three times in a row by Schroeder in winter tournaments, is hotter than his favorite tamales over Ted's crack: "The only reason I beat Gonzales is that I'm a much better tennis player."

With Parker, Gonzales and Talbert gunning for Schroeder, it should be an interesting summer, because Ted has decided to take on all comers in an effort to dethrone National Singles champion Gonzales. Incentive: Promoter Jack Harris has a $50,000 pro contract for a winter tour with Kramer ready and waiting; but Harris says, "No title, no contract."

How good are Schroeder's chances? Kramer testifies: "Ted's by far the best amateur for any one match, but his continual net-rushing saps his strength. In Davis Cup competition—with a day's rest between matches—he's unbeatable. But in longer tournaments, when he has to play four or five tough men on successive days, he's apt to tire and lose to anybody.

"But this talk that Schroeder's been pampered by the Davis Cup selectors is nonsense. It's true that Parker outranked Schroeder back in 1945 and that he was beating Ted in practice matches, but Ted's net game was figured to be more effective than Parker's backcourt steadiness against Bromwich. After all, Bromwich beat Parker easily when Australia took the cup away from us just before the war, so the job of beating Bromwich went to Ted—and he came through with the victory that won back the cup."

That's Kramer's opinion. Anti-Schroeder spokesmen complain: "Ted ducks the Nationals and gets an automatic Davis Cup appointment anyway, while players like Parker and Talbert risk their rankings every year. Sure, Ted wins his Davis Cup matches, but who couldn't against the sort of second-rate foreign teams we've been defending against since the war?"

The ill will of the Schroeder-Parker-Talbert-Gonzales vendetta has spread to the lower-ranking players too. At Seabright last summer, Gardnar Mulloy was upset (in every sense of the word) by Earl Cochell. After missing a forehand on match point, Mulloy ran up to the net to extend traditional congratulations to his conqueror—or so it appeared to the gallery. But Mulloy departed from the "nice-going-old-man" script.

Grasping Cochell's right hand as though it were a deceased and unrefrigerated sturgeon, Mulloy murmured, "You are the most obnoxious jerk I've ever played."

Cochell, smiling for the photographers, whispered back, "Nuts!"

Later, Mulloy explained why he considered Earl such an undesirable opponent. "Cochell stole my towels every time we changed courts. He spit water on me and spilled it on my rackets. And when I asked him what was going on, he just sprouted a silly grin. It was," Mulloy concluded grimly, "a most disturbing match in every respect."

Tennis used to be such a nice, quiet, refined, gentlemanly game. THE END

Whispered Mulloy (right) to Cochell, the victor, *"You are the most obnoxious jerk I've ever played"*

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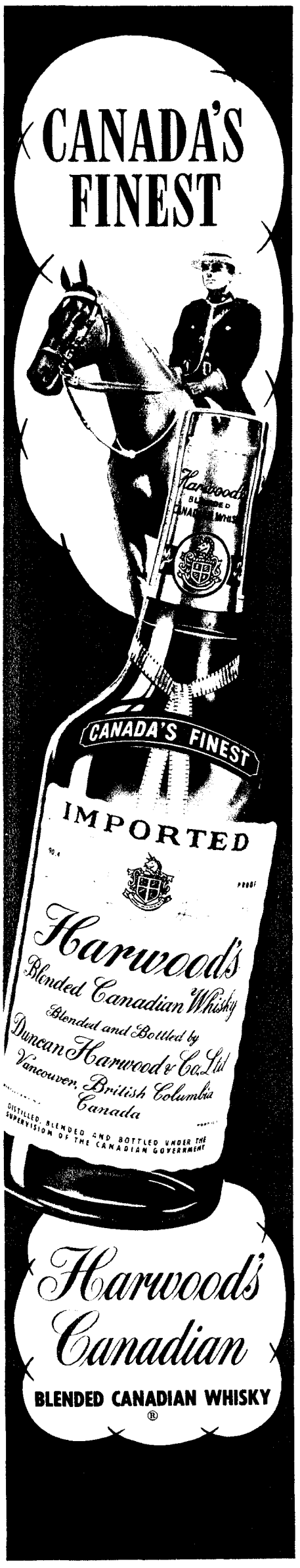


# The Iron Butterfly

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

riding crop clutched in his right hand. The sight of the huge soft hand swinging the riding crop, as the strange young man lumbered into the room, aroused all her maternal instinct.

At her feet was a hassock. Mrs. Charles leaned down and gave it a hard shove. It slid over the waxed floor and hit the advancing man on the ankles with force enough to drape him over it.

BOB CHARLES whirled to face his mother. "What are you doing out here?" he asked.

"I just thought I'd help, dear," Mrs. Charles said mildly.

"Go back to bed!" Bob snapped. "Before you get hurt!"

"Don't be absurd, dear."

"One side, Mother, please," Bob said. "Okay, Mr. Morgan. On your feet!"

"Morgan?" gasped Mrs. Charles. Her hands fluttered to her sleep-mussed coiffure. "Do you mean to say that this is Mr. Howard Theodore Morgan?"

"By any name, he's a stinker," Bob said shortly.

"I am Mrs. Robert Lee Charles II, of Baltimore," Mrs. Charles leaned over the now sitting figure, and twittered her eyelashes. "Pray forgive my seeming inhospitality, Mr. Morgan—and do excuse my dishabille!"

Ted Morgan was in no condition to observe the social amenities. He was too drunk and too bent on his personal problem. "Won't stir a step till I talk to my wife," he growled stubbornly.

"The idea that we are harboring her is utterly ridiculous! She isn't here, Mr. Morgan. I give you my word of honor!" Mrs. Charles said.

"Aw right, Mrs. Charles." Ted managed a tipsy bow of deference. "Take your word of honor—soon's I look round."

"I'll bust you one if you try it," Bob said.

"This foolishness has gone far enough." Louise Jones stood in the balcony door. "Of course I'm here!"

"Merciful heavens!" Mrs. Charles exclaimed, backing to a chair. "Bobby!"

Ted was still swaying, but his eyes were clearing, and a calculating look was growing in them. He said, "If you're a smart girl, Lulu, and come back upstairs with me now, why, maybe I won't make any trouble about your decree."

"It's too late for you to make any trouble," Louise said firmly. "I've got it—it's legal—and you can't do a damn' thing about it, Ted."

"Oh, yes, I can," Ted said, and now his eyes were very clear and knowing. "I can file countersuit for a decree of my own, charging fraud. I can file in the East, and name Mr. Robert Lee Charles III your current—"

"Don't you dare talk to Louise like that!" Bob said.

"Who's giving *me* orders?" Ted bellowed. "I'll say what I please to the cheap little blonde—"

Bob grabbed him by the shoulders and shoved him out the door.

"And don't come back," Bob ordered, "and make any more cracks about the girl I'm going to marry!"

"Marry?" Mrs. Charles gasped. "Did you say—marry, Bobby?"

"Yes, I did!" Bob said.

Mrs. Charles put her hand to her heart and said weakly, "I'm going to faint."

"No, you're not," Bob said. "You're going to go to bed."

Mrs. Charles, a little glassy-eyed, said, "Yes, dear," in a very meek voice and tottered toward her bedchamber.

"As for you, baby—" Bob looked at Louise, but she wheeled abruptly, and went out on the balcony. Bob followed. She was leaning against the rail, and her shoulders were shaking. He pulled her around. She was laughing. "What's so damned funny?" Bob demanded.

"I never had such a backhanded proposal in my life." Louise gasped.

"Look here," Bob said. "I think you'd better go to bed, too."

"No." Louise sobered. "I've got to know some things first. How come you're working for Jack April?"

"A guy has to eat. So does his mother."

"A guy with a rich uncle?"

"Cousin Bartholomew and I had a row."

"What about?"

Bob lighted his pipe and flipped the flaming match down into the moon-filled garden. "The row in Pasadena was over my mother," he said.

Louise didn't answer for a moment. "But after that you had a job in San Francisco?"

"I had three jobs in San Francisco," Bob said. "I always got canned."

"How come?"

"I couldn't work—and ride herd on my mother."

"Oh," Louise said. "It was your mother got you canned."

"She didn't mean to." He was instantly on the defensive. "It's just that they—that she—nobody understands her!"

"Except Jack April," Louise said in an odd flat voice.

"Well, yes," Bob said. "I don't know why."

"Maybe he's scared of her."

Bob looked at her quickly. "April? Scared of her? That's silly."

"What I meant," Louise explained hurriedly, "was that your mother can be very formidable. She always gets her way—"

"Not with me, she doesn't," Bob boasted. "I know how to handle her. I'm the only one. Except April. He let's her get away with murder—why, I can't figure."

Louise opened her mouth to tell him about the ant-poison bottle and the thirty-eight automatic which she had found in Mrs. Charles's purse. Then she shut her mouth on the words. There was no sense in bothering Bob with the mystery. It would only upset him.

"Look, Bob," she said. "You've seen O'Crotty with the little black bags on your runs, haven't you?"

"Sure."

"You don't think those bags are stuffed with popsicles, do you?"

"I just fly the plane, honey."

"And the man who totes the little black bags."

"I am not responsible for what he totes," Bob said. "I read it in a big book at the library."

"All right, so you're not responsible," Louise agreed. "But suppose comes a day when April asks *you* to fly a bag without any man to tote it?"

"I tell him to go fly his own plane."

"That's for sure?"

"That's for sure, baby," Bob said. "Anything else?"

"No," Louise said. "Nothing except yes."

"Yes, what?"

"I accept the proposal."

AFTER that there was a silence, which Mrs. Charles found more disturbing than the indistinguishable murmurs which she had been vainly trying to decipher from behind her latticed window.

"I simply can't have Bobby's whole life ruined by this week-kneed young woman," Mrs. Charles said grimly. For some moments she prowled about her room like a tiger. Bobby was obviously trapped—trapped by his gentlemanly instincts. Clearly it was up to his mother to rescue Bobby from the balcony.

The way *not* to do it, Mrs. Charles knew, was to approach the balcony personally. That would simply start an unholy row, and get Bobby's back up. No, she must use her woman's wits and rescue her young cleverly.

Beside her bed was a pile of copies of The Pasadena Evening Ledger, to which she had subscribed just to keep in touch. She gathered up the papers and trotted into the bathroom. She wadded the Pasadena Ledgers loosely and piled them in the bathtub.

She added two bath towels and a wash cloth to the pile, opened the medicine cabinet, took out the bottles containing oily substances, emptied them over the paper and towels, and finally touched a lighted match to the whole mess.

Drawing a deep breath of satisfaction, Mrs. Charles returned to her bedroom, carefully closing the bathroom door behind her. She crossed briskly to the telephone and demanded room service.

"This is Mrs. Robert Lee Charles II in Nine B and C," she said in an agitated voice. "I have a remarkably sensitive nose, and I'm quite sure I smell smoke. Wait a minute!" She let out a stifled gasp, waited a minute herself, and then said in a highly agitated voice: "I've just looked out my bedroom window, and the bathroom is simply belching flames!"

Then Mrs. Charles got into bed and pulled the covers up carefully.

WITH the first scream of the siren, April and Goldie raced into April's suite. April feared fire as he feared J. Edgar Hoover. Most of his assets were not in bank deposits, grain futures or real estate, but in bills. In a fire, bills burn.

In his suite he kept his cash, his records, odds and ends, and such letters and documents as might come in handy for blackmail. As one man, he and Goldie sprinted for the safe. They knew just what to do, having already held several practice fire drills. April threw open the steel door, and Goldie dragged out three heavy-gauge aluminum cases. Together they stuffed two cases with cash and jewelry. Files, ledgers and letters went into the third case. About this time, the hotel siren stopped screaming; and the uproar outside dwindled. April sent Goldie downstairs to reconnoiter.

Minutes passed. April waited, nervously, at the corridor door. Finally, Goldie hove into sight, rumbling like an uneasy volcano. He burst into the suite and slammed the door. The fire, he reported, was a fake. That crazy old broad, Mrs. Charles, had been burning paper in her bathtub.

"Get me Bob Charles," said April grimly. "No, wait a minute. We've got to put this stuff back."

In an ugly mood, they reopened the cases and returned the cash to the vault. They were replacing the ledgers and records from the last case when they discovered that a ledger was missing.

Cold with apprehension, they cleaned out every book and paper from the vault. They spread them on the living-room floor and checked desperately. The little ledger with the green cover wasn't there. They found among the paper litter seven essential pages from the loose-leaf records, which chronicled April's dealings in narcotics over a two-year period.

April stood up, his face drained of blood and gray like wet plaster. "Where's O'Crotty?" he said in a cold, dead voice.

"He was downstairs before the fire whistle blew," Goldie said, "dealing blackjack."

"Get him," April ordered.

Goldie reared to his feet like an ape and went downstairs.

April piled up the papers and ledgers and put them back in the vault. He was beginning to sweat. O'Crotty had been



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briefly in the vault yesterday afternoon; very briefly. And when he came out, he had not stopped to chat, but had shoved right off. April picked up the seven loose sheets that were left and stared at them. His hands were shaking.

Goldie couldn't find O'Crotty in the gambling room. During the fire, Krims, who ran the faro bank, remembered seeing him snatch the money box from its slot in the blackjack table, scoop the loose silver into his pocket, and run for the cashier's window. The cashier confirmed this. O'Crotty had turned in a little over six hundred dollars. Nobody had seen him after that.

GOLDIE selected two of April's thugs, and the three took the elevator. They knocked on O'Crotty's door; there was no answer. Goldie opened the door with a passkey. O'Crotty wasn't there. The ex-burglars frisked the joint. The little ledger with the green cover wasn't there, either. Goldie gave one of the thugs his gun and left him on watch. Then Goldie took the elevator back down to the mezzanine and reported to April.

"Did you find the book?" snapped April savagely.

"No," Goldie said. "And I didn't find O'Crotty. He's taken a powder."

"He can't have," said April. "There's no train and no planes at this time of night."

"I tell you he lit out in a hurry," insisted Goldie. "His bags are on his bed, half packed."

"That doesn't prove anything," April told him. "He was leaving tomorrow for a week with his wife."

"And he was bringing that junk book back to her as a present, huh?"

"Damn it!" April cried. "With that book he could blackmail me blind."

The phone rang. One of Goldie's checkers reported that O'Crotty had driven out of the parking lot twenty minutes ago in his Plymouth.

"There are only four roads out of town," April said. "And he's been gone a half hour. Get out the four new Cads with your best drivers. They'll catch him before he's made a hundred miles."

Goldie scuttled out.

Two hours later, Goldie's spotters picked up O'Crotty's Plymouth parked behind an auto court on South Street called "The Little Gray Home in the West." When O'Crotty came out just before dawn, they called the Jacaranda and gave Goldie the flash. Then they tailed O'Crotty back to the hotel. He left his car in its usual place in the big parking area and went into the hotel.

O'Crotty was sleepy. He was yawning as he unlocked his door and saw Goldie sitting in the big chair in the corner of the room with a sawed-off shotgun lying across his knees. . . .

Despite the tiring events of the previous evening, Mrs. Charles was up and dressed by ten o'clock next morning. She had business which demanded immediate attention, business with Mr. H. Theodore Morgan. His head would by now, she hoped, be approaching a semblance of clearness; and he would likely be in a receptive state of mind.

"I will point out to him," Mrs. Charles told herself, "that his approach to Louise lacks finesse and will get him nowhere. If he will abandon all this fluster-buster, be gentle, use tact, court her again, he will undoubtedly be able to sway her."

But the desk clerk, downstairs, told her Mr. Morgan had gone back to New York on the nine-o'clock plane.

She went immediately to the dining room and ordered fresh pineapple, liver and bacon, corn bread and black coffee. When things went wrong, Mrs. Charles always ate heartily. People, she had found, were hangdogs or harpies, but a good breakfast stood by you all day.

With her third pot of coffee, she had another idea about Louise Jones. One of the best ways to keep her from staying on at the Jacaranda was to see to it that she didn't get her hotel hostess job back. And the way to see to that was to have Mr. April appoint Mrs. Robert Lee Charles II hotel hostess. Mrs. Charles signed the breakfast check in a hurry, and trotted across the lobby to the house telephone.

Some of her exuberance faded when she learned Mr. April was incommunicado, and the sight of Bob and Louise going into the coffeeshop together caused the last of Mrs. Charles's exuberance to fade. What she needed, she told herself grimly, was a panther juice pick-me-up.

DESPERATELY, she headed out into the gardens and disappeared into the greenhouse, just on a chance that again that steel door had been left off the latch. But it was fastened with a round, formidable lock, engraved "Anchor Lock Company." And she had no key. Sighing disconsolately, she headed back up to Nine B and C. There was, she recalled, a small ration of unconsumed brandy left in the bottle Mr. April had sent up yesterday afternoon.

The bottle wasn't on her bedside table. Aften ten minutes' intensive search, she found it in a big bowl of poinsettias in the living room, nose down and empty. Bobby, she thought, was not only stubborn and ungracious; he was wasteful.

When the telephone rang, Mrs. Charles leaped to answer. It was April.

"Why, Mr. April, you are positively *telepathic!*" she bubbled. "I've been trying to get you all morning!"

"Yeah?" April said shortly. "Lemme talk to Bob."

"He can't come to the phone right now," Mrs. Charles said. "Listen, Mr. April, I've got to talk."

"Why not?" April demanded.

"He's in the bathroom," Mrs. Charles said on inspiration. "I want to talk to you about—"

"Send him down when he gets out of the bathroom," April said, and hung up.

"My, we're brusque this morning," mused Mrs. Charles as she applied lipstick with great care and fluffed out her silver-gold hair becomingly. "We'll need careful managing."

With this, she set a short course for Mr. April's suite on the mezzanine. She knocked on the door with crisp masculine authority.

"Okay, Skipper, come on in." April's voice sounded slightly muffled.

Mrs. Charles opened the door. Then she nearly fainted.

April was leaning over, facing her, trying to get a T-shirt off over his head. Except for this temporary garment, the barren interval between his neck and his toes was interrupted only by a pair of very brief shorts.

"Mr. April!" Mrs. Charles gasped. "Please! Cover yourself!"

April got the shirt over his eyes and took a peek at his caller. "What the hell!" he exploded, retreating toward the bedroom. "I thought it was Bob."

The telephone rang and Mrs. Charles trotted to the table and answered it. "Why, Bobby dear," she gurgled into the telephone. "Do come right up, won't you? Mr. April is waiting for you, dear."

"Who was that?" April called from the bedroom.

"Bobby," Mrs. Charles called back. "He'll be right up." She set the receiver on the hook, and stood staring down at the things on the table beside the telephone. Obviously, Mr. April had begun his disrobing out here. There was his gold cigarette case, and a fat wallet, and a key ring; and there was a stubby brass key on the ring with "Anchor Lock Company" engraved on it.

The hotel hostess situation could wait, Mrs. Charles decided. She picked up the key ring and detached the key.

"I really must be going now, Mr. April," she called flutily to the closed door. She backed toward the balcony.

"Good-by," Mr. April called, obvious relief in his tones.

Mrs. Charles went out and down the back way as fast as she could trot. Downstairs, she found the hotel bus waiting for its load. She climbed inside, the stolen key clutched tight in her palm.

BOB arrived a few seconds after her departure. April, now in dressing gown, came out of his room and greeted him affably. "Say, Skipper, I'd like you to do me a favor."

"What?" Bob said.

"I had a little trouble with Johnny O'Crotty," April told him. "He quit."

"Johnny quit?" Bob exclaimed in surprise.

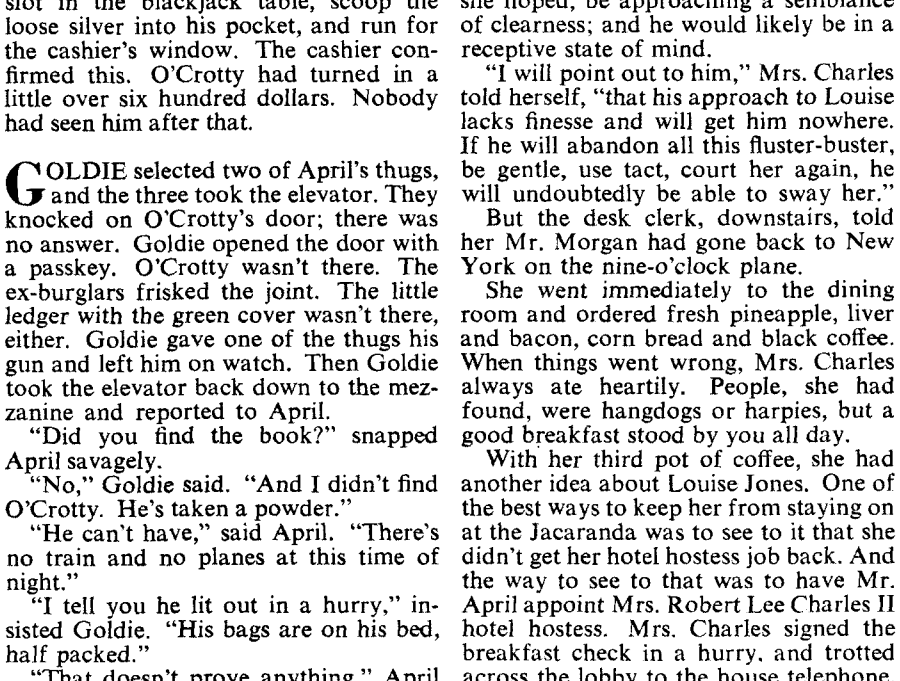
"Yeah," said April. "He's got kind of a quick temper, and we'd had two or three beefs. I think the real truth is, he wasn't happy out West here away from his wife."

"That's right," Bob agreed. "He's pretty crazy about Emily."

"Well, I don't like people working for me that aren't happy," April went on. "So we just called all bets off. Johnny took the train home this morning. He kind of left me in a mean spot. So I was wondering if you'd help me out."

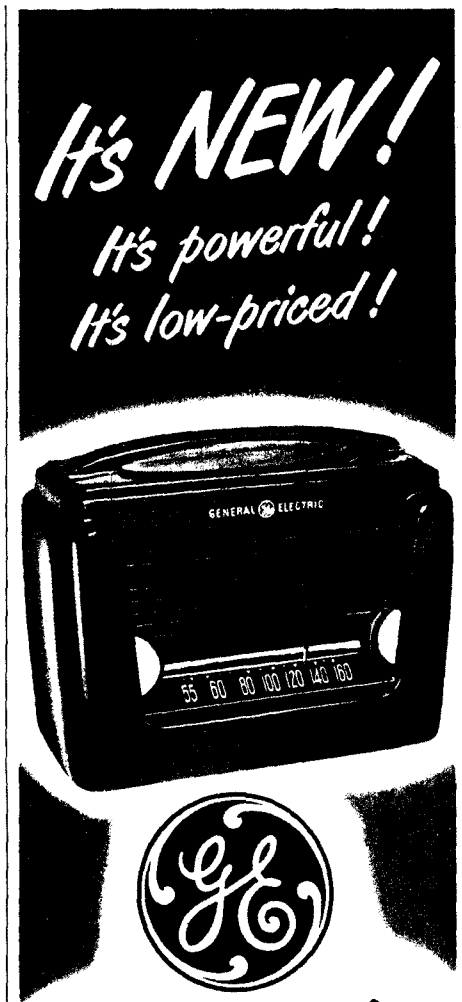
"Be glad to," Bob assured him.

"It's a little matter of a delivery in Jersey City," April said casually. "Some




"Ah, smell the fresh hamburgers, the fried onions, the mustard, the salt-water taffy"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN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papers have got to be there tomorrow. I thought maybe you'd fly them."

There was a pause. All at once Bob's eyes weren't so amiable.

"What kind of papers?" he asked.

"Oh, just business reports," April assured him.

"Are they going East in a black bag?" Bob asked.

"Sure," said April. "That's routine, Bob. Can I buy you a drink?"

"No, thanks," Bob said quietly. "And you can't sell me any trips East with black bags, either."

"Come on now, Skipper, relax!" April protested genially. "Nobody's going to get hurt."

"You won't; that's for sure," Bob said. "I might."

"I said relax!" April said curtly. "How long have you been working for me?"

"About a month."

"You live pretty good around here, don't you?"

"Yes," Bob said.

"And your mother, she lives pretty good, too," April said. "Besides living good, she steals anything that she can carry off."

"*You* relax, April," said Bob bluntly. "I told you about my mother when I took this job. You don't like people working for you that aren't happy. I'm not happy. Maybe you'd like to get another boy."

"I kind of like the boy I've got," April said. "You know why, Bob? He loves his mother. But there's something about his mother maybe he don't know."

"Such as what?" Bob asked.

"Such as maybe he don't know she killed a guy named Conejo the very first day she landed at the Jacaranda."

"Say that again," Bob demanded.

"Killed him with ant sirup out of my greenhouse," April said. "He died just about where you're standing."

"You're lying," Bob said. "You're lying in your teeth."

April reached for the house telephone behind him.

"Get me Mrs. Charles right away," he said. "I want her upstairs here in my apartment." He put the receiver back on the hook and faced Bob Charles. "You ask her," he said. "You'll find out."

A QUESTING bellhop, out on royal command, located Mrs. Charles in the bus, and practically dragged her forth to the summons. Mrs. Charles was convoyed through the lobby, wearing righteous indignation like a cloak. She was still wearing it when she faced Jack April and her son.

"What is the meaning of this?" she demanded.

"Mother dear," Bob said gently, "please don't get upset at what I'm going to ask you. I don't believe it; I know it's a lie. But April swears it's true; he says he saw you do it. I'm sorry as hell to have to upset you. But April says he saw you feed a man named Conejo ant poison."

"Oh, *that?"* Mrs. Charles said. "Oh, no, dear, I didn't *feed* it to him! I simply poured it in his Scotch and soda!"

"You did what?" Bob shouted.

"He had a gun, dear," babbled Mrs. Charles eagerly, "and he was going to shoot poor Mr. April."

Bob shook her shoulder. "You *didn't!* You *know* you didn't!"

"Now, Bobby dear, please don't lose your head," Mrs. Charles said in gentle reproof. "Naturally, I didn't know it would upset little Mr. Conejo's stomach so *seriously*. He must have had a dreadful allergy to it. I was simply shocked at what happened. Wasn't I, Mr. April?"

"Yes, you were," April said.

"Of course, I wanted to call the police immediately, but Mr. April said it simply wasn't fair to bother them. He suggested putting Mr. Conejo to rest in some cement in Lake Mead, and said he would handle the arrangements simply and quietly. I must say, I detest dismal music, and black gloves, and weeping relatives. Don't you, Bobby?"

Bob let go of her shoulders. "Mother." he pleaded. "You're—you're imagining things. You *didn't* do it. Because if you had, you would have come to me at the time and told me."

"Mr. April particularly asked me not to," Mrs. Charles explained. "It was our little secret he said. And I promised—"

"Oh, my God!" said Bob. He closed his eyes for a moment.

"*Please,* Bobby dear," begged Mrs. Charles soothingly. "Don't look so long-faced and upset."

Bobby reached out and patted her hand. "Go ahead, sugar," he said gently. "You go ahead and don't think anything more about this Conejo business. Forget it; everything's going to work out."

"Of course it is, dear!" Mrs. Charles beamed.

She bent down and kissed Bobby, bowed prettily to April, and pattered out.

There was a long silence. April took a deep drink from his highball and sat down on a bar stool. He leaned back and blew smoke rings at the ceiling, slowly, carefully, before he said, "Any happier now, about working here, Skipper?"

"Hell, no!" Bob snapped. "And I'm not working here!"

April slammed his glass down on the bar suddenly, snatched up a padlocked black bag, and tossed it at Bob's feet. "That's due in Jersey City in the morning. Get going."

Bob's jaw muscles tightened. "I'm not flying that bag, April!"

"Then it's your funeral, and your mother's. They'll put her away like preserves."

"They'll put *you* away, too, as an accessory!"

"Nobody can hang anything on me," April said, "without Conejo's body, and they'll never find his body."

"Then they'll *never prove he was poisoned!* Go ahead," Bob invited. "Open your mouth about my mother, and you'll end up swallowing a straight slug of your own ant sirup!" He went out, slamming the door after him.

On the slam, Goldie's bullethead poked through the balcony entrance. He had come up the greenhouse stairs.

"What's the matter with Bobby dear?" he asked. "He looked mad."

"He's got too big for his breeches," growled April. "I fired him. Take Krims off the faro bank. Tell him he'll fly the bag to Jersey, commercial."

The phone rang. Goldie answered it. "It's Augie," he told April. "Him and Tenney are staked out by 'The Little Gray Home in the West.' "

"Have they spotted who O'Crotty was with there?" April asked quickly.

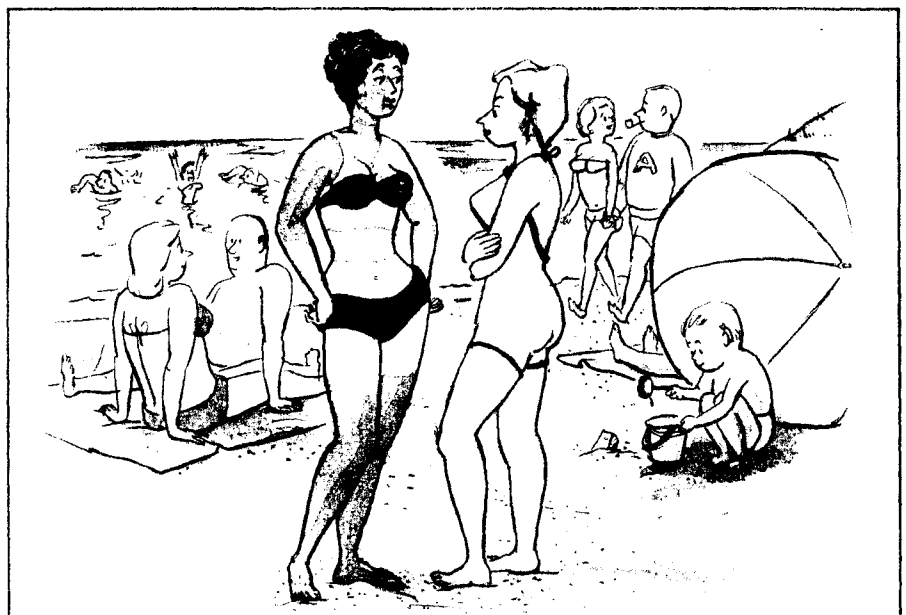
"Nothing stirring!" Goldie said. "Augie and Tenney wanta go eat."

"Tell them to eat one at a time," April ordered. "And the minute whoever it is sticks his head out, bring him up here. If O'Crotty talked, I've got to know what he said!"

LOUISE and Bob were walking in an enchanted twilight. They had watched the sunset over Boulder Dam, thrown a penny in Lake Mead for luck, and had dinner in a highway restaurant. Now they were idling back toward the Jacaranda along a desert trail, white under a full silver moon.

Everything had been ironed out between them. Bob had explained about quitting his job, and why. Louise was delighted, and not at all surprised about how it had happened.

Nor was the story of Mrs. Charles and Al Conejo and the ant poison too much of a surprise. However, it was a relief, she told Bob, finally to know the right answers to the mystery which had been plaguing her. She also told him about the thirty-eight automatic which they agreed must have been Conejo's and must be removed from Mrs. Charles's possession.



COLLIER'S "I only regret not buying it earlier in the season" J. M. MULLIGAN

Now, strolling along a dry wash, fringed with mesquite trees, they were approaching the rear reaches of the hotel property in companionable silence. Faintly, the harmonies of the dinner orchestra came to them, and, above the mesquite, they could see occasional spurts of high glittering spray from the powerful fountain that played in the patio.

The wash had curved abruptly now, and steepened. And here, along the sides, they suddenly came upon a buttressing project; a stepped-up concrete wall, still in its wooden drying frames, a water trough for workmen still in front. Bob stopped.

"What gives here?" he asked.

"New garages," Louise explained. "For guests' cars. Just the foundations and the retaining walls have been laid."

There was a mesquite log lying beneath the concrete steps. They moved to it and sat down. Bob took out his pipe, Louise leaned back against the wooden brace of the first concrete step, and looked up at the full moon, which was now directly overhead.

"Funny to think the same moon's shining on Kingman," she murmured.

"You wishing you were home, honey?" Bob asked.

"Not now," Louise said. "Not since I'm an engaged gal."

"I was going to wait till we got Mother's blessing"—Bob was digging in his coat pocket—"but that may take some time. Let's make it official. I've got a ring for you here somewhere."

She turned to him. "Oh, Bob, you shouldn't."

"I didn't buy it," he cut in hurriedly. "It's my mother's ring, my real mother's." He had found the box. He extended it to Louise. "Wait," he said, "I'll light the lighter."

The ring was of yellow gold, ornamented by a pair of clasped hands. Beneath them was carved one word "Mizpeh."

"It's a Hebrew word," Bob said. "It means watchtower."

"It means, 'The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.' " Louise lifted her eyes to his.

There was a silence between them for the space of a cricket's chirping. Then Bob said hesitantly, "Would you wear Mother's ring, honey, till I can buy you a diamond?"

"I'd be proud to wear it." The hand which she extended trembled in the moonlight.

Bob steadied it in his big palm and slid the ring on the engagement finger. "It's loose," he said, a little disappointed. "I'll have to have it cut down."

He started to draw it off, but Louise closed her hand into a fist.

"Nuhuh," she said firmly. "Don't take it off. I'll grow to it." She had turned to look up at him again, putting a hand behind her for support. Her hand missed the wooden retaining board of the lower step siding, and landed in the wet concrete. Louise jerked her hand free and shook it. It had gone in almost up to the wrist.

"What's the matter?" Bob demanded.

"My ring!" Louise cried, turning to the concrete behind them. "The ring slipped off my finger! It got pulled off!"

He flicked the lighter on and together they bent over the concrete step. The print of her fingers was settling back into semiflatness. Bob rammed his long fingers into the depression, and forced them back and forth through the grainy concrete.

"Roll my sleeve up," Bob said. She peeled his coat sleeve back above the elbow, and Bob shoved his arm down into the gravelly, half-solidified mass. Louise bent anxiously beside him, holding the lighter.

"We'll never find it, Bob."

"I'll find it, honey," he promised grimly. "If I have to tear this damned siding off."

He seized the top of the siding with his hands, braced his feet against the bottom, and gave a tremendous yank. His feet almost slid out from under him as the siding gave abruptly, torn loose from the supporting upright. He pushed his arm down into the concrete and forced it out of the form.

Louise, holding the flame, saw a gleam of gold. "Never mind, Bob, I've got it!"

THERE was a splitting sound and the whole siding gave. Bob sat down hard in the bottom of the wash.

"I said I had it," Louise insisted.

"*Now* you tell me," Bob said. He scrambled up and stood looking down at the shambles he had made of the lower step.

"Bob," Louise asked, "what is that sticking up in the concrete?"

Bob looked where she was looking. There was a dark protuberance in the concrete step—an upright protuberance.

"It—it looks like a foot," Bob said.

They stood a moment, staring at it. The wet concrete was sliding down faster now from the wide break in the siding. All at once, the whole mass fell away from the siding, and there against the wash's side hung the outline of a man's body. Louise stifled a scream.

Bob leaned over and, with a couple of quick movements, cleared the man's features. "Who is it?" Louise whispered.



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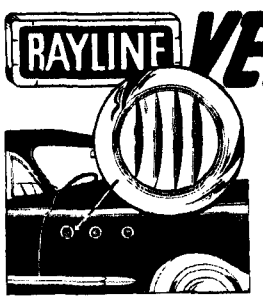
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"It's Johnny," Bob said in a flat, shaky voice. "Johnny O'Crotty. It seems he didn't go back East after all."

Louise suddenly felt sick. She pressed close to Bob. "Oh, Bob, what are we going to do?"

"We aren't going to do anything," Bob said. "But the police will do plenty. Come on, let's get out of here."

Her knees, Louise discovered, were quite dead. They refused to perform properly. She clung to Bob's arm.

"Listen," Bob said. "I'll grab a taxi at the stand, and you go up to the suite and lock the door. And tell Mother I said you were both to stay right there, and not open for anybody, understand? Until I come back. Got it?"

"Got it," Louise said weakly.

Bob gave her a quick kiss and a push toward the hotel.

NORMALLY, Louise was no fraidy-cat; but this was no normal occasion. It took all her will power to walk with hurried dignity up to the hotel entrance. And once she had gained the brightly lighted lobby, it seemed to her that she simply hadn't the strength to cross it to the elevators.

Never did I think, she told herself as the elevator slid upward, the day would come when I'd be anxious for the society of Mrs. Robert Lee Charles II.

When she let herself into the apartment, she locked the door. She also locked the windows which gave on the balcony, and drew the shades. She crouched on the couch beside the telephone and waited. . . .

Bob Charles was also waiting beside a telephone downtown. It had occurred to him, riding down in the taxicab, that reading the cold impersonal facts in tomorrow morning's newspaper was a pretty ghastly way for Emily to find out that she was a widow.

He would, he had decided, call her up and soften the blow; break the grim news to her as gently as possible. He had had the cabby deposit him at a drugstore instead of the police station. Here he had put in his long-distance call. The circuits were busy. Now he was waiting.

The telephone bell jangled. The operator said, "I have your party. Go ahead, please."

"Johnny?" Emily's soft, eager voice was suddenly in his ear. "Johnny, darling, aren't you coming home?"

"It's Bob, Emily," he said. "Bob Charles. I—I'm calling for Johnny. He won't be home."

"Johnny's dead!" Emily cried. "April found out and killed him, like I said he would, like I said from the start!" She was sobbing brokenly. "Why didn't he listen to me? Why didn't he listen to me? What did it matter if April cheated the government out of income tax . . ."

"Emily—Emily, child!" a soft pitying motherly voice was saying. "Come away."

"This is Tom Hackett," a man's voice said. "Emily's father. My daughter is unable to—" the voice thickened and broke. "Would you please give me the details?"

In short sentences, Bob sketched the scene in the desert for Tom Hackett. When he had finished, the old man said, "You were a good friend of Johnny's, I know."

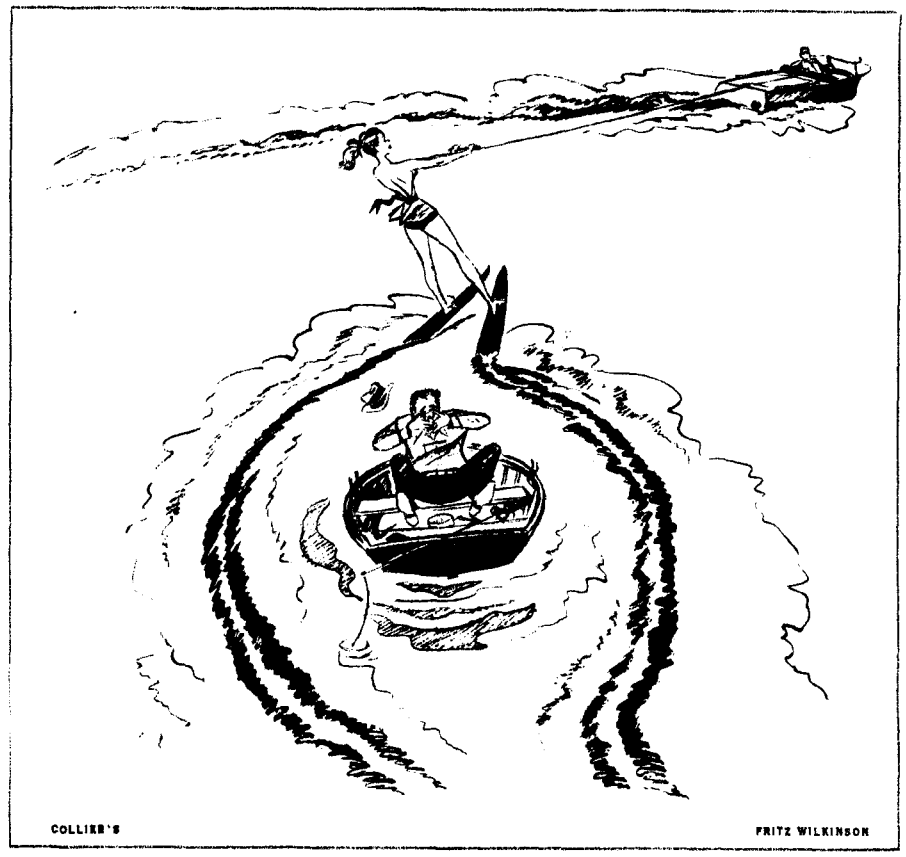
"Yes, Mr. Hackett," Bob said.

"Then you won't let out what my daughter, in her grief, let out. The newspapers shouldn't get hold of the fact that Johnny was on a Treasury assignment."

"They won't get hold of it through me," Bob said.

Long after the receiver had clicked in his ear, Bob stood there in the narrow confines of the telephone booth, staring down at the mouthpiece and not seeing it.

If I went back and ate humble pie, Bob reasoned grimly; if I offered to drive the plane for April—maybe I could get the dope to trap him—




Abruptly, Bob took the receiver off the hook and dialed the operator.

"Is there an F.B.I. agent in Las Vegas?" he demanded. "Or a United States Treasury officer? It's an emergency."

There were several seconds of silence. Bob could hear connections click and whispered, impersonal voices. Then a man came on the line.

"Who is calling, please?"

"This is Robert Charles, I'm a friend of Johnny O'Crotty's. I've got to talk to a Treasury man or the F.B.I."

"Go ahead," the voice said.

"Johnny's been killed."

The man's voice said, "How do you know that?"

"I saw his body a half hour ago in some concrete construction back of the Jacaranda Hotel."

"Where are you?"

"In a drugstore at Third and Main," Bob answered.

"Sit down at the counter. Order a cup of coffee and wait. Don't make any more phone calls." The connection broke sharply.

ACROSS the way from "The Little Gray Home in the West," the auto court on South Street, two cigarettes gleamed fitfully in the dark interior of a heavy sedan. One of them went out suddenly. "Okay, Augie," a voice said. "Someone's coming out."

The door of the little auto court cabin was opening. Silhouetted for a second against the light were two tall men. The light flashed off and the door closed. One of the men opened the door of the garage, into which a car had been backed. The other man got into the car, started the engine and switched on the lights. In the glow of the headlights, the face of the first man was visible for several seconds. He stepped aside as the car pulled out, locked the garage door, and then swung into the seat beside the driver. The two drove away.

"Start the damn' car," Tenney snapped. "That guy in the light—he's Ferris—a Treasury claw. We've got to get word to the boss."

Ten seconds after Tenney's call came through, Goldie erupted into April's suite. April was talking on the telephone, long-distance.

"They was feds in O'Crotty's cabin, boss!" Goldie gulped.

"Tenney saw 'em," Goldie insisted. "Tenney used to be a dick in Chicago. He says he saw Ferris come out of the cabin—one of the claws that helped take Capone!"

"So that's why O'Crotty wanted the green book!" snarled April. "Income-tax evidence—*he* was an agent!"

"And we ironed him out," Goldie moaned. "A federal man. Boss, we better blow town."

April sat like a stone for a few moments, thinking. "We'd better blow the country," he said. "Before morning."

BACK in the suite at the Jacaranda, Louise had given up sitting by the telephone. She was pacing the apartment. Her frightened heart seemed ready to bounce out of her breast. She had, in the past half hour, manufactured a thousand horrible things which could have happened to delay Bob.

If only Mrs. Charles would come back, the waiting wouldn't be so unendurable. Maybe—the thought was all at once near and sickening—maybe Mrs. Charles had inadvertently stumbled on something dangerous; something which threatened April's security. Maybe she, too, had been eliminated along with Johnny O'Crotty!

The crazy idea that she should run back to the desert wash and see if any more of the sidings held soft concrete began to gnaw at Louise. She moved to the outer door and put her hand on the knob. Then she dropped it to her side and gritted her teeth.

Bob had said stay here until he came or called. Racing out into the desert wasn't going to help the situation. If Mrs. Robert Lee Charles II's round inert little body was out there, embedded in concrete, it was too late now to do anything to help her.

*(To be concluded next week)*

*Beginning Next Week*

# JUST LIKE I HATE MONEY

**By JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS**

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# Dartmouth's Streamlined Mr. Chips

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

bothers Macy's. His only concern is preparing his students for jobs—and once they're prepared, placing them.

Quite naturally, word of Wellman's activity has spread around. More than 225 companies make a practice of approaching him first when they're looking for new blood to be veined into executive positions. The list is widely varied, and includes, among others, Johnson & Johnson, Wright Aeronautical, Corbin Screw, Armstrong Cork, Quaker Oats, B. F. Goodrich, American Optical and U.S. Gypsum, not to mention assorted department stores, advertising agencies, banks, silver companies, theaters and railroads.

Some organizations are so thoroughly convinced of Wellman's reliability that they have placed standing orders with him for two or three Tuck graduates every year. Sometimes, when Wellman can't supply a man for a particular job (this is rare), he gets unhappy letters of mild reproach from disappointed tycoons.

Although he sometimes has to let a company down, Wellman seldom, if ever, disappoints a student. During his tenure every boy who has wanted help in securing a job has got the help—and, in most cases, has gone on to nail the job. This fall around 156 students will enter Tuck School. By graduation time next June every one who passes through Wellman's job mill will have a spot waiting for him.

Last year, the average job waiting for a Tuck man paid a little over $3,000 per year. The best one paid more than $4,000. But Wellman's efforts in behalf of his boys seldom cease after they've framed their sheepskins. Many of them keep returning to Dartmouth or writing him for advice or assistance. In some cases he has placed men in four or five jobs, each better than its predecessor.

### Salaries Sometimes Doubled

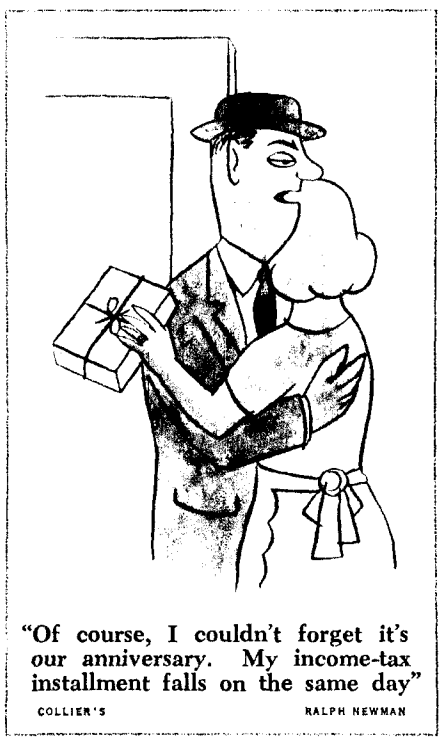
It's not uncommon for Wellman to shift a graduate from a post paying $7,500 to one that pays double that, and more. Last spring, just as he was clearing up his work, a company asked him to find a man who could fill a $40,000-a-year spot; he got to work on this with the same dispatch he ordinarily uses for jobs that pay one tenth that amount. Once he moved a man from a New York bank to a branch in Belgium, and from there to London to look after the interests of an American automobile manufacturer.

One of his toughest requests came from an oil company executive in China, who asked for four men, all of whom had to be crack polo players: the American company's team was being drubbed regularly by the British, and Wellman was enlisted to help the company save face. Since polo isn't a varsity sport at Dartmouth, Wellman had to turn this assignment down; it has always bothered him because he hates to think that the U.S. team might still be getting licked.

Wellman has never confined himself to helping Tuck School students and alumni; any Dartmouth man can ask his advice or assistance. His record has made him a legendary figure, and it's safe to say that ultimately he will become as much a part of the Big Green tradition as Eleazar Wheelock, whose instruction of savages in Moor's Indian Charity School, circa 1750, gave rise to the founding of Dartmouth itself. Wellman is easily one of the most popular professors in Hanover, and grateful graduates speak of him in terms of reverent but enthusiastic admiration. "You know," one of them remarked recently to a friend, "Harry is kind of the Mr. Chips of Dartmouth."

The remark is not altogether accurate. Wellman does indeed resemble the hero of James Hilton's 1934 best seller, but in the way that the new Lockheed F-90 resembles the crate the Wright Brothers launched at Kitty Hawk in 1903. Wellman is a streamlined Mr. Chips.

The latter lived in bachelorhood in his declining years, with a housekeeper to attend him; so does Wellman, who has never married. Mr. Chips liked to drink tea, and Wellman does too—a dish of it, every morning upon arising. Mr. Chips read a detective novel before retiring each night; Wellman's taste runs to fiction of the Wodehouse school, and he hates whodunits. Mr. Chips enjoyed receiving new boys, who came to his house at tiffintime; Wellman's big place is always open to new and old boys alike, who know that there's always beer in the



"Of course, I couldn't forget it's our anniversary. My income-tax installment falls on the same day"

COLLIER'S — RALPH NEWMAN

refrigerator and good conversation in the living room. They sometimes bang on his door in the middle of the night, wanting to pour out pressing personal problems that can't wait until morning, and Wellman, in pajamas, comes down and hears them out.

Mr. Chips's clothes were quiet and severely conventional; Wellman dresses like a particularly unrestrained freshman. His habitual costume, in addition to the green slicker and the turned-down hat, is a blue-and-green jacket, striped shirt and figured tie, plaid pants and colorful socks. Mr. Chips retired at sixty-five, but Wellman is going so strong that he dreads the day, due two years hence, when, at seventy, Dartmouth regulations will demand that he call his academic career quits. Mr. Chips spoke haltingly, with typical English reserve; Wellman's speech is direct, blunt and often profane, couched in a New England accent that somehow sounds like that of a sophisticated Titus Moody.

Although an ailing stomach and occasional migraine have troubled him for the past decade, they haven't diminished his vigor to any appreciable extent. Some time ago a Dartmouth junior asked a Tuck student for some information on advanced courses. "What about Wellman's Sales Management?" he inquired.

"Hell," the older boy said, "that's no course, it's an experience."

None of the students ever know how long a Wellman class period will be: Some days he'll make his point in 15 minutes, other times he'll take an hour. Every now and then he will put his charges to work on a problem and won't meet them again in classes for a couple of weeks. In the lecture room he is a restless, witty, thought-stimulating master, pacing the platform, drawing strange diagrams on the blackboard to illustrate his theses, and in general carrying out his theory that a teacher ought to be an actor. Sometimes, just to stir up an argument, he will make statements that he does not necessarily believe, and then he will wait delightedly for the boys to prove him wrong.

### Ads Are Analyzed in Class

Although he uses a textbook (Canfield's Sales Management), Wellman regards this merely as a springboard. He constantly emphasizes the practical. Sometimes he takes a newspaper advertisement to class, exhibits it, and puts the students to work analyzing it to determine why it is or isn't successful.

"He says he can teach the basic points in this course in three weeks," one of his students has said. "I think he's right—most of the work is practice based on the theories he tosses out in the beginning."

Wellman is strong for making his boys aware of the problems they will be facing in the future. Last year more than 50 visiting lecturers—all successful executives or government officials—traveled to Hanover to discuss business and industrial conditions and problems with Tuck School students.

As might be expected, this gives Tuck graduates an almost professional insight into business in general. In part, this explains why Wellman has been so successful in his placement program. Another part of the explanation lies in the school itself.

There are roughly three general classifications of higher business schools in this country. In the first classification are those which offer a four-year undergraduate program to train specialists; in the second are those giving a two-year undergraduate course, also in some specialty; in the third are those which offer a two-year course on a graduate level. Tuck is in this group. Dartmouth men can enter Tuck in their senior year, provided their academic records are high. Students from other colleges must have completed their undergraduate work with scholastic records above average. "We stress a broad background in liberal arts and in the sciences, because we're turning out executives here," Dean Herluf Olsen explains.

Wellman admires the Tuck system, but believes that it has some disadvantages. "It's a hell of a job keeping 'em unconscious of the fact that they're in an executive factory," he said last spring. "This year I had only one man who got executive-minded. I had to tramp him down. I talked to him about it, and I got everybody else—faculty and students alike—to help work on him. Well, he's not like that any more."

Grooming a student is commonplace in Wellman's conduct of the affairs of his personnel committee. Sometimes, when he sends a student into a certain job, he realizes that the boy has some personal mannerisms that might irritate his future boss. He then concentrates on eliminating these mannerisms before the boy goes to work. On several occasions he has talked employers into taking individuals, against their better judgment.

Last year he had one student whose record was virtually perfect: He had top grades, worked for self-support during the school year, and had an excellent record of summer employment. Yet his

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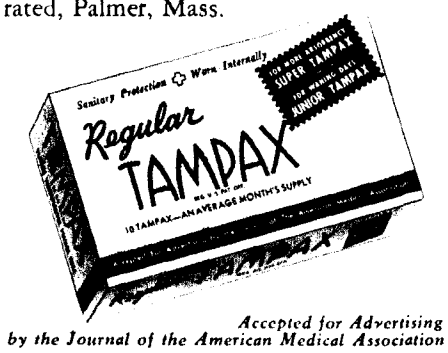


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personality was, as Wellman puts it, "negative." Wellman was convinced that the boy belonged with a certain company. An executive of that company came to Dartmouth looking for a man, and Wellman introduced him to this boy. The executive wasn't at all impressed.

"Look," Wellman said, "put him in a job where he'll be making analytical surveys. His personality won't matter, and you'll be getting the benefit of his ability." The executive took the advice, hired the boy, and today is delighted with "his" decision. "I get a hell of a kick out of creating jobs like that," Wellman later told an acquaintance.

### Overheard by a Reporter

When a boy is negative, Wellman doesn't hesitate to tell him about it, coldly and frankly but still sympathetically. Last spring a reporter overheard him giving the business to one of his charges. The boy had just returned from an unsuccessful interview, and the dialogue went like this:

Student: How'd I do?

Wellman: Hell! You didn't do anything.

Student: Why?

Wellman: Can you take some frank criticism today?

Student: *(Uneasily.)* I guess so.

Wellman: To begin with, you weren't interested in that job.

Student: They weren't interested in me. They had nothing to offer me.

Wellman: Whoa! You mean you had nothing to offer them. *(Leaning forward.)* Listen, I've been watching you around here. You're just not interested in other people. You haven't made any effort—you're negative. In the next couple of months, I want you to get out and meet some of the guys around this place. I want you to think about yourself, realize where you're deficient, and see if you can't get yourself behaving like a human being. If you'll admit that the improvement's got to come from you, I think we can get you a job.

The boy evidently was affected profoundly by this conversation. A few months later, his friends reported that he had changed considerably for the better; still later, Wellman was able to place him in a job.

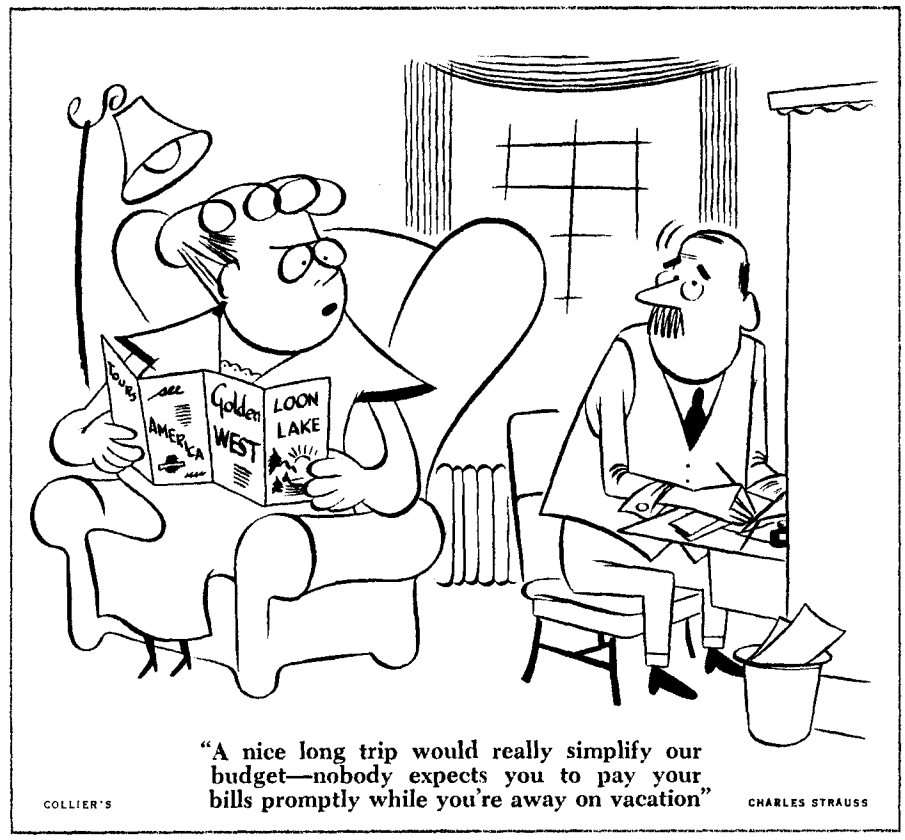
Even the first-rate, brilliant students sometimes foul up Wellman's routine. Last year one boy was offered three jobs, and took an extraordinarily long time about deciding which one to take. Wellman finally called him in. "Listen," he said, "you're holding up three jobs, two of which we might give to others—now for Heaven's sake take one and free the other two." The boy made his decision almost immediately.

Wellman's boys are trained to treat prospective employers courteously, but to be firm with them. Last year one lad was offered a job by a company at about half the salary he had expected. Without mincing words he told the executives the figure he had to have. They said they couldn't meet it—but the following week they called Wellman and said that the boy had made such an impression that they had decided to raise the ante.

From all this it should be clear that most of Wellman's success is predicated upon a keen knowledge of his students and of the companies into which he sends them. The personal-acquaintance factor has always been his first concern. He remembers that when he was nine, working in his father's general store, a traveling salesman for a dry goods firm said to him, "Harry, when you grow up you ought to keep on doing business with people." Wellman says that he didn't find out what the man meant until much later, but that he never forgot those words. They formed the keystone of his career.

He was born Harry Richmond Wellman in Lowell, Vermont, in 1881. His father's name was Leigh Richmond Wellman; his grandfather was Jubilee Leigh Richmond Wellman, the first minister in the northern part of the state. In addition to the general store, Leigh Wellman ran a chain of five small sawmills, and Harry and his sister, his three half sisters and his two half brothers had to work in the store from about the time that they were able to walk. One of his recollections of those days is that his father used to rout the kids out of bed in the mornings and make them clean the store's spittoons. Harry dreaded Saturday especially, since on that day the elder Wellman made him and his brothers go out and salt down calfskins, an odious task.

Today Wellman is thankful that this early pattern of work was never broken. In his teens he entered Derby Academy, in a small town near Lowell. He re-




"A nice long trip would really simplify our budget—nobody expects you to pay your bills promptly while you're away on vacation"

COLLIER'S — CHARLES STRAUSS

solved to work his way through, since the tuition was more than he wanted his father to pay. After a year his father died suddenly, and he returned to Lowell to assist his mother with the store. He stayed with her nearly four years, and didn't resume his education until he was nearly twenty. Then he entered Brigham Academy, in Bakersfield, Vermont.

He was twenty-two when he graduated. At this age most boys are getting out of college and going to work, but Wellman was determined to have a better education. He went to Dartmouth with $10 in his pocket and a bedroll under his arm. Since he arrived there after the term had started, most of the part-time jobs were taken; for a week he lived on a daily diet of cold cereal (ten cents) and two bananas (six cents).

### Summer at the St. Louis Fair

Finally, in desperation, he told the man in charge of the dining room at College Hall that he would have to have a job or quit. The man put him on the slop detail. Later he graduated to the dining room, where he served as checker—and still later he put in some time tending furnaces, shoveling coal and snow, and mowing lawns. At the end of that year he headed for St. Louis, the site of the 1904 exposition, where he worked all summer pushing tourists around in rolling chairs.

In his sophomore year his schedule was even more crowded. He worked in the dining room from six to eight in the morning, went to classes from eight to twelve; sold clothing in a store from one to five; studied until around seven; then worked as a night checker in a local grill until midnight. In his junior year he and a friend found time to write an original comic opera, The Founders, which a New England impresario put on the road. "I made enough money so that I didn't have to work so damn' hard my senior year," he recalled recently. Later he helped write another show, The Prom Girl, which featured the song, Men of Dartmouth, now the school's alma mater.

Wellman plays the piano expertly, and one summer took a job as assistant stage manager for a traveling company of Beauty and the Beast. For a time he considered the stage as a career, until his mother went to Lowell, Massachusetts, where the troupe was playing, and dragged him home.

"But," he protested to his mother, "why couldn't I become a second Belasco?"

"And," said Mrs. Wellman, who was not impressed by worldly glory, "what if you did?"

His outside activity, plus his extracurricular interests in school (he was one of the most active men in the senior class), had a noticeably disastrous effect upon his marks. "They were always terrible," he once remarked. "I should've got the general improvement prize just for graduating."

The marks apparently didn't make any difference to Dartmouth's President William Jewett Tucker because he asked him to stay on after graduation as supervisor of dormitories. That was in 1907, and even then Wellman was thinking about personnel work and placing boys in jobs around the campus. Two years later he went to Boston, where he became secretary of the Retail Trade Board of the Chamber of Commerce. Later he was made secretary of the Trade Extension Committee of the same organization and, still later, assistant to the chairman of the Board of Port Directors. Finally, he decided to go into business.

His career was short but spectacular. The first year he was in charge of men's advertising for Filene's, a Boston department store. Then he went to the Walter M. Lowney Company, manufacturers of chocolate and candy. His first job was advertising assistant; the following week he was made advertising manager; in six months, sales manager; by the end of the year he was in charge of all sales and advertising. By 1917 he was a vice-president.

World War I changed his life completely. He went into Army personnel work as a civilian, serving in a group which included an impressive list of college presidents: Dr. Walter Dill Scott, later president of Northwestern; Dr. Robert Clothier, of Rutgers; Dr. Stanley King, of Amherst; and Dr. Ernest M. Hopkins, of Dartmouth.

"We were in charge of the misfits," Wellman later said. "You know, those with both mental and physical disabilities—the men with hernias and other minor injuries as well as those who were almost moronic; all the ones who wouldn't fit into the Army as it was then constituted. I got so interested in trying to fit those men into jobs in which they could serve their country that by the time the war was over I didn't have any further interest in becoming a part of business again. So I went back to Dartmouth."

This step meant giving up his job and taking a salary cut of around $12,000 a year—a considerable hunk of cash in those days (or, for that matter, in these days). At Tuck he immediately set up his personnel committee, which has functioned so effectively that other colleges and universities have tried to copy it. He has never regretted his decision; he grows a little indignant, in fact, if people ask him this question. "Hell!" he will say, heatedly. "I'm doing what I want to do, and I'm doing it as well as I know how. What more could a man want?"

### Two Generations Compared

This modern Mr. Chips is a happy man—but he is still far from being "settled." Some days, in addition to meeting with his class, he will interview from 15 to 20 boys. He says that he has to be on his toes to keep up with the ones that come to him these days. "These boys are brighter and quicker," he says. "They're sharper, on the whole, than they were 25 years ago."

Wellman lives in a big house at the edge of the Dartmouth golf course, sharing it with an older half sister, Mrs. Hattie Weatherby. In the afternoons he likes to go out and grub in his flower garden; he says that he doesn't play golf because he isn't old enough.

In the summers he goes to Newfoundland, Nova Scotia or New Brunswick to fish for salmon (he caught a 39-inch, 35-pounder there in 1932, one of the largest ever taken from the Miramichi River).

Wellman has always been a bachelor, although he was engaged while he was with the chamber of commerce in Boston. At that time he wasn't quite ready to get married, and the girl and her mother weren't quite willing to wait. Just as Mr. Chips was reluctant to discuss his bride who died, Wellman seldom speaks of this incident in his life. As one of his friends on the Tuck School faculty remarked not long ago, he apparently buried his sorrow and threw himself into the job of helping his students.

Only his closest friends realize that Wellman has sent ten boys through college and, in some cases, through graduate school. He doesn't like to discuss this, but upon being pinned down he will talk briefly about his wards. One wrote a Broadway hit revue last season; another is a full professor at a Massachusetts college; another is consulting physician in a large metropolitan hospital; three are schoolteachers, and the rest are in business. Last spring, while talking about these boys with a visitor, Wellman's quick, vigorous voice trembled a little with pride. Then his pleasant, wrinkled face broke into a smile. "They're my excuse for living, if there is one," he said. THE END



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*"I was curious...*

*I tasted it...*

*Now I know why Schlitz is...*

*The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous!"*

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# Governor Going Places

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Also he boldly tackled a job that had been studiously avoided by many an officeholder before him—reorganization of the administrative branch of the state government. At the time, that intricate task, complete with political dangers for anyone tackling it, was being pondered by two commissions—one a state affair and the other the Princeton University Surveys.

But it was not until he became governor in 1946 that he got adequate elbow room in which to go to work. He was elected by a plurality of 221,000 the largest vote given any Republican governor in New Jersey's history. His campaign had been a model of decorum, wholly typical of the candidate.

### Campaign Rivals Ignored

It was attended by neither fist shaking, red fire, wahooing nor hallelujahs. He denounced no rival. He paid very little attention to rivals. His speeches were brief, concise and simply put. He was for fair labor practices, compulsory arbitration in labor disputes, and revision of the state's constitution—written more than a hundred years back to meet conditions a hundred years gone. He made no glittering promises. He merely made it clear that he would give New Jersey good government if it wanted it.

He also made plain his criticism of the federal government—its trend, not its personnel. He believes that Washington has taken over so many of the relief and welfare activities which should be the duties of the several states, that it has deprived itself of the time to do a proper job in such constitutional obligations as foreign relations and defense. He says, too, that our federal government would be more useful if our national politicians spent more time studying history and less analyzing the election returns. Nor can he see why there should be federal and state duplication of taxes —income taxes for example.

The mere fact that during the past 15 years the United States government has given $15,000,000,000 in direct subsidies to businessmen and farmers doesn't pain Driscoll so much as what he considers the inefficiency of such handouts.

"Any state of average wealth and average taxable resources," says Mr. Driscoll, "neither needs nor wants federal aid as a handout device. If the federal government will hand back to the states the gasoline tax, the inheritance tax, the alcoholic beverage tax, they will be able to finance needed services and activities themselves. This will do much to eliminate inefficiency, waste and irresponsibility of federal financing of local services. If the Congress is genuinely interested in economy, it can well begin by terminating grants to states where there is no demonstrated need."

Ably assisted by the New Jersey Commission on State Administrative Reorganization and the Princeton University Surveys, and later by the State Constitutional Convention, he made a modern charter out of the old constitution, revised the state judiciary and condensed more than 80 state departments and bureaus into 14. He abolished a picturesque collection of completely useless jobs and functions.

Urged on by Driscoll, whose weapons are facts and not flourishes, the legislature raised the minimum pay for public school teachers from $1,200 to a minimum of $2,200 a year. To pay for this and incidental school improvements, a tax of three cents per pack was imposed on cigarettes.

A few serious smokers and those who had been doing a nice business selling untaxed cigarettes by mail to near-by states regarded this as a personal affront and a radical attack on private enterprise. Of course a few of them began to believe that perhaps there was something to what Frank Hague's boys were saying about Driscoll being a Communist. Undaunted, the governor proceeded to place upon local boards of education the duty of maintaining accident insurance to protect rural school children while riding in school busses or taking part in athletics.

This accident-insurance business at once inspired many of Mr. Hague's less thoughtful stooges to cry out that here was surely proof positive that this Presbyterian governor was at heart a Socialist and no fooling. Thus they were warning the huge Catholic element in Jersey City's electorate that a real menace occupied the governor's office and that, as Catholics, they should fight it to the death. The warning and call to arms didn't go down well at all. The voters had better memories. They had not forgotten the "Catholic School Bus Proviso."

**Indispensable**

**A birthday's a bore,**
**But without any doubt**
**It's the one thing on earth**
**You can't live without.**

**—KATHARINE WIMAN**

In New Jersey's new constitution there was a clause which had it that public funds were to be available to pay for the carrying of children to and from school. At Mr. Driscoll's insistence it stipulated that there should be no discrimination between public and parochial school children. This proviso had been fought hard by the Protestants. But Mr. Driscoll, the Presbyterian deacon, ignored them. So the Catholics refused to get excited by the Haguish warnings.

Then Governor Driscoll came forth with a plan which would insure sickness benefits—nine to twenty-two dollars a week—for persons unemployed because of sickness. Employers themselves take care of this, buying their insurance either from the state or from private companies, whichever they choose.

Perhaps we are not keeping these Driscoll activities in their chronological order, but that's not too important. The prison system got a vigorous overhauling. Juvenile delinquents were separated from adult criminals, and both the young and old who had landed themselves behind bars were now regarded as problems to be solved or illnesses to be treated, rather than merely as felons to be punished.

The rewritten constitution made it illegal to segregate the Negro soldier in New Jersey's National Guard. Segregation was thus abolished, and without the rioting, bloodshed and wild insurrection predicted by the pessimists.

He put every energy behind the Freeman Bill which, now law, makes it illegal and smartly punishable to discriminate against anyone because of his color, creed or race in any "place of public accommodation." And that is defined to include employment agencies, labor organizations, hotels, schools, theaters, restaurants, taverns, hospitals and on down to shooting galleries and night clubs. For violating this particular law you can go to jail for a year or be fined $500 or both.

In going about all this, Mr. Driscoll is about as haphazard as a cyclotron. One might just as well try to stampede the Statue of Liberty. Until he is satisfied that all available facts have been obtained and correlated and then tidily digested, you can get no commitment at all from him. There was his low-rent housing and slum clearance program, for example. New Jersey's real-estate boards opposed his proposition vigorously but as usual Mr. Driscoll had the answers. Said one of his opponents, a residence builder, "That little guy seems to have a fact for every nail. He has counted all the shingles. Maybe he couldn't build a house himself but I'd hate to argue it with him."

Driscoll's plan sets up a fund of $100,000,000 to be raised by tax-exempt bond issues. As far as possible the dwellings to be built—perhaps 50,000—would be erected by private constructors who can finance themselves by borrowing from the $100,000,000 fund at, say 2 per cent. The houses would rent for $35 to $50 a month. War veterans with families would get first preference. After that applicants in greatest need would get the call. It was to be expected that this would be denounced as Socialism—and it was. But Governor Driscoll seems never to hear factless criticism.

"The state's role in this program," says he, "will be that of a prodder and stimulator. I have no desire to put the state of New Jersey into the housing business. Government ownership of the shelter of its citizens is not desirable except where absolutely necessary. Our program is based on municipal initiative and home rule. It is offered as an opportunity to stem the tide of nationalism and ever-increasing federal control."

Driscoll goes along without reservation for the Marshall Plan. Without being too specific he endorses our current foreign policy although it is easily seen that he believes we have acted more than once for no better reason than political expediency.

He is considerably concerned about the health of our boasted two-party system. The readiness of the old reactionary elements in both parties to combine against the younger and more progressive groups suggests to him that a new alignment is indicated, and with this new alignment, a party reshuffling and a reorganization. However his comments along such lines are few and guarded. It is still an intellectual exercise with him, not a political avowal.

He has unflinchingly insisted on civil rights—constitutional rights—even for those whose political philosophy he despises. When several efforts were made last November in New Jersey to forbid barkers for Henry Wallace's side show to holler, the governor protested even when he knew that there was nothing he legally could do about it. It was his opinion that no one could discount a false philosophy so quickly and completely as a blatherskite exponent of it.

To the overheated patriots who would deny the platform to such aspiring orators, he merely said, "Those who advocate a continuation of our American way should adopt that way and abide by the letter and the spirit of the Constitution." He added that he knew that Communists and their stooges were "adept at raising and developing incidents" but it was still his opinion that the loud voice of an ignorant rabble rouser is much less dangerous than an officially forbidden voice which leaves too much to the undisciplined imagination.

### Opposes Reds in State Jobs

Nevertheless he would bar Communists from holding public office in the state. And this is not merely because they are Communists, but because Communists will work, not for the state's welfare, but for the promotion of Marxism.

A very occasional drink (never in public) seems to satisfy his scarcely noticeable appetite for alcohol. Because of such abstemiousness the Hague crowd tried to hang the prohibitionist sign on him. That didn't work because Driscoll has made it clear that in his opinion drinking is the individual's business and that the individual who drinks too much is either silly or sick.

Driscoll has read virtually everything that Franklin Delano Roosevelt, as President, ever said or wrote. He explains that he wants to find out "what made him so popular." He has read everything of Winston Churchill's, too, and restricts his spoken opinion to an expression of sincere admiration for the Churchillian prose. And he reads and rereads the Bible. "It has influenced me perhaps more than any other book," he says.

Governor Driscoll is the father of three youngsters—Patricia Ware, sixteen, Alfred Tatem, thirteen, and Peter Eastlack, ten. His wife is the former Antoinette Ware Tatem, the daughter of a rich and distinguished New Jersey family. Mr. Driscoll is financially extremely well-to-do himself, the law, banking and inheritance having done very well by him.

His recreations are neither varied nor, to the average citizen, exciting. He says he doesn't play golf because he can't afford it, a statement which is about as true as it's important. Hiking is given as one of his favorite pastimes but most of it seems to be taken out in pacing the floor of his office. Occasionally he goes to the theater but the movies bore him.

Seldom have we seen a governor who enjoyed so much taking his job seriously. THE END

## Next Week

**ARVEY of Illinois**
**New-Style**
**Political Boss**

•

**OUR SHAMEFUL RECORD IN VETERANS' HOUSING**

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# The Girls of Laurel Court

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

make noises instead of ice; her gas range was new and well insulated; within two years her entire apartment had been redecorated, and even had gray-and-white-striped paper on one of the living-room walls.

Wholly superior, efficient and cool, she did not approve of correcting or punishing children, and never seemed to be looking when her son wrested the toys from other children, pushed them, kicked them or bit them. In the evenings, the girls had been told, Alison and her husband sat down undisturbed to listen to a symphony a half hour before dinner. They dined by candlelight every night of their lives.

The girls could have murdered her.

THAT made the blow all the harder to bear. If there'd even been a word of *warning*, they said later. But the afternoon passed like countless others. The Good Humor man drove up with his familiar, jingling chimes, and doll carriages, bicycles and scooters were abandoned while mothers ransacked their handbags for change. A few minutes later, with peace restored, young Richard Vreeland rode against little Donny Farmer and caused him to drop his melting ice cream into his mother's lap; baby Janet Macauley got hold of Lauren Bernstein's doll, and refused to give it up; little Peggy Rolf had an accident. The girls, about to separate for the afternoon, were agreeing that they'd probably be stuck here in Laurel Court for another twenty years when Alison quietly set off her bomb.

"I suppose you've all heard the news?" Composed and smooth-browed, she looked up from her sewing with a smile. "That we're moving?"

*"What?" "Moving?"* "Where?" "Moving? *Who's* moving?"

"We're moving to Massachusetts. Richard's been made New England manager, and he's found us the loveliest little house."

The girls screamed in unison.

"It's one of those long, low, white, colonial houses with birch trees around it, on a little knoll, on an acre and a half of land." Other attractions fell on the stunned ears of the listeners.

"—the most enormous closets—wood-burning fireplaces downstairs, and one in the master bedroom—apple trees—beach and a little private club only a mile away—"

About to leave them, she said, "It's one of those chances for advancement that comes once in a lifetime, and we've had to act very quickly. Of course if Richard sees an opportunity, he's right there Johnny on the spot, but it gives me scarcely any time to pack. We're leaving Wednesday, you see."

"Wednesday?" They screamed again, and one of the girls nearly fell off the bench. "This *coming* Wednesday? So *soon?*"

"Say, wait a minute!" Excitement mottled Peggy Rolf's face, and she sprang out of her chair, an ungainly figure balanced on bare thin legs and large flat sandals. "D'you tell Silverman you're leaving?" She shivered with eagerness. "I mean if no one's got your apartment, I—I'll take it! I'll move right in! I'll even carry the stuff upstairs on my back! If I could only get one extra room!"

"Oh, Peggy! If I'd only known! It was taken just last night! A cousin of mine called up, and just by accident she happened to mention she was looking for a—"

Without hearing the rest, Peggy Rolf collapsed into her chair with a jolt. After Alison went in, there was a long silence. The garden seemed to have shriveled; the colors everywhere turned metallic and flat. Carefully ignoring the tears that reddened Peggy Rolf's eyes, the girls found it difficult to speak. Finally one of them said, "Wouldn't it be just her luck?" *"Wouldn't* it?"

"No, but—but really, I'm glad for her sake," Kathryn Macauley said with her nervous smile. "I mean it's nice. It's nice to hear of someone getting ahead." And being a kind girl, she tried her best to feel that it was nice, but inwardly another Kathryn, with a childish gesture, threw her arm over her eyes, sank down and burst into tears.

DEE FARMER unlocked her apartment, and led Donny inside. "See?" she was chiding softly. "See what you did to Mommy's new dress?"

"Hi, out there!"

"Don? Oh, you frightened me! *I* didn't know you were home." She walked through the living room into the bedroom where her husband was changing his clothes.

"I waved, but you and the gals were talking so hard—" He came over and kissed her. "Hello, Dee. What was all the excitement down there?"

"Oh—" She tried to dismiss Alison's good fortune. "Just the usual. Was it hot downtown?"

"Brutal. Where's Donny?—*Here* he is!" The little boy had come to the doorway, and after hesitating, smiled and ran over to his father. *"Hello,* Donny!" Don swung him up in the air, and hugged him. "Did you have fun today? Were you a good boy to your mommy?"

"Wonderful," Dee said. "Look what he did—spilled a Good Humor all over my dress."

"Is it ruined?" Don's voice was careful, without expression.

"I don't know. It doesn't matter."

The peach-colored bedroom, furnished with an average-priced mahogany suite and the boy's junior bed, looked unusually crowded and hot. Framed flower prints from the five-and-ten hung on the walls. The draperies, however, and the spread on the double bed, were opulent, of ice-blue satin, a gift from Dee's mother.

"A letter for you there, Dee. Number two thousand, three hundred and four." Self-consciously she picked it up and held it unopened in her hands. "What's the matter?" he asked. "D'you feel tired? Why don't you lie down? I'll give Donny his bath."

"Oh, would you? This heat is—" But it wasn't that. It was Alison saying, "A mile from the beach—A long, white colonial house—"

Dee stepped out of the dress, walked over through the heat, turned aside part of the blue satin spread and lay down. A five-minute rest, she thought, and then I'll go out, clean up the kitchen, wash the breakfast dishes, get Donny's dinner, set the table, fry the liver and bacon, boil the corn—But it's *so* hot. And there's no use, I hate doing it, I hate living here, and I hate this room. It's so ugly—

Fighting against self-pity, she ripped open the envelope. *"My dearest girl:"* Slanting violet script on pale blue paper stamped at the top with The Willows. *". . . to tell you again you are doing yourself and the child no good by remaining in the hot city. I am so terribly lonesome . . . would give me such pleasure to have you and my darling grandson here once more . . ."*

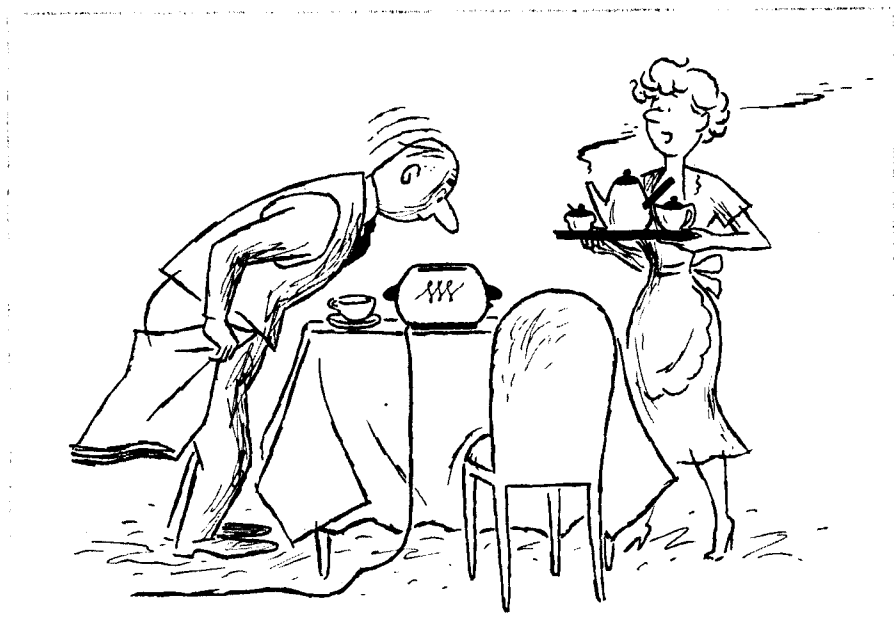
Tears of homesickness formed at the back of her throat, but on memory's screen, the steady face of her husband spoke to her: "Look, Dee, you see how it is: I come up here on week ends, and the kid's forgotten me—won't even *look* at me!"

*"Dr. Marshall has been in to see me again, and says rest and more rest. I should not be alone. The weather here is lovely, cool every evening. Sophie's daughter is coming out to help her, and would gladly look after Donny. You would have a complete rest."*

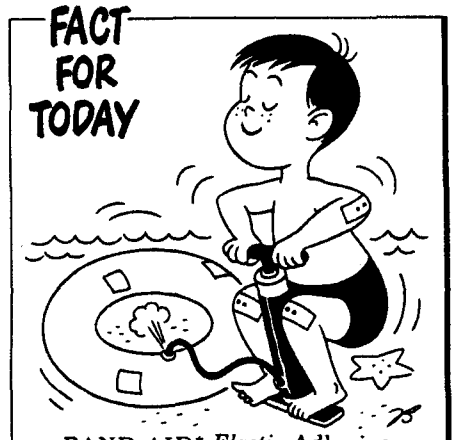
"Maybe she does mean well, but darn it, Dee, she's spoiling him! They drive into town every day, and he can pick out any present he wants. Hell, a kid should know you're his mother, I'm his father, that we're the ones who'll be responsible, and take care of him. And when we speak to him, he's got to obey! I tell him he can't have any more candy going to bed, and I catch her sneaking it to him, telling him not to pay any attention to me, I don't know anything—"

THE bedroom throbbed with red sunlight. Dee fanned herself with the letter before reading on. *"The beach is lovelier than ever. The Piersons are back, they had the most dreadful time in Europe. They say Nancy and Edwina are coming for the rest of the summer. If you will come, I will gladly send fare and have the car meet you at Hyannis."*

When Dee closed her eyes, the long cool waves rolled in on the beach, but she clung for strength to the other voice, the steady face: "Dee, she undermines, she buys people with her kindness. All right, she's been sick, but this is im-



COLLIER'S "Careful dear—it's loaded!" GEORGE WOLFE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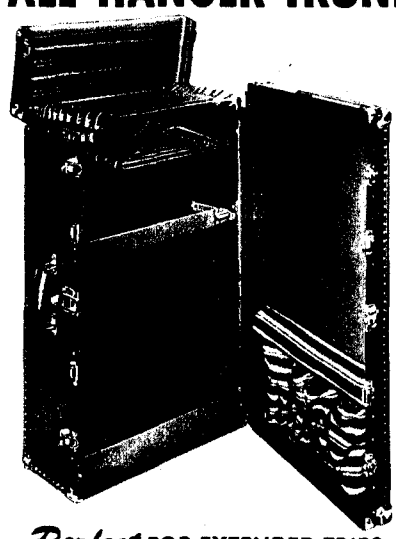

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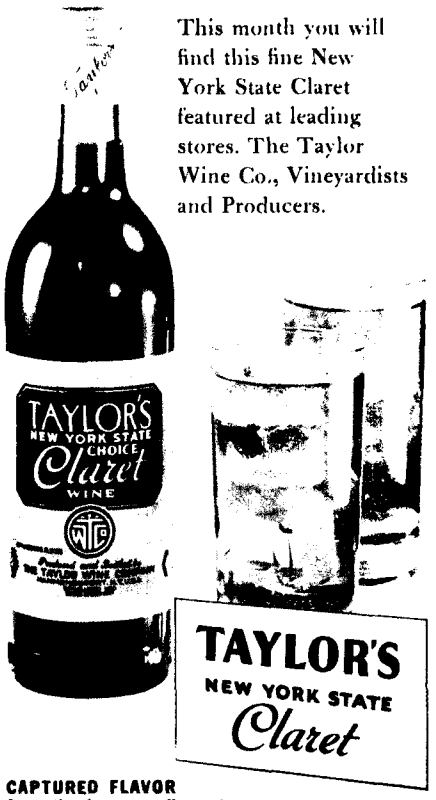


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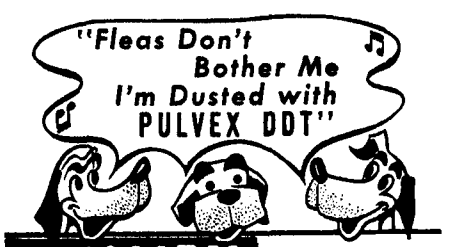


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portant! We ought to be in a place *I* pay for! That's more important than having a car we don't own, a chauffeur to take me to the train, a nursemaid for our kid. I have no right to open my mouth there, and you have no responsibilities. You told me yourself there were times at the club when you forgot you were ever married—"

But the waves piled up, rolled over his face, drowned his voice, and rushed in with edgings of white foam. *The beach is lovelier than ever! Sophie's daughter is coming out! The Piersons are back! If you will only come, I will gladly send the fare—*

Dee struggled up, pushing the damp hair from her forehead. The breakfast dishes to wash. Liver and bacon to cook. Clothes drying on the roof. Ironing tonight. Tomorrow the kitchen and bathroom to scrub; shopping for the week end; and in the afternoon, sitting on display out in that hot dirty courtyard—

"You mean *real* Marines?" Don was asking when she walked into the warm bathroom. "Never! They *never* cry!—Where's that other foot?"

"Don," she said, disliking herself, "would—would you mind very much if we went out to eat tonight, the three of us? We could get a taxi and go someplace that's air-cooled. I'm too exhausted to get a dinner ready. I feel just awful." That was the opening wedge: She would be so listless and tired for the next few days, that by the end of the week, she would have to go up to her mother's for a nice long rest.

PEGGY ROLF called loudly, "What's the matter with you in there? You can hear the baby crying, can't you? Can't you pick him up? He's yours too, you know." Wet and red-faced, in a cotton brunch coat that strained toward closing and came just to her knees, she was rushing about in an overheated kitchen as narrow as a ship's galley, and considerably more upset. "I'm going like a *steam* engine out here, while you listen to the ball game!"

"Say something to me, Pal?" Her husband, Ed, squeezed around the play pen, and appeared mildly in the kitchen doorway, a short, stocky figure in a T-shirt and faded, too-small, sun-tan pants. A glass of beer was in one hand, the stump of a cigar in the other. His week end's relaxation had begun.

"I *said,*" said Pal, "do you *have* to have that radio blasting away like that?" She drained boiling water into the sink, holding her face away. "I should think you'd have something more important on your mind than that!"

He looked at her in blank surprise. "Like what?"

"Well, I don't know what, but other men seem to be able to concentrate on more important things."

"Who?" he asked, searching for a clue. "Give me a for instance."

"Oh, how do I know who?" Too often she had held the Vreelands up for derision, and had joined Ed in many a good laugh at their expense. "All I know is while you're addling your brain on baseball scores, other men are thinking of getting ahead, and doing something for their families."

"Hey, what *is* this? The heat got you down, or what? What's all the bellyaching for all of a sudden?"

"No one's bellyaching, to use your elegant term—" And her withering glance compared him, with his receding hair and bulging waistline, to Alison's slim, successful, unfriendly husband. "All I'm saying is I don't get any more help around this place than if I were a horse!"

"Well, what do you want me to do?"

"Bring the baby out here and put him in his high chair. And turn that radio off! That's one thing you can do!" That was also one way she knew she could punish him. "You can set the table too, if you expect any supper tonight."

Ed Rolf knew hurricane warnings when he saw them. He searched no longer for the reason, but Red Barber's voice disappeared from the living room, and the baby was established in his chair. "We're going to have a new deal around here," Peggy announced. "No more of this business of one person doing all the work." She hitched her chair closer to the baby's.

Drawing in his stomach as far as it would go—which was not far enough—her husband began to squeeze past the back of her chair, making repeated trips as he set the table. Each time he bumped past, carrying one thing—the sugar bowl, or the bread, or the glass of spoons—she felt an unreasonable jet of anger released. Everything annoyed her: the heat, the baby's wandering attention, his beard of carrots, a fly, the kitchen furniture and cabinets she had long ago painted bright fireman red.

Glancing inside, aware of stillness about her she saw her husband sitting on the sofa. It was their one good piece and there was a clarofilm cover on it. He was leaning far over its arm, his head in front of the radio, tuned down to a whisper. For a moment her heart softened. Poor slob, she thought—until she noticed he had taken out his golf clubs and had begun the Friday-night ritual of polishing them. The Saturday game on the public course was the high spot of his week. Across the barricade of baby carriage and play pen, their eyes met.

"Oh, I *see!* Getting yourself set for your little game tomorrow." Her voice rose. "Well, if you want to know something, you can just call it off!" She hadn't intended to say that at all, but once it was out, there was no honorable way of retracting it. "I'm sick of plunking out in front of this apartment, minding the kids, while you go off to have a fine old time for yourself. I should think on your day off, you'd want to give *me* a hand!"

This unexpected thrust left him stunned. Then he snapped the radio off, and jumped up, suddenly helpful and conciliatory. "Well, sure! What'd you want done? Want me to put the clothes through the washing machine? Do any work around the house?" His willingness surprised her, but not for long. "Tell me and I'll do it tonight."

"I'm talking about *tomorrow!*" she barked. "It'd never dawn on you that maybe *I'd* like to go someplace for a change. The kids too—they could stand an outing once in a while, down to the beach or someplace. What kind of a summer do you think—"

"But on Saturdays the beaches are jammed! And it's not safe for you gettin' in those crowds."

Her eyes narrowed. "A lot you care if it's safe for me or not! Just so you can play golf with those half-wits from your office. Well, from now on, Saturdays and Sundays you can just plan on spending with your family." Her sore tireless voice went on, raking up grievances past and present. "Before we were married, I couldn't get you to sit still five minutes. *Now—!* Just ask you to go to the movies, go for a walk, go anyplace with me—"

Suddenly in the living room he shouted, "Oh, for God's sake, all right, all *right!* Quit your crabbing! So I won't go! I'll stay home with you and go to the beach if that's what you want."

That was not what she wanted. She disliked the beach: Her skin was fair, and she burned even under an umbrella. And going to the beach meant doing up sandwiches tonight; it meant taking sweaters, towels, bathing suits; little Peggy's pail and shovel; the baby's diapers, bottles and blankets; a long crowded ride by the subway and bus. But to get even with him, she thought, she'd go if it killed her. It was a victory without peace: The hard, galling burn remained in her bosom. . . .

Unfortunately, just as Kathryn was reaching the end of her story, Tom Macauley started to light his pipe, so that he gave her only half his attention. "You say they—" He drew on the pipe with a moist little bup-bup-bup sound she tried not to find annoying. "They bought—bup, bup, bup—bought a house? Well, that's swell! Really swell!"

Her nervous gaze was fixed hopefully on him, but his eyes remained innocent of the slightest trace of envy. Partly to cover the sound of his pipe, she asked, "How—how much would you imagine a job like that should pay?"

"A job like that? Gosh, I wouldn't have any idea, but those firms—bup, bup—they pay big money for district managers."

"Mom, is Richard moving away?"

KATHRYN turned her head and smiled down at the absorbed, five-year-old face. "Yes, love." Tears unexpectedly stung her eyes, and she had to overcome a desire to put her arms around him and weep. In the next room the baby cried out, and through habit, the three became still, listening. "I—I'll take a peek," Kathryn whispered.

She tiptoed into the bedroom. The blinds were tilted; the room dim and warm. In the crib the baby tossed in a dream, clicked her teeth; there was a ring of perspiration around her dark head. Queerly shaken by her husband's indifference to the Vreelands' news, Kathryn stood blinking down into the crib. Now there's nothing wrong, she admonished herself. We're all safe. Her gaze went to the indistinct, framed photograph of an Army officer and a slender girl in a white dress, white shoes and hat, coming out of the post chapel through the crossed sabers of a guard of honor: First Lieutenant and Mrs. Thomas Charles Macauley. The Kathryn in the picture was smiling proudly, so sure that her life was going to go right on up.

And it hadn't. Somehow, so far, in civilian life he had never quite—No! No, I won't even think that! That's unfair! He's never really had the chance! I married one of the finest men in the world. I'm— It's just that I'm run-down.

When she tiptoed out and closed the door after her, he had switched his chair around and was sitting astride it, looking at the big boys playing stick-ball below in the street. "You know—darling," she said with difficulty, "I—I keep wishing *you* could get a nice job like that where they—where they'd *appreciate* you more." He was only half listening. She steeled herself to ask, "You never heard anything else from Cole?"

"Wh—? Oh, from Cole! No; no's a matter of fact, he's away on a trip. You know, this kid who's up now can really belt the ball."

"I—I mean—Cole never said anything more about speaking to Anderson for you?"

"Who, Cole? I guess maybe he never got the chance." She had to be content with that. I can't be nagging him all the time, she thought. He knows best. As she cleared the table, he began to tell her an amusing incident that had happened that day in the office. She came to a dutiful standstill, smiling expectantly, her head a little to one side.

"—and then you want to see, this crazy guy from accounting, this—this—Oh, what the hell is his name? Not—not Howland, but some name like that. Like Howland. It'll come to me in a minute. Well anyway he—bup, bup, bup—uh—" The infuriating pipe had gone out. He looked at it with a frown, and put it back in his mouth. "Let's see now—I forgot what I started to—Oh, yeah, well, this guy—we'll call him Howland, but that's not really his name—"

Her toes curled under, but by an effort that had become second nature, she kept her face encouraging, bright with interest. Loyalty closed her mind to the



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fact that he did not express himself well, that often he became so involved in detail that he forgot the whole point of his story.

Previously she had always led him back, had covered up for him, and for herself. It was like his fondness for comic strips, and the radio jokes he laughed at, the knowledge that since their marriage he had not been able to interest himself in a book of any sort.

Now with Richard Vreeland's success in her thoughts, she saw her husband spluttering and tearful with laughter, getting up to act out the scene, hopelessly involved and lost in his narrative. Oh, don't, she wanted to beg. Please—!

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, and then he gets one of the other guys who's always kidding around too—he's the one I told you about who brought the rubber head into the office that time. Well, he—ha, ha, ha—he's a hot sketch, this guy. I'd like you to meet him sometime. You just look at him and you start to laugh."

A wide smile stretching her mouth, she stared across the warm, lamplit room at her husband, and without warning, the bottom dropped out of everything. In the searing flash she saw him as she had never wanted to, but as he was, as he must appear to others.

"—and then the other guy—ha, ha, ha—he's over at the water cooler, see? Getting a drink, you know? A drink of water? And the guy I said his name's Howland—"

She listened to the end, then she turned and got herself out into the kitchen.

THERE the terror that had been padding after her for days, for weeks, suddenly sprang, and revealed itself. She leaned against the sink and shut her eyes.

"Can I go ou—? What's the matter, Mom? Why are you—?"

She spun about. "Oh! What? N-nothing! I—I was just thinking of something I forgot. Yes, I—yes, you can go out, but you mustn't go across the street—come over here and give me a kiss." She knelt down and held him against her. Her heart felt as if it were breaking.

Later, her husband's voice floated idly into the kitchen: "What're you doing, Kitzi? Want me to dry the dishes?"

She opened her eyes and moved. "No! No, you stay there." She took off her engagement ring, shook soap powder into the sink, turned on the water. Her thoughts chased one another in circles. He can't help it. Oh, but what's to be done? What can I do? What's ever to become of us? How will we ever get through the years?

Slowly she finished the dishes, and watched the water swirl down the drain with a sobbing noise. Across a widening chasm, fading away, was the house of whitewashed brick with the blue shutters, and the picture of herself in a handsome brown and white checked coat, driving the children to school in a station wagon, stopping to pick up the neighbors' children, being well-liked, lighthearted— Had they been dreams from the start, never, never to come true? Was this—? Were these three rooms—? In panic she saw herself, middle-aged, looking back from an even less desirable place to these years in Laurel Court as a period of ease and prosperity.

"Kitzi—what are you doing?"

"Just—putting things away." Her voice choked her.

"Well, let it go. Come on in and sit down."

And because, in a three-room apartment there was no place to cry, she walked in after a moment, to sit down opposite him, smiling.

HARDLY had the interstate van bearing Alison's Swedish modern, her fine china, her books, lamps and albums of classical records, pulled away from the door when another red van drove up. Its back doors opened out. Drooping, too disgusted to talk, the girls saw the new tenant's furniture emerge from its swaddling of dusty brown quilts: an imitation fireplace, betrayed, pathetic in the sunlight; a green gate-legged table; two tub chairs; a bridge lamp; a play pen. The girls sighed. A taxi swung around the corner and a plump, flustered young matron alighted, paying the driver in what seemed like little dabs. She wore a sheer brown polka-dot dress in the early stages of its maternity use, and the flat gold sandals were unmistakably last summer's.

Without appearing to, the girls watched her go past them and disappear into the building, blond hair insecurely upswept, shoulder bag open, her white slip showing. She was out again in a moment, coming toward them with a bothered little frown. "Excuse me," she said in a surprisingly childlike, nasal voice, "but can you tell me where I can find the superintendent? The moving men say he's not here, and he has the other key. I was supposed to bring one over, but I lost it somewhere and now I don't know how they're ever going to get the furniture *in!*"

And suddenly, to their amazement, her whole round face squeezed up into laughter. "Honest, I always get stuck with the dirty work! I had about a million things to pack—half of them are still over at the other place—and then I had to rush out and leave the children with a neighbor—Isn't it aw-ful what you go through?"

Six pairs of eyes were trained on her.

"Not that I'm complaining," she added with a laugh. "I'm so glad to get a place of my own—! I was going crazy where I was, all crowded in on top of my mother-in-law. It was awful on all of us. Well, I guess what they say is true: 'It's an ill wind—' " The girls stared blankly. "—About my cousin Alison, I mean. She felt awful leaving here—"

"Felt awful moving out into the country? Where there's some *room?*"

"Oh, *that* part, yes. But believe me, *I* wouldn't want it." She shifted her weight to one hip, planted herself in the stance of a born gossip. "Still—he either had to take that, or he'd have been out of a job altogether. You get some awful deals handed to you in this world, all right."

"B-but for an advancement like that, I wouldn't care if I went to Timbuktu!"

"Oh," she informed them emphatically, "but it *wasn't* an advancement! That's just it! My husband says it's *Siberia!* And the manager going to be over him up there's the most awful old crank!" The girls struggled for a moment in stupefied silence. "And the *place* they're going into! Bad off as I was, I couldn't have faced it. No central heating, no bathrooms inside, way off from the stores and everything—it's just an old farmhouse, that's all you could call it. Of course, my cousin thinks she'll be able to do things to it in time, but I don't know—" She shook her head in doubt. "I don't even see how she's going to get through this winter with the new baby coming along. That was *another* surprise—"

Peggy Rolf let out a whoop and choked it into a series of coughs. The others were incapable of speech. Before their eyes, coach into pumpkin, the wood-burning fireplaces, the apple trees, the acre and a half of ground were dwindling into a run-down old farm.

"But I must say," said the new tenant with a giggle, "*you* all look very comfortable here."

"Oh, well—" "It's not so bad—" "You could be in worse places, I guess—" Thinking of one in particular, Peggy Rolf gave a sudden bark of laughter.

WHEN they were alone again, a delicious lightness settled over the girls. They discovered a whole new liking for one another. The subject of Alison Vreeland was there, waiting like a wonderful dessert, not to be spoiled by premature or hurried sampling at the close of an afternoon. They kept smiling and smiling. There was even a feeling that the air had lifted and stirred.

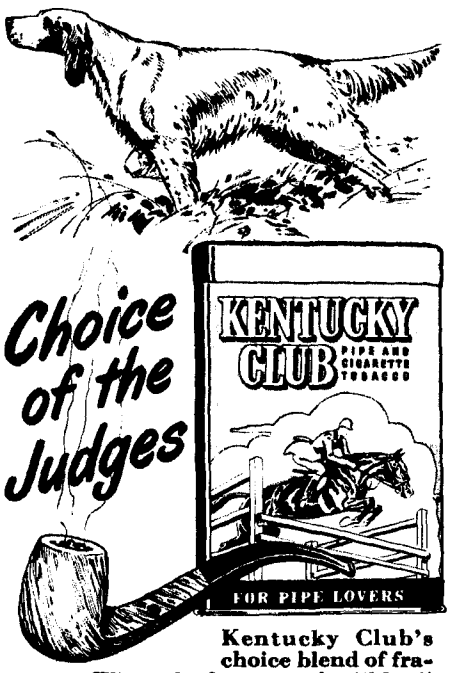
Dee Farmer put her arms up on her head. "You know, somehow by the middle of July, you really feel the summer's half over. And I've just been thinking, so long as I've stuck it out so far, I'd be foolish to get into all that packing and bother—I think I'll just stay home."

"Then—then we'll all be together again!" Kathryn Macauley gave a delighted laugh. A constricting heavy band had burst from about her chest, making it easy for her to breathe. She felt lighter and lighter till, looking back, she could hardly understand the cause of all her worry. At least he wasn't being sent to some tiny branch office; and while three dollars a week wasn't much of a raise, they had given it to him this time without asking, so that must show they—they really appreciate him, that they were pleased with how he was getting along.

"Well," Peggy Rolf said, giving herself a heave out of her chair, "far be it from me to put ideas into anyone's head, but I think I'll go up and make a cake for the boy friend. He'll probably fall over with the shock, but you got to give 'em a break once in a while. Don't dish any of the dirt while I'm gone." She released the carriage brake and moved off, wagging one hand behind her like a rudder, making them laugh.

"See you *tomorrow!*" they called in a happy chorus. THE END

COLLIER'S "I kept telling you to wait until they put the sections together before you started decorating" CAVALLI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# The Combination

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

stay away from her. But that was tough; she was always around.

Muriel's fear was something else, evident from the start. First, you would notice her bitten lips and ripped handkerchiefs at the end of a night. Then, one time, after Muriel asked me how many drivers I'd known who had been killed, she broke down and cried when I told her. Later, I could tell she was working on George, because he began having that harried look, like the man whose wife keeps after him to ask the boss for a raise. All she wanted was for him to be careful. Careful.

She tried not coming to the track, but apparently, it was worse staying in the hotel alone. She'd sit in the stand and she'd scream along with the others as George would skid a turn or shoot through an opening not big enough to thread a needle. Only hers was a scream of terror.

It was tough—real tough—and it began working on all of us. I felt sorry as hell for her, but, after all, we were playing for keeps. Unconsciously, Mitch and I began watching George for a sign of his weakening. We figured Muriel's propaganda couldn't help but work to some extent, and we were right.

George had a trick he'd use, simple in theory but a hell of a daring feat in practice. Picture this: twelve cars lined up for a start, two abreast, with George on the tail end. The cars would begin circling the track, each driver, with the exception of George, jockeying ahead, trying to get a better position. The Indian would be dropping back slowly until the green flag.

As the cars roared ahead, he'd shoot to the outside and give his heap every ounce of power he could.

He had it figured so that he'd be abreast of the leading cars at the turn. Then, he'd cut in hard, slipping into the lead coming out of the turn. That is, he'd make it nine times out of ten. If he missed, there would be a terrible shambles of cars piling all over one another, but because no one had much speed up, rarely was anyone seriously hurt.

WE WERE in Des Moines about two months after the wedding, and George had his spot. I was watching from the pit, since it was the feature race and I hadn't qualified. I could tell by the way George was loafing he was going to pull his stunt. At the green starting flag, he came up the outside right on schedule but at the turn something happened. He pulled in all right, but there was a split second of hesitation, just enough to smash him right into the middle of the pack. No one was hurt, but there were some awfully overwrought drivers piled out of the race, Mitch among them.

George disappeared immediately, and I had to put his car to bed for the night. Then Mitch and I headed for the hotel, and he was cursing to himself all the way. We walked into the taproom to find George and Muriel sitting over two beers at a corner table. Muriel gave us a thin, hopeful smile, but George just looked at his glass.

Mitch pulled up a chair and sat on the edge. "What happened tonight, George?" he asked.

George shrugged and drew wet rings on the wood. "Feed line choked a little," he said; "and I just couldn't come in the turn."

Mitch spoke to Muriel while still looking at George. "How much dough you two got on the books, Muriel?"

"A little over thirteen thousand," she answered quickly.

"Maybe you ought to quit while you're still ahead, Georgie," Mitch said. "Knock off a few of the cows, maybe."

For a moment George was angry. "I'll quit when I damn' well want to."

"Okay, George," Mitch said, "but after this, check your feed line a little better." He paused. "Or maybe you'd better check something else."

There was a silence for a second, then George said, "I don't understand."

Mitch stood up and put his hands in his pockets. "Maybe I should put it this way. Tonight was the first time I ever saw a red man turn yellow." His hands came out of his pockets to his sides. Then he turned and walked out of the bar.

George didn't move, just pursed his lips and looked at me. I sat down nervously in the chair vacated by Mitch. "Don't take it to heart, George," I said. "Mitch is a little upset."

George looked at Muriel, who was sitting hunched in her chair, then back at me again. "I hadn't thought of it that way," he said, "but maybe he has a point. Maybe I've been listening too hard to something I shouldn't hear." His eyes were half closed. "Listen to me, kid," he said. "Don't ever get married. Not while you're in this racket, anyway."

He didn't look up as Muriel jumped out of her chair and rushed out of the room. . . .

After that, George was a crazy man, and we were really winning big. He got his fifteen thousand and more, but there was no talk about a ranch. He did things on the track that just couldn't be done but pulled them off time after time. Where he was respected and feared before, he was hated by the other drivers now. One night when George had piled Doc Johnson into the concrete, the Doc came after him when the feature was over, with a Stillson wrench. Lucky for George he was still wearing his crash helmet and wasn't brained.

I could see Mitch was sorry for getting George up to such a point where he would take such chances. I had the feeling, though, that he was more sorry for Muriel than for George. She never had anything to say any more, and what he had done really worried Mitch. Mitch was not the kind of guy who would cut out a friend with a woman, but I could see in this case it was quite a struggle. He wanted something real bad, and he knew he couldn't have it.

MITCH was the kind of person you'd say was a percentage driver. In other words, no matter how it looked from the stands, his actions on the track were carefully worked out. Of course, sometimes he would have only a fraction of a second to do his figuring, but he had that special ability. Having it or not having it made the difference between a live champion and a dead second-rater.

Watching George's antics, Mitch could see that the Indian figured only to win, and he didn't care how. Usually a driver like that lasts maybe three or four times out. George lasted because he was a little better than anyone else and, also, his actions instilled unconscious fear in the opposition.

Then we were back in Davenport for the state fair. When we checked into the hotel there, it was about five in the afternoon, and George disappeared, saying he was going out to see what the fairgrounds looked like by day. I lay down in my room for a nap and was awakened by the telephone. It was Mitch. He wanted me to come down for dinner.

"I've got Muriel on my hands," he said. "We'll be in the dining room."

"What do you want me for, Mitch?" I asked. "Now's your chance."

There was a long silence—I had even surprised myself by what I'd said—then Mitch snarled, "Don't be humorous, and get down here." The slamming of the receiver hurt my ear. I went into the bathroom and washed up.

They were sitting at a table and the waiter was taking their order. Mitch gave me a hard look when I sat down. "Give him a steak," he told the waiter. He looked at me questioningly and I nodded.

Mitch and Muriel had been talking about George, apparently, because they continued their conversation as though I hadn't come along. As I watched Muriel I knew Mitch couldn't be blamed for any feelings he had toward her. You can't be around a good-looking girl like Muriel for very long without something happening. I guess I had a crush on her myself.

She was saying, "I'm not asking too much wanting my husband alive, am I?"

"You shouldn't think of things like that," Mitch said. "Nothing will happen to George. He's too good."

Her hands were balled into tight fists. "Don't try to kid me, Mitch. I can see what's happening."

"Look," Mitch tried to explain, "a guy who owns a dress store can be killed walking to work, if you want to put it that way. Then, again, if you want to put it another way, it's all a question of comparative competition. The more competition, the tougher the racket. We happen to be in a highly competitive business, that's all." He looked straight at her. "Why did you marry him in the first place? You knew what he did for a living."

"I love him," she said. "Only I want to be his wife, not his widow."

Mitch grunted and looked unhappy. "Get him back to Wyoming."

"I've tried to. I've tried to by the hour." She seemed about to cry.

I said, "Here comes the soup."

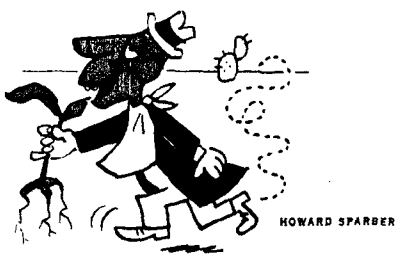
THERE were maybe seventy thousand people in the stands the next day. That's almost a small crowd according to state-fair racing standards. You read screaming headlines about fifty thousand people going to a football game, but let me tell you, I've driven in front of crowds up to a hundred and ten thousand, and no one ever gets excited. It happens all the time on fairgrounds all over the country. Especially in the Pennsylvania Dutch country. Those people would rather watch a good automobile race than eat schnitzel, and that's saying a lot.

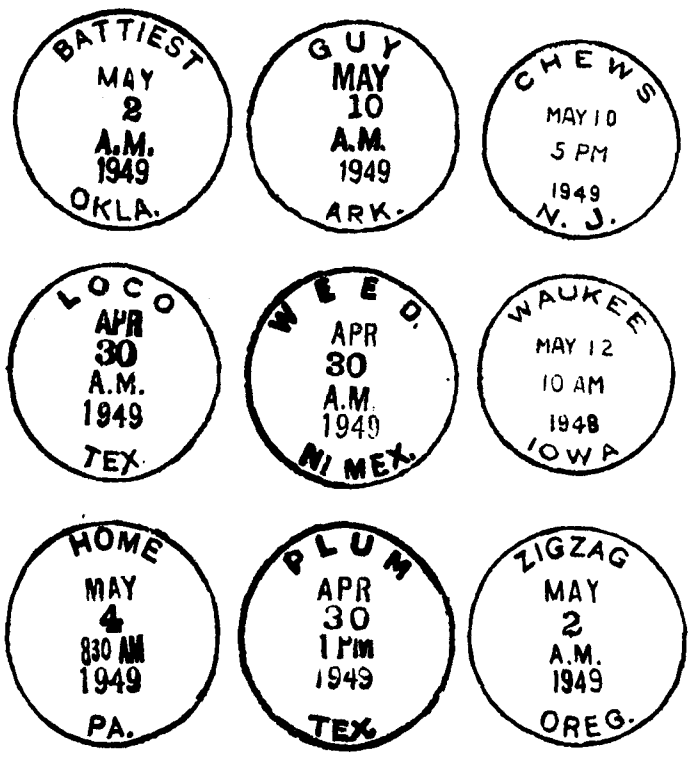
At Davenport there were no handicaps; the fastest men started in front, placing by their times in a qualifying run against the time clock. On days like these my function was merely trying to stay alive.

Mitch went out first and beat the track record for qualifying by two fifths of a second. He came back into the pit and grinned at me like I should think he was a hero or something. A few minutes later I was pushed onto the track and barely managed to get around in time for lunch. I drove a brand-new standard Offie, and my excuse for going slow was always that I didn't want to get the paint scratched.

The assistant starter called for George. He directed the kids in pushing his car

## Picture Postmarks

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out of the pit and adjusted his helmet. He turned to Mitch, who was eating a sandwich. "I hear you clipped the record by two fifths."

Mitch nodded.

"Ten bucks says I get the pole position," said George, which meant he would have to do better than Mitch.

Mitch almost choked. "You're on," he said as fast as he could. Then, George was gone.

From the concrete parapet I saw the stooges push George's car to the starting line where the Indian was talking to the starter. I heard Mitch say, "Hey, don't you know it's bad luck for a woman to be in the pits?"

THEN, I saw Muriel standing next to my Offie. She paid no attention to Mitch but walked over to join me. I said, "Hello, Muriel," as Mitch stepped up behind her. He put his hand on her arm.

"I was only kidding," he said contritely. "You couldn't be bad luck to anybody."

I lighted a cigarette, and we all looked out onto the track.

George was on his way and started circling slow. On the turn before the homestretch he really gave his heap the boot, and the car leaped ahead. He tore past the starting line almost before the starter could give him the green flag and whipped by us with a roar.

He took the first turn too fast but held the car in and got by the second turn. Going into the third turn, he went up high on the bank, and then a funny thing happened. Apparently, there was a small hole up near the top of the bank, because George's car left the track slightly, his outside wheels showing daylight. He slowed down and came around the last turn with his hand up asking for another go around. With the green flag, he was off again.

Mitch said, "Queer, he didn't spot that hole yesterday when he was out. I caught it on my warmup turn."

George was already heading down the backstretch, and Muriel was gripping my arm. Once again he headed up the bank and once again hit the hole, this time a little harder, lifting the car still farther off the track.

Mitch swore. Muriel was shaking, and I put my arm under hers. George had his hand up for another try and again he got the green flag.

When he hit the hole the third time, I was sure he was going to flip. The whole crowd was standing and screaming, and there was a collective sigh, like a dying gust of wind, as George's car straightened out. Mitch had jumped the parapet and was racing to the starter as George came into the homestretch. Mitch grabbed the red flag, but the starter pushed him away. He knew the customers were happy, and the green flag came down once more as George whizzed past him.

Muriel was sobbing, and I didn't want to look, but the show was over. George missed the hole this time, and a minute after he got the checkered flag, the announcer proclaimed another fifth of a second off the track record. He got back to the pit the same time as Mitch.

George said, "What are you doing here, Muriel?"

Mitch got in his way. "You had to do it the hard way, didn't you, buddy?"

"Hard way or not I did it."

Mitch held out a ten-dollar bill. "Here," he said, "buy your wife some nerve tonic, big shot."

George was removing his helmet. He looked Mitch right in the eye. "I'll worry about my wife."

Mitch took a deep breath and turned away.

We left right after the race on a long haul for a hundred-lap Labor Day feature in Richmond, Virginia. A thousand-mile trip that had to be done in a day and a half. It was very hot, and to make things worse, no one was talking to anybody. When we stopped for meals, George would eat fast and then play the pinball machines until the rest of us were through. Mitch sat by himself and seemed to do a lot of thinking. Muriel and I just sat.

Arriving in Richmond two hours before time to go on the track, we didn't even get a chance to clean up or take a nap. Muriel was dropped off at the John Marshall Hotel, and we ran right out to the fairgrounds. A big thermometer stuck up on a billboard read one hundred and nine, and all I wanted to do was lie back in a nice cool tub somewhere.

Instead, I climbed into my white silks and prepared to thrill the customers. Just for the laughs, we had outfitted ourselves in red, white and blue uniforms. Mitch in blue with a red crash helmet never failed to draw o-o-o-h's and a-a-a-h's from the crowd. It was good showmanship.

In the dressing room before we hit the track, Mitch held back until George was gone. He grabbed me by the arm as we

COLLIER'S "Guess where we went today?" TED KEY

went out the door. "Listen," he said, "what are we going to do?"

I was surprised. "I don't get you, Mitch."

His mouth twisted. "I mean I want to know if we should bust up the combine. I can't take it any more."

"You mean you and George?"

"No I don't mean me and George," he almost shouted.

I couldn't tell him anything. I guess I was too used to playing follow the leader. I shrugged. "It's up to you, Mitch. You know I'm with you. Do what you think best."

He stamped away, saying angrily, "You're a hell of a help!"

THE feature that day paid one thousand dollars to win, and there were a lot of hungry drivers on hand. A clean sweep would bring in fourteen hundred and fifty bucks. Richmond was the farthest point north of the Southern circuit, and a lot of the drivers were vacationing moonshiners from Georgia, or, at least, they drove that way. Trained to outrun the revenuers on country dirt roads, these guys really moved and didn't care who was in the way.

Some ninety thousand people watched the festivities, the stands and fields surrounding the track a white sea of waving handkerchiefs. There was no relief from the heat, and sitting over a boiling powerhouse with only a separating floor board was torture. At that, I placed third in my heat and qualified for the semifinal, George copping first in the same heat. Even without the benefits of my talents, Mitch took first in his heat. It looked like a good day, financially speaking.

In the semifinal I ran next to last and with a real sense of relief, I rolled my car into the pit, finished for the day. After a bad start George had come in second and then stood around to see Mitch sweep his field.

The feature went off at a little past four thirty, a hundred grueling laps around the half-mile dirt track; and by now most of the perspiring customers, not to mention the drivers, were covered with red dirt. But no one went home.

CAR after car dropped out, engines overworked, until only nine or ten of the starters were left. You have to remember that the midgets can't take the beating of the big cars. On the twenty-first lap George took the lead and worked well out in front, even lapping a couple of the stragglers. Mitch was running fourth, maybe a hundred and fifty yards behind the leader.

At the halfway mark Mitch was twenty yards behind George, and you knew he could come up any time he wanted but that there was no particular hurry. The crowd was almost disinterested as the cars buzzed around steadily. An occasional gasp would arise when a driver skidded a turn, but nothing else happened. A couple of hundred yards to the rear of the combination two crackers battled for third and all attention focused on them.

Round and round they went: sixty-five, seventy, eighty. For a moment I thought perhaps Mitch was going to concede, but on the ninety-second lap he began moving up. The whole atmosphere of the track changed. There was a quickening of interest, the promise of a battle. Inch by inch, almost, Mitch moved in. I had a feeling that George lagged a little, hoping for Mitch to come abreast. In order to pass, Mitch would have to take George on the outside by sheer speed, because in the open you just don't try to go inside a driver like George. At least, that was my theory, but when I saw Mitch moving along the guardrail and not swinging out, I started gnawing a thumbnail.

Now he was behind George, near enough for a sharp burst of speed to bring contact between the cars. He stayed there for a lap—two laps. I saw George look around.

I knew right then this was it, the whole deal wrapped up in two little racing cars. Neither could give in; neither wanted to give in.

Then George did a strange thing. He swung out slightly as though inviting Mitch to come in. Mitch went in all right, but not far enough for a pass. Instead, he did something reserved only for his worst enemies. By a trick known only to people like my friend Charlie Mitchell, he simply thrust the projection of his hubcap into the spokes of George's inside rear wheel—just flicking it into the spokes and withdrawing it again in a split second. Even in that split second, the hubcap acted as a powerful lever.

Ninety thousand people shouted in horror as George's car left the track and, as though in slow motion, began flipping in the air. My arm went out to Muriel whose body was rigid in fear. In a tremendous cloud of spurting dust, the red Number Five hit the track and skittered across the dirt and into the concrete wall. In a moment the ambulance had swept out of the infield and onto the track. I could see flames already licking through the cloud of dust that hung over George and his car. I turned, but Muriel was already gone.

There was a tremendous cheer when Mitch crossed the line the winner. He had provided an exciting climax to an otherwise dull race, and the people would go home happy.

I found out from an official that George, still alive, had been taken to a local hospital. I got the address and then waited for Mitch. When he'd showered and the cars were put away, we walked off the grounds and found a cab. I gave the driver the address and then said to Mitch, "You could have killed him."

He leaned back and stretched; his eyes were red-streaked. "No," he said, "I didn't figure to do that. The percentages told me no."

We didn't say anything more until we got to the hospital. There we were told that George was alive but not well. Several broken bones, possible internal injuries, but nothing permanent. Learning that Muriel was in his room, we beat our way past the receptionist.

WHEN we entered the room, George had just been brought in from the operating room where his bones had been set. He was conscious, his face, which had been burned slightly, partially swathed in bandages. His eyes were clear, and he stared at Mitch. Muriel sat next to the bed, holding a bandaged hand. I may be wrong, but it seemed to me she looked happier than she had in about five months.

Mitch walked up to the bed and laid one hand lightly on the cover. "Georgie," he said. "I'm sorry—not for what I did, but I'm sorry I hurt you. I just had to do it, you know."

George's mouth worked before words could come out. "Okay, Mitch," he said. "You win. You win everything."

Mitch looked at Muriel, then back to George, and walked slowly to the door. He laughed shortly. "You must be kidding," he said. "I'll be seeing you sometime, Georgie. Come on," he said to me.

I went to the door, Muriel following me. "You'll get the books in the morning," she said. "We'll take our share and go home."

Mitch grinned. "Sometimes you have to use drastic measures to force a guy to make up his mind, Muriel." He held her hand for a second. "Keep him off those bucking broncs."

I waved good-by to George, and Mitch and I walked off down the hall. . . .

Outside it was dark now and a little cooler. Mitch and I stood on the sidewalk for a moment and then began walking down the street. "Now what?" I asked.

He stepped to the curb to hail a cab. "The way I figure," he said, "now we'll go shopping for our C-47. How does that sound?"

I told him I thought it was a very wonderful idea, and then—damned if I didn't start whistling as a cab pulled up to us at the curb. THE END



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# Mr. Dilsey's Magic Lure

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

they are fresh," Mr. Dilsey said. "But it's catching them that—"

"I don't want to catch them," the man said. "I've caught too many. I don't ever want to catch another one."

Mr. Dilsey stared at him in amazement. It was apparent he had been drinking, but he did not seem that drunk. "What do you mean," Mr. Dilsey asked slowly, "you've caught too many?"

"It wasn't around here," Eddie said.

"It was in the war," the man said.

"And what—" Mr. Dilsey said—but stopped.

THIS was obviously one of those tragic mental cases. He himself had been too old for the last war, but he could not have gone anyway, not any more than in World War I: a position of responsibility had kept him at his desk despite attempts to enlist. That had been the closest he ever came to adventure and his failure to get in the service was still one of the tragedies of his life.

"I was Supply Officer on Funa Tuhi," the stranger said.

Mr. Dilsey could not place the name: probably one of those hell islands, like Tarawa or Guadalcanal. "It must have been terrible," he said sympathetically.

The man snarled at him. "You never heard of it! Nobody ever heard of it! Even the Navy forgot about it, once they put us down there. I was the Supply Officer, and the Navy didn't bring supplies. Nothing to eat but fish."

"Ohh . . ." Mr. Dilsey said.

"I had to catch the fish," the man said, "with that blasted charmed feather the Chief gave me. I didn't dare pass it off on somebody else. Might have hurt the old devil's feelings."

He called for a double rye and drank half of it. "Just threw the thing in the water," he said bitterly. "Every darned fish around would rush at it. Couldn't leave it alone. A charm on it—a curse, I call it!" He downed the rye, stood up and walked out.

"Poor fellow," Mr. Dilsey said. "Shell shock, I expect."

"Acted like a pretty nice guy when he first came in," Eddie said. "When we started talking about fish he seemed to go nuts."

An expression half wistful, half eager came over Mr. Dilsey's face. "I've read that those South Pacific waters actually swarm with fish. Someday, perhaps, I'll—" He saw the look on Eddie's face and stopped.

The stranger was at the bar again. "Here," he said. "You take it." In front of Mr. Dilsey he placed two small feathers, one red, one white, tied together about the shank of a bone hook. "It's yours," he said. "You want to catch fish, throw that in the old water." He picked up Mr. Dilsey's glass of bourbon, emptied it with one swallow, and stalked off.

Mr. Dilsey regarded the crude and battered lure with interest. Certainly no American fish could be fooled by such a thing. "Yet it might bring me luck," he said to the bartender. He knew that every real fisherman had at least one pet superstition, and he had always felt bad about this failure on his part.

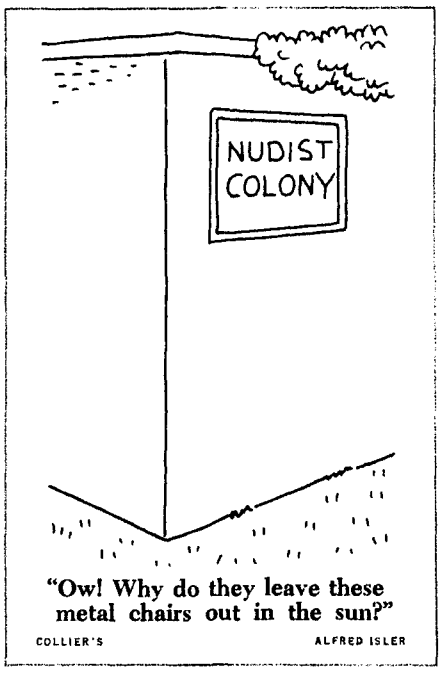
"Around here you're going to need more than luck," Eddie said. . . .

Sunrise the next morning found Mr. Dilsey a mile upstream from the trailer park. Old fishermen said the fish struck most viciously at sunrise. The saluna table for that day showed that south moon under would occur at seven thirteen and a half. Mr. Dilsey would be there to take advantage of either, or both, occasions.

But the fish didn't bite. Mr. Dilsey tried a top water giant killer, then a bopping bug. He changed to a deep running orange flash, a green desire, an atomic special. He worked farther and farther upstream. The sun rose; the south moon got under, and beyond. Mr. Dilsey set up his fly rod. There were no trout in Florida, of course, but there did not seem to be any fish of any kind, and he thought he might as well practice. He tried a gray hackle, a yellow hackle, a red hackle, and a sunrise pink with spinner. But by eleven o'clock he knew that this was simply not the day for catching fish.

"Perhaps," Mr. Dilsey said aloud, "it's because this is Friday and the fish can't eat plugs."

Going back downstream he thought of the red and white feathers and the bone hook. *That thing is bad luck,* he thought. *The man said there was a curse on it.* He took it out of his tackle box and was about to throw it away, but paused. *Might as well cast it once or twice,* he thought. *See how it works.*




"Ow! Why do they leave these metal chairs out in the sun?"

COLLIER'S ALFRED ISLER

It arched high up, then fell short, causing a slight backlash. Mr. Dilsey looked down at the reel—and in that instant the fish struck. With a gasp Mr. Dilsey jerked back on the rod. The water roiled, and out of it came a bass, mouth open, head shaking. To Mr. Dilsey it was the most beautiful sight in the world.

Then the water exploded fish. One on each side of the hooked bass they shot into the air, all striking together. And the three of them crashing into the water again made a sound like gunfire.

Mr. Dilsey reeled in quickly. The fish was small, but he didn't dare play it because of the backlash and because of the way his hands were shaking. The unexpectedness of the strike and the sight of three fish in the air at one time had unnerved him.

DAMPENING his hands so as not to injure the fish, he took out his tape and measured it. Eleven and three quarter inches from nose to fork of tail. One quarter inch short of the legal size. Wistfully Mr. Dilsey dropped the fish into the water and watched it swim away.

He picked up his rod and looked at the lure. An accident, of course. . . . Probably the only fish that would ever strike at this thing. Well, he'd cast two or three more times—just to prove it had been an accident—then go on back.

He cast. The feather arched up, then drifted down toward the water. The plug fell toward the water not more than fifteen feet from the bank.

Two bass, a garfish, and a speckled perch came out of the water to meet it. A bass engulfed it, struck the water in a swirl of spray, and went racing for the far bank. Mr. Dilsey was quivering like the tip of his rod. His mind was shouting instructions that his body had trouble following: nottoomuchpressure forgodssakedontbreaktheline butturnhimnow now dontlethimgetamongthosecypressknees!

Mr. Dilsey landed it. He took out his pocket scales and the fish weighed five pounds three ounces. When it flopped, hanging on the scale tip, it would jerk the gauge down to almost six pounds. It was the biggest fish Mr. Dilsey had ever caught.

He ran his stringer through the bass' gills and tied it safely to a cypress root. He climbed the bank and sat down and mopped his forehead. He had trouble filling and lighting his pipe, but when it was lit the tobacco tasted better than anything he had ever imagined. Mr. Dilsey had never really liked a pipe, but it had seemed, somehow, like a necessary part of a fisherman's equipment. Now he understood why.

WHEN his hands were almost steady Mr. Dilsey picked up the plug and regarded it with affection. "If you don't ever catch another fish," he said aloud, "you've done your duty. The greatest little gadget in the world. You've got a charm on you," he said, and stopped—he was remembering what the man in the bar had said and he began to tremble all over again. There was nothing to it, of course. Couldn't be. An absurd idea. Just that the fish were striking. . . .

He got out his saluna tables and examined them carefully. If ever there was a time of day when the fish shouldn't be striking, this was it. But maybe in this one hole they were hungry. . . .

He got to his feet. He wanted to run but wouldn't allow himself. He went downstream to a pool where he had already fished for thirty minutes without a strike.

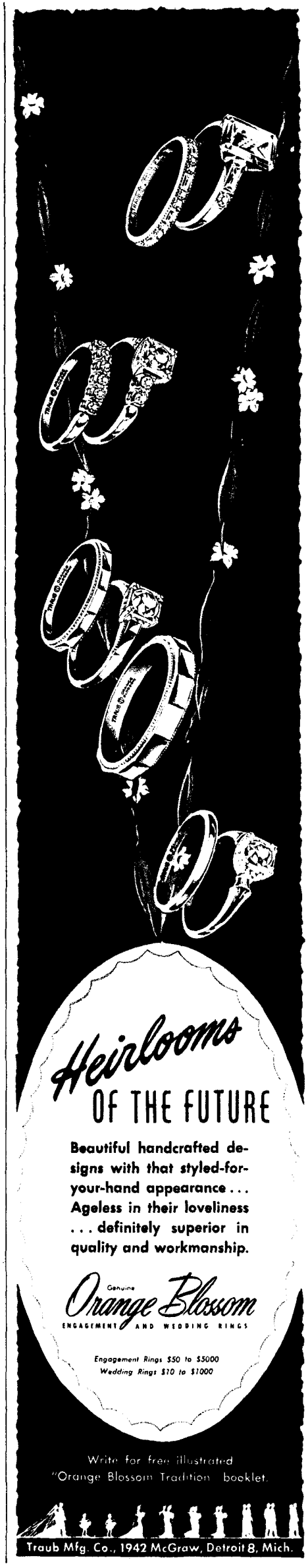
Within the hour Mr. Dilsey could doubt no longer. Other lures didn't get a rise, but cast this one in the water and every fish within sight rushed at it. More than once a hooked bass jumped and threw it and whirled and struck it again, all in one motion.

Mr. Dilsey stood on the bank in a mist of glory. He could visualize his picture in all the newspapers, in all the magazines: Mr. Dilsey With Record Bass, Dilsey Catches World's Largest Swordfish, Dilsey Sets Tarpon Record.

Dreamily Mr. Dilsey moved along the creek. He found a pool that was darker and deeper looking than any he had yet tried. On the far side was a huge cypress, its roots rising from the water in fantastic shapes. When he cast, the feathers lay quietly on the surface for a moment, then began to sink. Mr. Dilsey waited for the strike. Five seconds went past, ten. A slow terror began to grip Mr. Dilsey's heart.

Then the fish struck. Even before Mr. Dilsey saw it he knew this was no ordinary bass. The reel whined and the rod arched far over. Then the water roiled and the bass exploded into the sunlight, and Mr. Dilsey, who could quote every record, pound and ounce and date, knew that if he could land this fish he would be a champion.

Four times the fish jumped. It sounded; it raced back and forth across the pool with Mr. Dilsey playing it like a professional. Confidence grew in him. Finally he knew that he had the fish whipped and could bring it in when he wanted, so he eased off on his pressure and let it make one more run. It rushed toward the far bank, dived—and all at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once there was a dead weight on the end of Mr. Dilsey's line.

In a moment of frozen horror he realized what had happened: overconfident, he'd let that last run reach the cypress knees, and now the bass had circled one of them. Mr. Dilsey could no longer play it. It would break the line and be gone, magic plug and all.

A feeling he had never known took possession of Mr. Dilsey then: terror and a blind, raging fury. He knew what he would do if that bass got away with his plug! He'd dynamite the creek! He'd kill every fish in the stream until he got the right one and recovered his lure. He'd have the stream seined, have a dam built so that the creek dried up below it and he could walk through the rotting fish and find the one with his lure. He'd spend every cent—

THE end of his rod began to quiver: the tiring bass came back around the cypress knee and the line was free again. Two minutes later Mr. Dilsey had fish and plug on dry land.

He couldn't weigh the bass. His pocket scales only measured up to twelve pounds and this fish was far larger. Mr. Dilsey could only stand and gaze at it in awe. Yet, slowly, he found that his feeling was not one of pure elation: a kind of sickness was mixed with it that he attributed to relief. He had been very badly frightened at the thought of losing his magic plug, so frightened that for a second all sorts of crazy notions had whirled through his head. Remembering them, he laughed a little shakily. He wouldn't really have done any of these things. Certainly not. He'd only thought them because he was excited.

Already there were so many fish on his stringer he could scarcely drag it onto the bank. There were at least seven bass here that were bigger than anything he'd ever caught before today.

And when he realized that, he realized with a kind of sickening shock that this last bass would be his thirteenth! Plus two bream, four speckled perch, one stumpknocker, and a warmouth. The legal limit was eight bass—and he had thirteen!

*It was the excitement,* Mr. Dilsey told himself. *Nothing like this ever happened to me before, and I simply didn't keep count.* He knew this was true, yet it didn't cure the feeling in his stomach. He'd said too many harsh things in the past about persons who broke the conservation laws, had written too many letters to the magazines and to the fishing editors of the newspapers, to forgive himself easily. Too many nights he'd sat in his city apartment, oiling tackle that he never used, and cursing the criminals who threatened to fish out the streams before he had a chance at them.

*I'll never do it again,* he promised himself. *I'll throw some of these back.* But he couldn't throw back the biggest one (he couldn't bring himself even to consider it: he had to get this one back to camp and have it weighed and photographed) and most of the others were dead now.

Mr. Dilsey selected five that showed signs of life and put them gently back in the creek. Three swam sluggishly away, but two floated belly up. Mr. Dilsey couldn't look at them. But maybe they would revive, he thought. He hoped they would. He gathered his rods and half carrying, half dragging his huge string of fish, he headed for camp.

He was prepared to create a sensation, and he did. Everyone wanted to take his picture and he posed with the whole string; he posed with just the one bass that weighed eighteen pounds, four ounces—weighed on three different scales and verified by the signed statements of eleven witnesses. In the bar anglers swarmed around to ask where he had caught it and how he had handled it and how long did he take to land it.

Eddie gave Mr. Dilsey a drink on the house. "Better enjoy your luck while you can," he said mournfully. "You'll never catch that many fish in one day again."

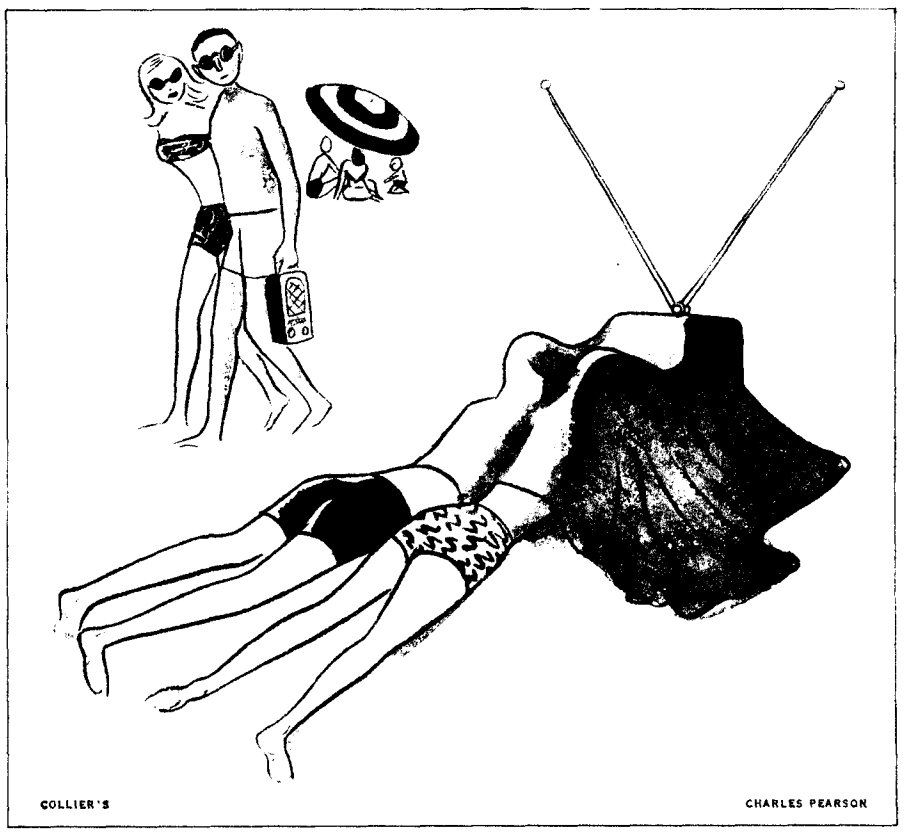
Mr. Dilsey remembered the five bass he'd put back in the water, the dead ones floating belly up. His drink took on a bitter taste. And it was then that somebody asked the question he had been dreading: "What kind of plug were you using?"

Mr. Dilsey was slow in answering. "A red and white feather," he said finally.

Eddie poured half a drink onto the bar by mistake. "You mean the one that fellow gave you last night? The one he said—"

Mr. Dilsey had always been an honest man. He cleared his throat. He looked at Eddie—and looked away again. "That old thing?" he said. "It was too light to cast. I threw it away."

Because, Mr. Dilsey told himself later, there were men who would stop at nothing to get such a lure. Even he could understand the criminal impulse in such a case. There might be men who would go so far as murder. And when he thought of it, he didn't like the way Eddie had looked at him when he said, "That old thing? I threw it away."



COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

But it was not only fishermen who might take the lure from him. There were the fish themselves. Mr. Dilsey thought of how close he had come to losing that giant bass, and the magic plug with it. And the memory made him grow cold.

His hand shook as he wiped sweat from his forehead. He knew he could never again take that plug and cast it casually into a creek without first knowing exactly how big a fish lay in wait in the dark waters, without knowing every hidden root and old limb and grass clump that might foul his line and break it. Then what to do?

NO MATTER how long and hard Mr. Dilsey thought, there were only two possible answers: more plugs like this one, or fishing tackle which could not be broken. In his heart Mr. Dilsey knew that both were impossible.

But he tried. He began by trying to locate the mysterious stranger who had given him the plug. And his inquiries availed nothing: the man seemed to have materialized out of nowhere and vanished into the same place. Mr. Dilsey sent a telegram to the Bureau of Personnel, Navy Department, asking for the name of the wartime Supply Officer on Funa Tuhi. Then, having had some former dealings with the Navy, he turned to other things while he waited for an answer.

He tried to duplicate the lure. After three intensive days in the Tampa library he was an authority on the fishing customs of South Pacific natives. By air mail and telephone and telegraph he ordered genuine native lures. He hired an artist to make a duplicate of the precious one that he carried with him (Mr. Dilsey standing close over it while the artist worked) and the result was so accurate the naked eye could not tell it from the original.

FINALLY Mr. Dilsey took this and all his new collection of South Pacific lures and went along the creek bank. He tried them one and all—all except the priceless one he could not afford to lose. He enjoyed trying them. He even caught a fish. But they were no better than the lures to be bought in any tackle shop.

On that same day word came from the Navy Department. It read: NO SUPPLY OFFICER STATIONED ON FUNA TUHI. NO FUNA TUHI.

There was still the angle of the unbreakable tackle, and dismal but determined, Mr. Dilsey set out to try it. He got a seventy-two-pound line; he got a salt-water rod and reel. Then before dawn, ashamed for anyone to see him carrying this outfit on a bass stream, he sneaked out of his trailer and headed for the creek.

He took his magic lure only; there was no need for any other. He chose a spot where there were no lily pads, no cypress roots. Probably there were not many fish either, Mr. Dilsey thought. But that didn't matter, because he would catch what was there. He looked guiltily up and down the creek to make sure no one was in sight, and cast.

It wasn't much of a cast, but he caught a fish. He reeled it in, took it off the hook, and threw it back. He wouldn't keep anything under five pounds, he decided. All he had to do was cast that feather out there a few times and he would have all the big ones he wanted—even if there wasn't much fun in catching them.

He decided he wouldn't keep anything under ten pounds.

He tried dangling the lure in the water at the creek's edge, moving it slowly upstream. A dark shadow moved in the deeper water. There was a swirl, a rush. Mr. Dilsey jerked the lure clear—and a bass that was bigger than anything he had ever seen drove out of the water. It lay in the grass at the creek's edge, flopping helplessly.

Mr. Dilsey stared at it. It was bigger than the eighteen-pounder he'd caught. It was bigger than any bass he'd ever read or heard about. It would put Mr. Dilsey's name in all the magazines and newspapers in the country: Champion Fisherman Takes . . .

With a kind of sob Mr. Dilsey went on his knees beside the fish. He had to use both hands: heaving and pushing, he got it back into the creek.

He went back to the camp. He walked with his head down, mellowing in his own misery, and didn't even notice that his trailer door was open when he had left it shut He stepped inside and saw Eddie, the bartender, kneeling over his tackle box Lures were in a wild tangle all about.

Eddie jerked to his feet. "Oh . . . er . . . hello," he said.

"Hello," Mr. Dilsey said.

"I . . . er . . . thought I'd borrow a plug. Your . . . er . . . er . . . glitterbug. I thought . . ."

"It's right in front of you," Mr. Dilsey said.

"Thanks." Eddie moved hurriedly toward the door; but when he caught sight of Mr. Dilsey's rod he stopped. "You been fishing with that?"

"Practicing," Mr. Dilsey said.

"Practice don't help when there's no fish," Eddie said. "Though maybe you've found that out now. You ain't been fishing much lately, like you used to."

"I've been busy."

"I thought you were retired. I thought you come South to fish."

Mr. Dilsey rubbed a hand across his eyes. "Let's go over to the bar," he said. "I need a drink."

"You been drinking too much lately."

"I know," Mr. Dilsey said.

He put his hand in his pocket and felt the lure. The only magic lure in the world. The key to Fisherman's Paradise, which is the Paradise beyond all others. Only it was a key which had shut the door against him rather than opened it.

"Eddie," Mr. Dilsey said, "was there any other lure you wanted beside that glitterbug?"

"Lures don't matter," Eddie said. "You can't catch fish if there ain't any. And there's no fun in fishing if you don't catch 'em."

"Eddie," Mr. Dilsey said, "I thought maybe you were looking for that red and white feather—the one that stranger gave me a few weeks ago."

"I—" Eddie said. "I—"

"That fellow was right," Mr. Dilsey said. "There's a charm on that lure. You can't reel it in without getting a strike, Eddie," Mr. Dilsey said. He was breathing hard now. But he was a man capable of making a decision and standing by it. He said, "I'm going to give you that lure, Eddie." And he took the plug from his pocket and handed it over.

DAWN the next morning found Mr. Dilsey knee-deep in water at the creek bank. Upstream the lily pads grew thick. Across from him was a cypress, its gnarled roots breaking the water in strange shapes.

Mr. Dilsey tried dropping his plug at the very edge of the lily pads. He cast among the cypress knees and worked the lure out skillfully. He tried a river terror lure, changed to a bottom scraper, and then to a bass assassin. On this he hooked one that jumped twice before he lost it, and still later he landed one that went fifteen and a half inches. Measuring it, he felt rather sorry for Eddie. Eddie was a nice fellow, but he had always talked himself out of so much pleasure.

*Ah, well,* Mr. Dilsey thought. *He'll learn now. He'll learn.* THE END



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# The Stars Are Dave's Dish

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

opposite the bar, from which vantage point he could fix the bartender with a baleful glance should that miscreant seek perchance to pollute his libations with a single drop of water. Even Mike Romanoff, archrival, dines at Dave's on Sunday nights when his own eatery is closed.

Amid these distinguished guests, Dave darts in quick erratic flights like a darning needle, worried, solicitous, always alert. He moves constantly from table to table, hovering at the elbow of a baffled guest ready to suggest tonight's special—beef *au champignon* or perhaps the fried snails—pausing a moment to exchange a quick story with Frank Morgan or argue a golf score with Grantland Rice, stooping over with elaborate pantomime and parting the feathers of Hedda Hopper's hat in a quizzical search for bird's eggs.

He has to be the soul of tact. If a half-dozen important customers arrive simultaneously, and all demand to be seated at once, Dave must soothe ruffled tempers by buying them free drinks at the bar, or rushing in a platter of hors d'oeuvres from the kitchen to keep them happy until a booth is ready. The headaches that resulted from Joe Cook's hammer, he avers, are nothing to what he acquires nightly in the restaurant business.

His apotheosis from Broadway stooge to Hollywood host is still a source of amazement to Dave, but it came as no surprise to his intimates. Back in the Joe Cook days it was the custom of these friends—Marc Connelly and The New Yorker's Harold Ross and the late Robert Benchley—to meet with Mr. Cook after the show on Saturday night, and repair with him for a week end to his country home, known for good and sufficient reason as Sleepless Hollow.

This madcap establishment boasted such features as Joe's unique golf course, so constructed with inclines and tunnels as to make it virtually impossible for any player to avoid scoring a hole in one; or his equally noted henchman Ellis, in cocked hat and gold epaulets, who would remove an unsuspecting guest's overcoat, open a window and toss it quite casually out into a snowdrift.

### Change of Vocation Offered

But the climax of an evening at Joe's occurred when Dave Chasen emerged from the kitchen at midnight, bearing a platter of such succulent steaks or spareribs that Mr. Ross was prompted once to remark: "Chasen, if you ever decide to get out of show business and earn an honest living as a chef, I'll stake you to a restaurant."

Dave had occasion to recall this rash offer some years later, after Joe Cook's health had failed and Dave found himself seeking work in Hollywood. His reputation as an amateur chef had preceded him across the continent, and between screen tests he used to visit the homes of various friends and obligingly put on free barbecue spreads. Frank Capra pointed out that if he were going to spend his time over a hot stove he might as well get paid for it. Ross telegraphed the necessary cash to start him in business, Dave dug a pit of his own, and stood back to await the rush of customers.

They rushed very slowly at first, and things got so tough that Dave used to shanghai friends and drive them down to his restaurant by main force. Once there, he found it just as hard to drive them away. They would turn a deaf ear to hints that it was time to close up and go home, and on one occasion, when he threatened to turn out the lights, Joel Sayre picked him up bodily, tossed him out into the rain and locked the door. Then the customers went back to their poker game.

This spirit of informality marked Chasen's from the outset. In those early days, Bill Fields and Gregory La Cava used to indulge in endless profane games of Ping-pong in the garden behind the restaurant, while Jimmy Cagney and Ed McNamara and Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh gave with Hibernian harmonies from a corner booth, and Jimmy Durante or Groucho Marx might jump onto a table and go into his newest comedy routine.

Dave kept his choicest liquors locked in the office safe; undismayed, Humphrey Bogart and Peter Lorre lugged safe and all out into the street one night and almost had it in a cab before they were apprehended.

When the late Charlie Butterworth parked his new car outside, Dave and some helpers removed the restaurant doors and drove it right into the dining room.

Then there was the time that Sabu, the Elephant Boy, arrived at Chasen's in full Oriental regalia, flanked by two swamis in white turbans. The swamis stood with arms folded while Sabu sat down next to the late W. C. Fields's booth. Mr. Fields swung around and regarded the newcomer for a moment with dark suspicion. "Likely," he growled, "the little mahout will mistake my nose for a proboscis, and try to climb on my shoulder."

Slowly but surely business began to pick up. The easygoing atmosphere made it a natural hangout for newspapermen from the East: Alexander Woollcott, Nunnally Johnson, Lindsay and Crouse, Charlie MacArthur, Dick Watts, James Thurber. Dave still recalls the night that Thurber disappeared into the men's room for several hours and decorated every inch of wall space with matchless murals. Dave couldn't have been more pleased.

Unfortunately his joy was short-lived: The following morning Dave was met at the washroom door by the cleaning-woman. She was weary but triumphant. "Some drunk scribbled all over the walls in there, Mr. Chasen," she told her stricken employer, "but I worked all night and washed 'em off."

### A Lesson in Barbecuing

From the first, Dave has clung to the theory that people go to a restaurant primarily to eat. The barbecued spareribs and steaks which are still the house specialty he tends to personally. Dave holds that most amateurs who try to barbecue do it wrong.

The average barbecue pit is nothing but an outdoor grill, and the meat is broiled, not barbecued at all. Dave says the secret is to keep the fire very low, almost embers, and suspend the meat five or six feet above it so that the juices fall onto the coals, and the smoke from these drippings permeates the meat and gives it the flavor. Barbecuing is a very slow process; a side of beef may take a whole day. The best wood is hickory, but in California, where that isn't available, Dave uses white oak.

He selects the meat himself, making frequent flights to the Middle West to make sure he gets the best. Distance is no problem to Dave. His shrimps are shipped from New Orleans, his smoked salmon from Canada, his sole and skate from England. He gets pompano direct from Florida, and whitefish from the Great Lakes, and brook trout from Colorado.

Oysters are flown alive from Baltimore, wrapped in burlap and surmounted with a cake of ice, which melts slowly and keeps the burlap damp. They are fed en route on corn meal, and arrive bright-eyed and happy. Lobsters, on the other hand, do not eat, and have to be wrapped in seaweed. It is necessary to fly them in pressurized planes because they are allergic to low pressure at high altitude. Dave is considering crossing a lobster with a carrier pigeon, he says, to solve this transportation difficulty.

One rule Dave has always enforced in his restaurant: no autographs, no flashlight bulbs, no interviews. Chasen's is one place where celebrities can dine in privacy. Even table-hopping is discouraged at Dave's. This custom received a more or less permanent setback when an incautious actor approached Bill Fields one night and sought to put the bee on him for a small handout. Mr. Fields listened with sympathy. "My dear fellow, I wish I could help you," he sighed at length, "but unfortunately it happens that all my money is tied up in currency."

Most of his staff have been with him since the place started: John Dionne and Art Rodriguez, still tending bar after ten years, and diminutive waitress Mary Goodrich, who covers fifty miles a night running to the kitchen to fetch special dishes for Jack Dempsey or Cary Grant.

### Maestros of Different Arts

Presiding genius of the gleaming copper-hung kitchens is Batiste Zoppis, a maestro in a white chef's hat. Batiste is a great favorite with Toscanini, who always goes back to see him whenever he dines at Chasen's. Once Batiste suggested humbly that it might be more appropriate if he went out front instead.

"I do not ask a fellow artist to come to me," Toscanini replied sternly; "I go to him."

Knowing so intimately the personal tastes in food of virtually everyone in the motion-picture business, Dave soon discovered himself in great demand by Hollywood hostesses who wanted to find out what their pet guests would like to eat. It was but a logical step to the catering business, which has grown with such wild abandon at Chasen's that it is a dull week when Dave does not furnish food and wine for 150 celebrants at a sit-down banquet in honor of Hal Roach's birthday, say, or put on a wedding buffet supper for Universal's N. J. Blumberg with 600 guests and a 26-piece band.

Alfred Hitchcock, the director, once insisted that Dave handle a dinner he was giving in his suite in the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. The hotel authorities, interpreting this as a slur on their own service, not only declined to furnish silver and china, but sullenly refused to let Dave use the elevators. Dave and his helpers had to lug food, dishes and ice up five flights of stairs. They had to pass silent members of the hotel kitchen staff who stood glowering and whetting long knives.

Catering a big Hollywood party involves more than dropping over with a couple of covered dishes and a case of Scotch. Weeks ahead, Dave and headwaiter George Alpert go out to the house where the feast is to be held and case the joint: figure the best site—usually the tennis court; plan the location of buffet tables and bar; measure the available floor space, and estimate the number of square feet per person—usually about seven feet to every six guests—so that

**BUTCH**

"Ask him to hurry! The ice cream's beginnin' to run down my arm!"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS



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hey will be packed firmly but not uncomfortably, with sufficient allowance for aisles so that the waiters can rush through with drinks in case of suffocation.

Next Dave and George go over the guest list with the hostess, check the names of people who are on a diet or who have some special allergy like onions, and eventually arrive at a menu calculated to make everybody happy.

The amount of food and liquor is worked out according to carefully assembled statistics. Between 7:00 P.M. and 4:00 A.M., the average guest will consume five glasses of champagne. Since a quart of champagne equals seven glasses, this means a little less than a bottle apiece. The Blumberg party, with 600 guests, consumed 35 cases, in addition to 10 cases of Scotch, four of bourbon, three of gin and three of rum, two of brandy, one of sherry, and eight of soft drinks and mixers.

If the party is to be held outdoors, Dave hires a tent. A permit has to be obtained from the Los Angeles Fire Department, and under their supervision the tent is chemically treated by the Los Angeles Fireproofing Company. The fire department also specifies the number of entrances and exits, and checks the wiring. Dave arranges all the other details, including illumination, music, floral decoration, place cards, favors for the ladies, and even the carved-ice statuettes to hold the caviar. These are chiseled specially for the occasion by a professional ice sculptor named Thomas Sherbloom.

An average large party may cost around $25,000. To see that it goes smoothly, Dave will virtually move an entire restaurant into your home. The suburban hostess, overwhelmed by the details of arranging a dinner for six, may take comfort in reading the following partial list of items required to stage Mr. Blumberg's revel:

100 tables (seating six), 600 chairs, 1 bar fifty feet long, 1 buffet table (fifty feet), 1 kitchen table (same), 3 ranges (30 by 30), 2 kitchen sinks.

30 bar trays, 15 heavy service trays, 200 ash trays, 30 silver coffeepots, 20 champagne coolers, 6 ice tubs.

600 double hat checks, 600 coat hangers, 6 hat-check racks.

2 gross paper doilies, 2 boxes toothpicks, 2 gross toothpick frills, 1 box thumbtacks.

650 dinner plates, 650 dessert plates, 650 bread and butter plates, 650 coffee cups, 650 saucers, 100 butter dishes.

1,300 forks, 650 steak knives, 650 butter spreaders, 650 teaspoons, 100 oyster forks, 24 silver ladles, 24 salad sets, 4 carving sets.

1,200 highball glasses, 1,200 champagne, 680 water, 100 old-fashioneds, 100 cocktail, 300 brandy, 300 liqueur, 100 shot glasses.

1,200 rolls, 24 loaves of bread, 1,800 pieces of toast, 8 boxes crackers, 1,200 butter balls, 6 boxes bar sugar, 2,400 cubes sugar, 50 gallons coffee, 8 gallons cream, 1 gallon chopped chives, 1 gallon egg yolks, 1 gallon egg whites, 1 gallon capers, 20 pounds sliced onion, ½ gallon mint jelly, 3 gallons cranberry sauce, 2 gallons shrimp cocktail sauce, 1 gallon horseradish.

1,000 large linen napkins, 200 small linen napkins, 160 linen tablecloths, 200 bar towels, 200 kitchen towels.

20 pounds caviar, 600 hors d'oeuvres, 150 pounds roast turkey, 5 baked hams, 125 beef, 125 lobster Newburg, 100 chicken Tetrazzini, 60 boneless squab, 80 crab ravigote, 60 gelatin of pheasant, 20 trout *en* aspic, 80 cold roast chicken, 300 assorted salad.

10 large garbage cans.

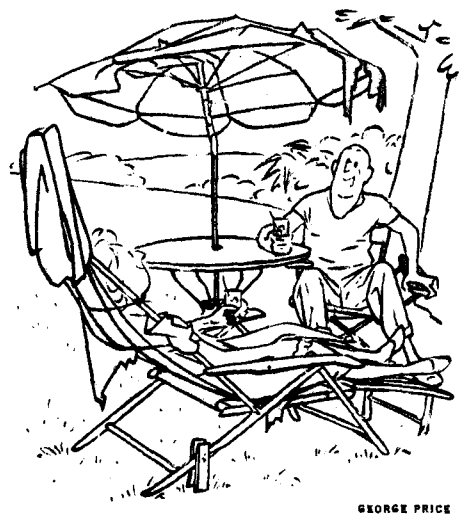
In addition to supplying food and utensils, Dave imports a small army of chefs, waiters, bus boys, hat-check girls and scullery maids, who take over and serve the meal with trained efficiency. Usually it makes things easier if the house servants get the night off; then they don't interfere.

The nucleus of this special staff is drawn from his own restaurant, the rest are hired for the evening.

Before a party, George gathers all the help together and delivers a prepared speech, which he recites with all the tense drama of an Air Force colonel briefing his crews before a bombing mission. "We can make this party a success or a failure. You men know your work. You'll get paid 50 per cent above union scale. If you conduct yourselves properly, I'll call on you for future parties, but remember: No ganging up in corners. No arguments with guests. No loafing. No drinking. No souvenirs. No flowers to take home. I trust you, but I'm going to watch you every minute and so will the house detective. Good luck."

First, last and always, Dave is a showman. When the guests are assembled and the great moment arrives, all lights are dimmed, the orchestra sounds a rousing chord, the curtains part, and the buffet table is revealed in all its glory, the white napery and silver glistening, the chafing dishes steaming, the red and yellow aspic quaking slightly, the carved-ice mermaid gazing down pensively at her lapful of caviar.

There is one dramatic effect, however, which Dave has yet to achieve. He owns a huge silver chafing dish, its cover some four feet in diameter; and it is his secret ambition someday that when this cover is lifted it will disclose two midgets, one white and one colored, clad in loincloths and grasping long carving knives. One would serve the light meat and one the dark. Dave thinks it ought to be a sensation, even in Hollywood. THE END



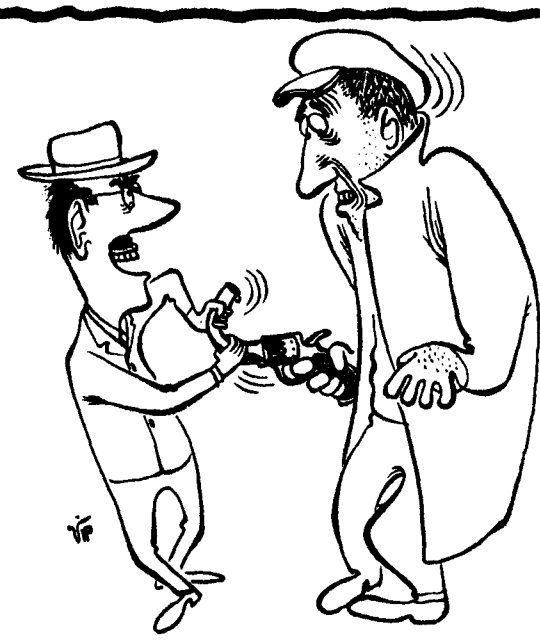
GEORGE PRICE

### *Off With the Bloom*

**Our garden furniture, when new,**
**Is covered up to keep from dew,**
**And hauled indoors at inkling of**
**Precipitation from above.**

**And then one day, when we forget,**
**A shower makes it good and wet.**
**The rust and mildew near destroy it—**
**And we, from that time on, enjoy it!**

**—RICHARD ARMOUR**

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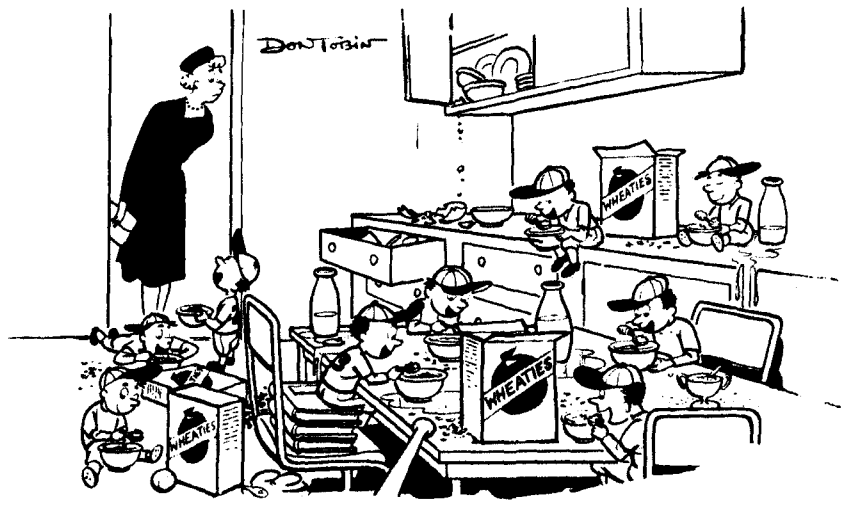


**"But, Mom, today's our most important game of the year!"**

Champions start young! Big Leaguers Ashburn, Newhouser, Dark—and others—developed Wheaties habit as schoolboys! Famous training dish—nourishing 100% whole wheat flakes, milk and fruit. Second-helping good! Had *your* Wheaties today? "Breakfast of Champions!"




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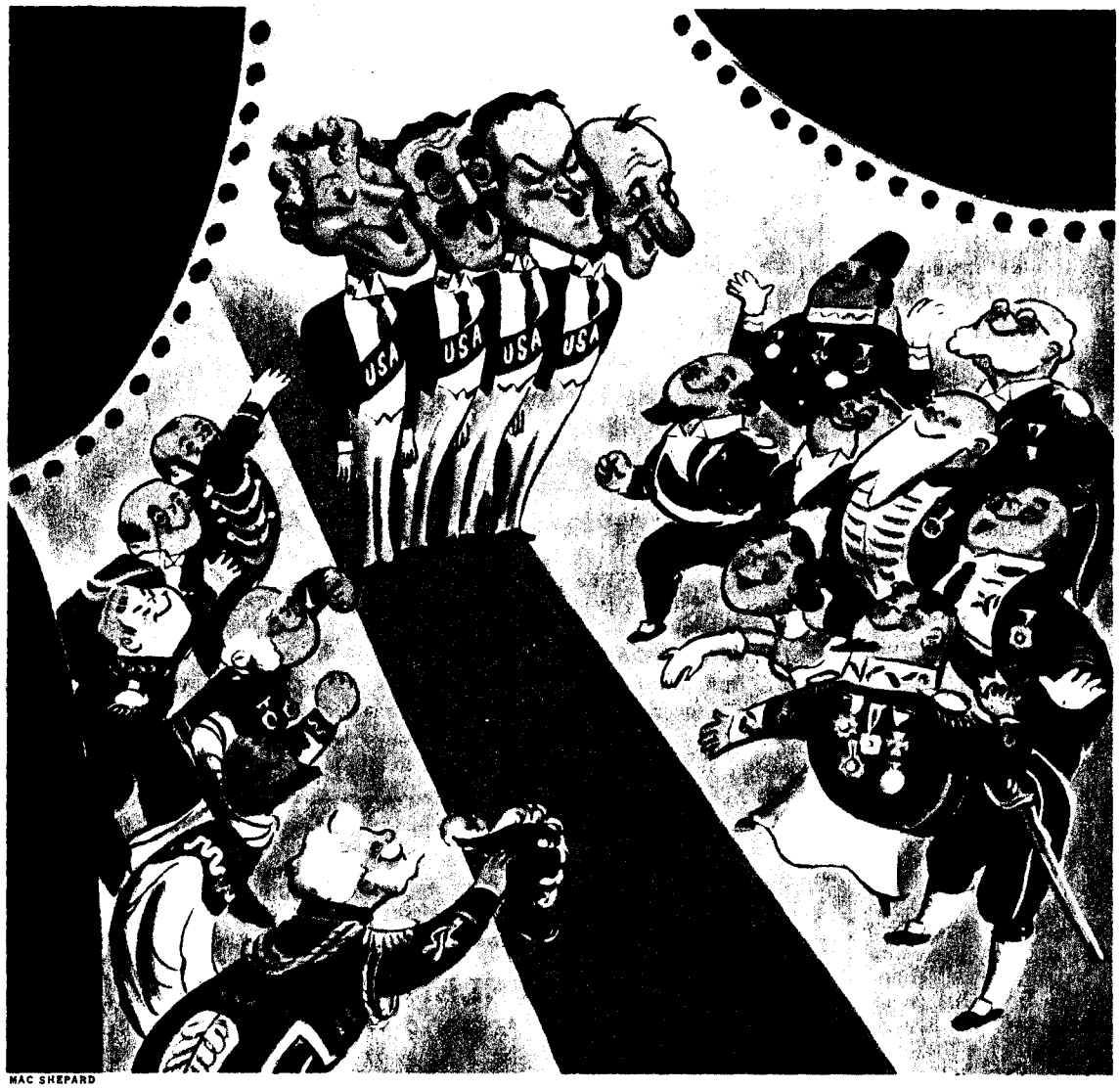


MAC SHEPARD

# COMEDIAN DIPLOMATS

A LOT OF NOTABLES turned out the other week to honor Danny Kaye at a luncheon in London, where he was playing a return engagement to the customary packed houses. One of the speakers was Lewis Douglas, our ambassador to the United Kingdom, who told the comedian that he was "a better ambassador of good will than all the sedate officials."

Maybe Mr. Douglas just meant that as a gracious compliment. But the way things have been going it might be a good idea to give some of our good-will ambassadors an official job in the striped-pants league. Certainly they are as well qualified to represent the American people abroad as the general run of American embassy tenants.

With all respect for the able statesmen and career diplomats who hold some of the jobs, a profile of the average ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary—to give his full and awesome title—might look something like this:

He is a solid, respectable citizen who probably got his position as a reward for money or services rendered in a political campaign. He is usually well off. He almost has to be, for his job requires him to do a lot of entertaining. And his ambassador's pay doesn't leave much left over for annuities after he has fed and liquored diplomatic café society with fitting extravagance.

He moves in pretty much of a prescribed orbit, and observes all the traffic rules of protocol. If he's assigned to a non-English-speaking country he may not even know the language. But that doesn't matter too much. He is simply the ambassador of one government to another, and that doesn't require him to get out in the street and do much elbow-rubbing.

His public appearances are largely confined to pretty dull official functions. But even if his bookings were better it's doubtful that any citizen in his right mind would pay admission to see or hear him.

Now why couldn't Danny Kaye, or Bob Hope, Groucho Marx or Jimmy Durante take the same assignment and do a better job? They've probably got enough money to afford a tour of public service without going broke. They could handle the required entertaining and *be* entertaining in the process. Moreover, their public appearances would certainly provide one unstuffy chapter in the history of overdignified diplomacy.

The Lord Mayor of London remarked, at the Kaye luncheon, that he'd "like to see every meeting of ministers preceded by a little turn by Danny Kaye." That may well be the year's soundest suggestion for improving international relations. For good relations are based on good will, and good will is a by-product of good feeling. It would be pretty hard to keep from feeling good in the face of one of Good Will Ambassador Kaye's routines. Why, it might even defrost Mr. Vishinsky.

Too many ambassadors through the years have been inadvertent comedians, anyway. Maybe we ought to give the pros a chance.

## Champagne Schmaltz

AMERICANS HAVEN'T paid much attention to Soviet claims that Russia was the birthplace of the machine age. They have listened with amused indifference to the propagandists who credit Russians with having invented practically every mechanical marvel from the steam engine to the helicopter.

But now Moscow apparently has set out to prove that the Soviet genius for speed and efficiency is not limited to the world of machinery. For it has announced that some of its happy citizens are making good champagne in 45 days, though the process in non-Soviet countries requires at least three years.

The implications of this claim cannot go unchallenged. Even the Russians must know that the streamlined concoction of spirits originated in the United States. During a dozen years of the present century it was the subject of an intense, nation-wide research. Improvised laboratories were to be found in countless American homes.

People didn't boast immodestly about speed of production in those days. But by 1930 most citizen-scientists had perfected a technique which brought gin to its peak of flavor and high-octane potency five minutes after the ingredients had been well mixed. Forty-five days, indeed!

## Brains Versus Bairns

WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT for a girl: to get her man or to get her name in Who's Who? This rewording of the marriage-versus-career question is the result of some statistics turned up recently by two sociologists. They checked the biographies of the 2,409 women in the 1948-'49 edition of the big red book and turned in the following report:

The average Who's Who woman is "better educated, more likely to be unmarried, and if married, likely to marry at a later age and then to have fewer children."

We have no intention of getting caught in the middle of an argument between militant feminism and outraged motherhood. But we'd like to make one reasonably safe observation before ducking for cover: There must be plenty of times when the spinster college dean and the mother of six would gladly change places.

## Bivalve Blues

ONE OF THE LATEST monuments to human progress is an anesthetic for oysters. The bivalves, while under its influence, are pried open to receive the little pellets that encourage them to grow pearls.

All that's needed now is something to ease the pain which the human male frequently suffers while being pried loose from the price of the oyster's end product.

## Pup's Out, Pop's In

THINGS GOT SO CROWDED a while back at the Humane Society kennels in Spokane that 50 steady boarders had to be evicted. The irony of this incident will not be lost upon those husbands who find that there always seems to be room in their own particular doghouse.



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# Park Avenue or Panhandle?

**WHETHER YOU PREFER** Park Avenue and a cane—or the Panhandle and a pair of Colt Six-shooters . . . *it's a matter of choice!*

Similarly, it's a matter of choice which whiskey you prefer—for tastes differ. That's why you alone can decide whether the very delightful difference in Hunter's flavor will make it *your* favorite.

We believe you should *try* this magnificent whiskey. Try Hunter because thousands say it's the *finest* whiskey *they've* ever tried. Try it—and make your *own* choice!

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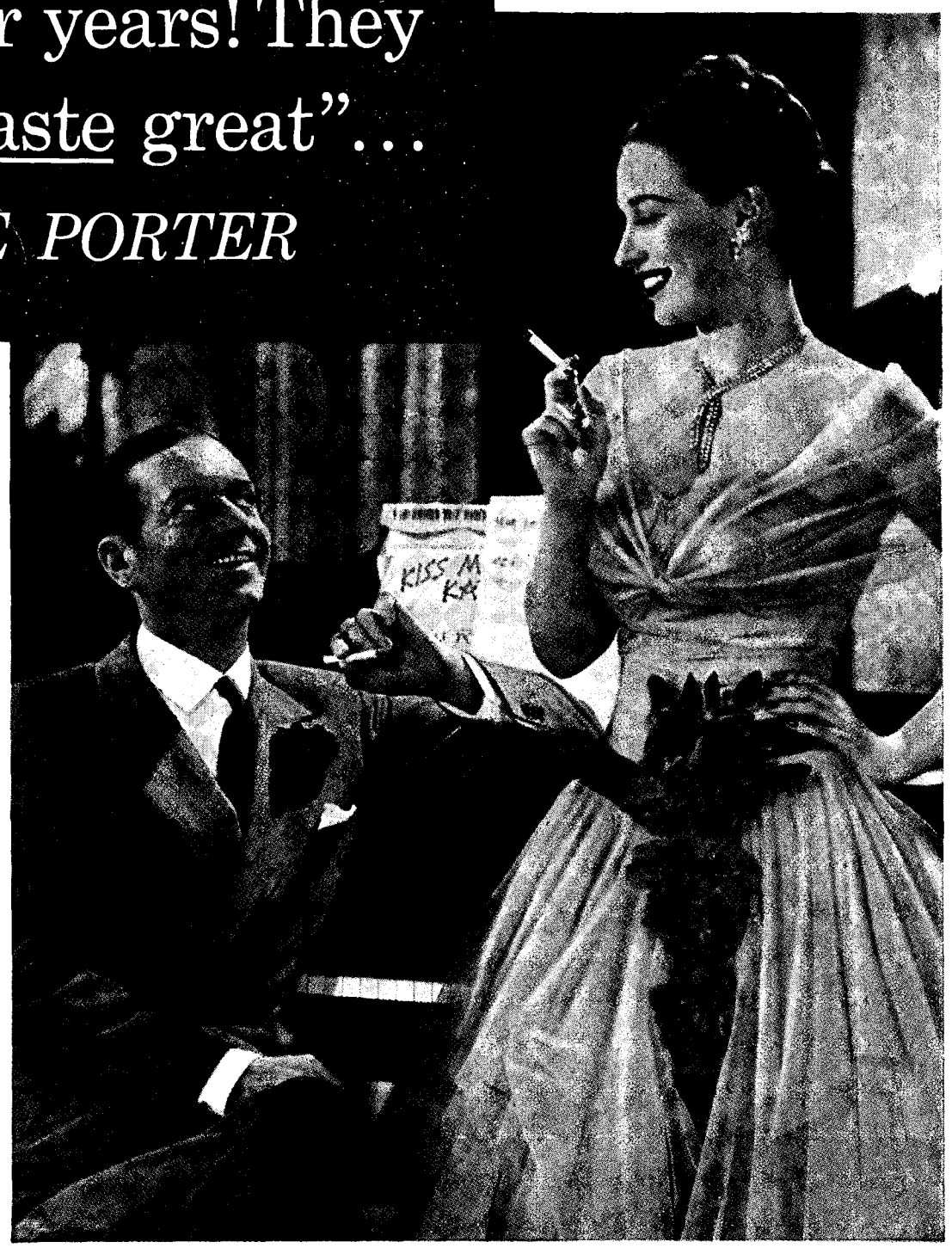
# "30-Day Mildness Test? That proves what I've known about Camels for years! They are mild—and taste great"...

## *COLE PORTER*

*COLE PORTER,* world famous song writer. Father of such immortal hits as "Begin the Beguine", "Night and Day" and "My Heart Belongs to Daddy". The prolific Porter (over 20 musical comedies) scores with another Broadway hit, "Kiss Me, Kate."

*PATRICIA MORISON,* singing star of musical comedy and motion pictures. Talented Patricia, an ardent Cole Porter fan, is right at home singing "So In Love" in "Kiss Me, Kate." After making the 30-day test, Miss Morison says: "I've changed to Camels for keeps!"




**SMOKERS REPORT**

**GENE BEARDEN,** ace baseball pitcher: "Yes, I made the test. I smoked only Camels for 30 days. Camels are my brand from now on!"

**GLADYS SWARTHOUT,** Metropolitan Opera star: "*Mildness* in a cigarette is important to me. That's why I've smoked Camels for years!"

**JEANNE WILSON,** star swimmer: "I made the 30-day test and it introduced me to the *mildest, best-tasting* cigarette I've ever smoked—Camel!"

**GENE SARAZEN,** famous "perennial" of pro golf: "I'm like Cole Porter—a real *veteran* when it comes to Camels! They're my choice every time!"

**SYLVIA MacNEILL,** secretary: "I enjoyed the 30-day test—every good-tasting puff of it! Camels are so mild and they have such good flavor!"

**"DUSTY" CAMPBELL,** big-game fisherman: "30-Day Test? I made that years ago. Been smoking Camels, and only Camels, ever since!"

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

**DOCTORS REPORT**

In a recent test of hundreds of people who smoked only Camels for 30 days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

# NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS

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